







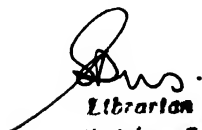




# Evenings In My Tent

Vol. II

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A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'S. S. S.', with a long horizontal stroke extending to the left.

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## EVENINGS IN MY TENT.

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### CHAPTER XIV.

ARRIVAL AT TOZAR—THE WHITE AND THE BLACK MAN—ARCHITECTURE—  
—ESTIMATE OF WEALTH—DOMESTIC HAPPINESS MARRED—DIVORCE—  
MARRIAGE—MARRIAGE FEAST—WOMAN AND HER POSITION—THE  
JENOON FEAST—POLYGAMY AND SAHRAWEAH, OR THE BELLE OF THE  
DESERT—THE OWLAD MATTA—MOURNING FOR GELELA, AND DEATH OF  
FATIMA.

BEFORE Tozar there are a few hillocks, chequered with some majestic palm-trees, affording a delightful shade; and the silvery rivulet, winding its way among these in devious directions, considerably adds to the charm of the whole appearance. As we approached, we found the hillocks and the trees literally covered with men, women, and children,—all in their holiday clothes, of diverse colours,—assembled to witness the entry of Prince Mohammed and the camp, with their shrill notes of *lo-lo-lo-lo*. His Highness returned their salutes in his usual kind and affable manner. Leaving these, and crossing again a small sandy plain, we found ourselves before Tozar, which we entered through its dilapidated walls, amidst the shouts and acclamations of congregated multitudes.

Between the town and the forest found our tents pitched, in the usual manner, and, although it was still early, we were obliged to take refuge within them from the fierce rays of the sun. The Prince had to remain under the temporary pavilion till the usual formalities were gone through, when he exchanged his canvas palace for a brick mansion, situated in the vicinity of the encampment. Sidy Ali Bey, the ministers, Mamlooks, and the doctor, have all the respective apartments assigned to them, whilst my two French fellow-travellers, and myself, are to remain in our primitive abodes, in the company of our Arab and Turkish warriors. We were, however, informed, and that in a most respectful manner, that the only reason why we are to remain in the camp is, because His Highness could not make us more comfortable in the Bardo (the name of his residence) than we should be in our large and commodious tents.

The cities of the Sahara are in one important feature different from those on the coast. Generally speaking, the streets of all Barbary towns, like those in Egypt and Syria, are exceedingly narrow. One camel, laden with wood or merchandisc, will cause an obstruction in the street, accompanied by a noise and altercation between passengers and driver, as great, if not greater, than that witnessed at a "*block*" in one of the crowded thoroughfares of "the world's metropolis." But such confusions cannot occur in the Sahara towns, the streets of which are generally very wide. This difference, however, is not accidental. The furious winds of the

desert, charged with immense masses of sand, which they deposit in their onward march, might bury the inhabitants in their houses, by filling up their streets with their obnoxious cargo, were these streets as narrow as those we find in towns on the coast. But the wide and open thoroughfares give to the winds their full play, offering to the winds but very slight obstruction, and hence the inhabitants escape a calamity than which nothing more awful can be conceived. Of the two evils, they prefer subjecting themselves to the fierce rays of the sun, which those residing on the coast greatly mitigate by having very narrow streets. From the sand-storms of the desert these have little to fear, because the mountain-chains between the desert and the coast deprive those terrible visitants of their deadly charge, and thus protect the cities, on the southern borders of the Mediterranean, from an effect so pernicious and so much dreaded by the inhabitants of the Sahara.

Tozar may contain about 5,000 inhabitants. They are generally of a swarthy complexion, with features bordering upon that of the negro. Indeed, every step one takes further in the direction of Central Africa, the gradual change, in feature and colour, is perceptible. The white man is by a slow, but sure, process changed into a negro. Were it possible to introduce into Europe an ethnological collection, and classify it latitudinally, from the northern coast to Central Africa, the greatest sceptic might be convinced of the fact, that *time* and *place* alone made our coloured fellow-creatures what they are. The slave dealer, and the negro despoiler,

might thus have an ocular demonstration of the great truth, that the black man is our brother, and that circumstances alone, with the nature of which we are not familiar, made him to differ from us. It would likewise be seen that in the proportion in which knowledge is power, in the same proportion is ignorance weakness. Of the weakness and ignorance of the negro—the result, no doubt, of deplorable causes,—the white man has taken advantage and enslaved him. The black portion of our race is despised and persecuted, whereas every negro can claim relationship to the white, and tell the wretch who seeks to degrade him—

“Consider then, before, like Hurllothrumbo,  
 You aim your club at any race on earth,  
 That, by the simple accident of birth,  
 You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo.”

Away then with the absurd theory of some of the would-be-wise, which regards the negro as belonging to the best variety of the orang-utan, or the chimpanzee! Away also with another theory, not less absurd, but of a character more culpable, because it savours more strongly of infidelity, since it assigns more than one Adam as the progenitor of our race! Ignorance on any given subject does not justify bold conjectures, or hap-hazard conclusions, as some philosophers appear to think they are authorized to do. The fact of the existence of a race of beings, differing from us in some respects, does not justify our linking it with the brute creation! The mere circumstance that there are races, exhibiting characteristics differing one from the

other, cannot be regarded as a sufficient plea to authorize M. Desmoulins to assign no less than sixteen Adams as the progenitors of the human race, or M. Bory de St. Vincent his fifteen, nor even M. Viney his two—one for the white and the other for the black. Natural causes produced the difference now apparent in the variety of races into which mankind is divided, but all are the offspring of one pair—Adam and Eve—and hence the African, the Indian, and the Laplander may well severally ask, “Am I not a man and a brother?” “Yes,” is our reply, “God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth.” (Acts xvii. 26.)

“Skins may differ, yet affections •  
Dwell in whites and blacks the same.”

If an additional proof be wanting to strengthen this argument, I may mention that even among the Jews (who have lived in this part of Africa probably from the time the Phœnicians first settled here) a striking difference is perceptible between those on the coast, and those residing in the interior. In the desert they certainly do not live for many centuries; and if its influence is so clearly depicted in them, both in colour and features, is it to be wondered that it should have told to such an extent on those to whom the Sahara has been a home for thousands of years?

The most merry and gay are decidedly the negroes, male as well as female. To ask a Moor, or an Arab, whether he danced, is offering him a very serious insult. The former particularly is too grave to have

any regard even for music. But the black people are almost always cheerful, and even in their slavery they are able to enjoy life. Often have I seen them congregated, by hundreds, in some open space, and sing, and dance, and play for hours consecutively. The ability of the negro to accommodate himself to circumstances is surprising. What would depress and crush a white man, is supported with a marvellous resignation by the black man, whose light heart enables him to toil and sing, to suffer, and not to despair. Certain philosophers may be inclined to see in this a proof of the theory which links man to the brute, (and that simply because it is developed in a negro, for in a white man they themselves would regard it as the very essence of philosophy,) but I can only discern in it a special provision of a benevolent and universal Lord.

In walking through the city of Tozar, there is nothing either in the public buildings, or in those of private citizens, which attracts the traveller's attention. The houses are generally only one story high, and are built, like those of Cafsa, of bricks, with rafters of palm wood. All Sahran architectural, and decorative, talent appears to have been exhausted in the palace, and that edifice, certainly, is but a poor specimen of those arts. A visit to it at once satisfied me of the truth, that I could not have been so comfortable within its precincts, as within those of my canvas mansion.

Within the oasis of Tozar, and situated within the date forest, are the villages of Sharfa, Blad Elhadra, Gem, Zowiat Essachrawee, Abas, and Sidy Ali Bolefa.

It reckons, also, four marabouts, viz. Sidy Solimān, Sidy Ali Lakremi, Sidy Elk'dom, and Sidy Aya. These saints have their cupolas, near which there are also a few huts.

The interior of the houses are in perfect keeping with their exterior. The rooms are long and narrow, with only a hole, here and there, to admit the light. From the rafters of the ceiling of every apartment are suspended the stock of dates which, with milk, form the principal article of food, and commerce. Dates are generally bartered for wheat, barley, cloth, cattle, &c., which are brought by the various tribes in the vicinity. In the days of slavery, a flourishing business was done here with Tunis in human flesh. A slave was exchanged for two, or three, hundred-weight of dates, or at the intrinsic value of about 3*l.*; and when the rich planter's shed was filled, he marched those unhappy beings to the coast, where they were shipped for their various destinations. Before the abolition of slavery in the regency of Tunis, I have often seen caravans, from this place, exposing their merchandisc at the market of the capital, and sell them at the rate of 12*l.* or 15*l.* per head. But this lucrative business is now stopped, at least as far as Tunis is concerned, and loud are the complaints of the Tozarians on this subject.

The chief, indeed the only, ornaments which decorate the rooms, are a heterogeneous mixture of jars, jugs, dishes, plates, bottles, and glasses, which are suspended on the wall facing the door, irrespective of size, shape, order, or colour. Here they are exhibited promiscu-

ously; and, by the quantity of these, an estimate is formed of the wealth of the owner. A low table, a few stools, made of the palm branches, and, in some instances, a couch or divan, complete the furniture of an apartment, which generally forms the residence of a single family. At night sheep-skins, rugs, or mats, are spread on the floor,—and these go by the name of *Beds*, or, at any rate, they are used as such. Every family is likewise supplied with one, or more, immense jars, into which the loose dates are thrown. Within an inch or two of the bottom of the jar, they have a kind of tap, by which they draw a species of date-honey, which serves them for cooking and other purposes.

My first impression, on visiting several families, was such as to induce me to believe, that greater domestic happiness prevailed here, than in the Mohammedan cities on the coast. The females are not kept in distinct and separate apartments, nor do they even cover their faces when in the presence of strangers, but appear perfectly free, and seem exceedingly affable. But, though free from restrictions of this kind, I soon discovered that domestic happiness was, nevertheless, marred, and that Mohammedan females had, even here, cause to groan under the corrupt legislation of the prophet of Mecca. Discord, contention, and strife, have their sway here, and that principally the result of the licentious, and unnatural system of polygamy.

When on the coast, I had frequently occasion to see the evil resulting from this portion of Mohammed's legislation. Families are often broken up, ties of the

most sacred character are severed, and animosity and hatred may be seen prevailing where harmony and love ought to reign. The trivial causes which justify a divorce, and the facility with which the same may be procured, must be regarded as intimately connected with that baneful system. To illustrate this, I have simply to narrate an anecdote, in which I myself have played a very prominent part.

A servant of mine, of the name of Ali, once very pressing applied for leave to go out for a short time. It was not my custom to inquire into the nature of his business ; but, on that occasion, something unaccountable prompted me to put the question,—

“ And where are you going to, Ali ? ”

Holding up a piece of paper, he very coolly answered,—

“ To give my wife this divorce ; and shall soon be back, *Arfi*, ‘ my master.’ ”

“ To give your wife a divorce ! Well, you may go ; but remember, if you divorce her, I, from this very moment, divorce you.”

Handing me the paper, Ali exclaimed, “ Here, master, take it ; on such conditions, I shall not divorce my wife.”

The following is my translation of the divorce, the cost of which is only a few pence :—

• • •  
 “ Praise to God ! Ali Ben Salem Sauri, from Soof, of the tribe of Sakim, one of the porters of Bab Almannorah, divorced his wife, the chaste Buka, the daughter of Chami, of the same tribe, of the sons of my Lord

Ann. This divorce is the first she has from this husband, according to their confession.\* She was present, [before the notary,] when he returned to her the contract of marriage, and the rest of her dowry. He also pays her expenses for the time fixed in which she cannot be married to another, [four months,] also the house-rent during the above-mentioned time, and all other things of the same nature. They agreed that she is to give him, for the purpose of being delivered from him, one hundred piastres (about 3*l.* 10*s.*) current money. This sum she will pay in two instalments: now fifty, and the other fifty after four months, if she lives. She confessed that she is not in the family way, nor does she even doubt of being so. Upon such conditions she was divorced.

“ That the above parties were in their perfect senses on the ninth of the month Alkadi (the respected), of the year five and fifty, and two hundred and one thousand (of the Hejira), is certified by

“ The humble of the Lord,

“ AHMED, SON OF ALI ALMAKBI ;

“ And by

“ MOHAMMED ALHANNAH. •

“ The help of God be upon all !. By his favour. Amen.”

Here I find I must offer a few remarks of a character applicable to Mohammedan females of the desert, as well as to those of Moslem Africa generally. And first, it is necessary to state that, after divorce, the man may

retake the same woman a second, but not the third time, unless she has in the interim been married to another man. No man can marry a divorced woman sooner than four months and a half after total separation from the former husband. The man may oblige the divorced woman to nurse any infant she has borne him, till it is two years old.

Marriage is usually contracted when the parties are very young. It is not an uncommon thing to see young boys of thirteen, or fourteen, married to girls of eleven or twelve, and sometimes even under that age. They are joined together on the good faith of their parents or relations; for they are not permitted to see each other before the nuptial night. Moslems consider it wrong, and even sinful, if a man has reached his twentieth year, and is not married. On the coast one can hardly form a fair estimate of the beauty of the female sex, as so few are seen; however, it is a fact that the girls of twelve have the appearance of European females of twenty; and when they reach the age of thirty, they look like European women of fifty!

Excessive obesity is considered the perfection of female beauty among the Mohammedans on the coast; hence a young woman, after she is betrothed, receives gold or silver shackles upon her hands and wrists, and is fed so long till these are filled up. A kind of seed called *drough*, and their national dish *coscoso*, are used for the purpose. The young lady is literally crammed, and some actually die under the spoon.

It has already been stated, that the parties to be

married do not see each other till the nuptial night. There are, however, certain persons sent from the man, who examine the lady, and give him a faithful report of her bodily accomplishments. These are generally old women, and usually relations of the parties. If the man finds himself disappointed, he has a right to send her away, without restoring to her the portion that was promised her, or rather the price that was paid for her, as the wife is bought by the husband.

After the documents have been legally signed by the Kadi, it becomes the man's business to take home his bride. There is generally a great exhibition of the articles which she brings to her husband, both of furniture and dress: These effects are placed upon horses or mules, and paraded through the streets. The bride next proceeds to the bath, accompanied by slaves and her nearest relations, with great pomp. The procession proceeds very slowly; a band of their sweet national musicians, and many women and boys, with their loud cries of "lo-lo-lo-lo," follow them. This is always done at night. The bride is then paraded, with great pomp and ceremony, to the dwelling of the bridegroom, and brought into a separate part of the house, where she entertains her female friends, whilst he does the same to his companions, till the time comes for the company to break up, and for introducing the new couple to each other.

Feasts are continued for many days after the marriage. Amongst the poorest even they last seven days; but these are generally no losers by the entertainments,

as it is customary for those invited to bring suitable presents, which sometimes amount to a great deal.

To one of these feasts, given by one of the grandees of Tunis, a party of European ladies was invited; and one of these kindly furnished me with the following particulars of what she saw and heard:—

“As soon as we entered the house, we were conducted up a flight of stairs leading to that part consigned to the female members of the family, while the gentlemen of our party remained below, to pay their respects to the bridegroom. No doubt they would have gladly congratulated his fair partner also, but this privilege could not be conferred.

“After passing through a long gallery, we were ushered into a spacious and handsome apartment, at the upper end of which the youthful bride was seated, surrounded by ladies, many of whom were her near relations. The mother came forward to meet and welcome us, and ordered seats to be placed for us near the bride, who sat with downcast eyes, and with scarcely any sign of life, except the gentle heaving of the chest.

“To give an adequate idea of the richness of her dress is scarcely possible. Her outer robe was of an exceedingly rich silk, the ground of which was bright green, striped with white; and so thickly embroidered was it with gold that, at a short distance, the original could scarcely be discerned. Beneath this she wore a garment, which, in my opinion, surpassed it even in elegance and beauty, being composed of white satin, brocaded with gold. On her head she wore a green

cap, entirely covered with pearls, strings of which were pending from it, drooping over her forehead and ears. Her fingers were deeply dyed with *henna*,\* and a stripe of the same colour ornamented her forehead in the shape of two bands, crossing each other, just above the eyebrows. The number of rings she wore were many, and of great value, whilst her neck and wrists were laden with pearls. On her chest she had a diamond ornament of an enormous size; and her anklets were of solid gold, and of great thickness. Her slippers were so richly ornamented with gold, that they had the appearance of being entirely wrought of that precious metal.

“ This description may seem exaggerated, but when we consider that she was a lady of rank, and that it is customary in this, as well as in other eastern countries, for people to vest a great portion of their property in valuables of such a description, the surprise is greatly diminished.

\* The *Lawsonia alba*. It forms an important article of commerce, and is cultivated largely at Ghabes, the ancient Epichus of Scylax, and the Tacape of other writers. This plant is prepared, and forms a favourite dye, with which the Arab ladies ornament the palms of their hands and nails, as well as the soles of their feet, besides being employed for the purpose mentioned above. Horses are frequently daubed over with *henna*; and, according to the opinion of Europeans, greatly disfigured, but, according to the taste of the sons of the desert, highly ornamented. The Moorish, as well as the Arab ladies, make likewise use of a kind of powder, denominated *k'hal*, with which they blacken their eye-lashes. They usually have a porcupine-quill, or a thin piece of ivory or horn, of the shape of a diminutive paper-knife, which is dipped into the *k'hal*, or powder of lead, and drawn through the eye-lids, over the ball of the eye. To this practice the prophet Ezekiel evidently alludes (ch. xxiii. 4): “Thou paintedst thy eyes.” The word

“ Although the bride’s dress was rich in the extreme, that of a young and beautiful young lady, who sat near her, pleased me much more. She wore a robe of a sort of silver tissue, and her head-dress was composed entirely of diamonds.      c

“ I observed that the youthful, and unmarried portion of the assembly, do not allow their hair to be seen, whilst the married ones wear theirs cut short just above the chin, and smoothed down with a sort of bandoline, which gives it the appearance of being braided, and is very becoming.

“ Scarcely were we seated, when a professional singing woman—who was likewise a sort of improvisatrice—made her appearance, and at once commenced amusing the bridal party by chanting the praises, not only of the bride, but also those of all her companions. This she accompanied by strange gestures of the body, and occasionally stopped short in the middle of her panegyrics, to give the usual lo-lo-lo-lo, which chorus the numerous slaves, and persons in attendance, echoed. Again she resumed with renewed vigour to

rendered *painted*, כְּחָלָה, *kahalta*, is the very same as the Arabic كحل *k’hal*, (literally, *black*;) the name given to the eye-powder. Juvenal must also have had the custom of colouring the eyes, in his mind, when he wrote,—

Ille supercilium madida fuligine tactum  
Obliqua producit acu, pingitque trementes  
Attollens oculos.

“ One his eye-brows, tinged with black soot,  
Lengthens with an oblique bodkin, and paints,  
Lifting up his winking eyes.”

*Juv. Sat. ii. 93.*

declare the attractions of the bride, saying, that even we, who were strangers, had come to behold her beauty, and to admire the lustre of her black eyes, and the snowy whiteness of her neck, &c.

“As soon as this was ended, we were taken into another apartment, where a little Abyssinian girl was dancing, with great spirit, to the singing, or rather humming, of a woman, who accompanied herself by beating with the hand upon a bright tin coffee-pot. This was the only music they had, and the company seemed perfectly satisfied with it. I was glad to find that the bride was permitted to leave her throne, and form one of the party—a permission she, no doubt, greatly appreciated, as she must have been greatly fatigued from sitting so long in one position. Her heavy head-dress was likewise changed for a coronet of pearls.

“We had now spent about two hours with these ladies, and not to trespass longer upon their time, we proposed to take our leave. But no sooner had we communicated our intention, than, very much to our surprise, they pressed us to stay and dine with them, an invitation we were constrained to accept. I cannot say that our appetites were gratified, but our curiosity certainly was.

“We were delighted to find ourselves seated, on low cushions, at an eastern table, in company with about fifty Moorish ladies, who treated us with great kindness and respect. One in particular was very friendly and communicative, and alleged as a reason for being so, that she was acquainted with European manners, her

father having had his head cut off by the Greeks ! A lady near begged her not to speak on such an unpleasant subject at dinner.

“ The dinner-table was long and narrow, and covered with a profusion of cakes, and sweetmeats. Large round dishes of soup, and stews, were placed at certain distances; and, although some of them were not very palatable, and each person dipped her fingers into the one before her, we did our best to partake of the food as freely as possible, in order not to let them perceive our antipathy to their peculiar customs. They were anxious to know why we did not ‘ eat with our fingers, and take large mouthfuls,’ as they did, in order to grow ‘ *fat*.’ ‘ You sit at high tables,’ they added, ‘ and eat with knives and forks, taking small picces, and this is the reason why you are so thin.’

“ After dinner we returned to the apartment we had first entered, and found at one end of it, seated on the floor, a woman attired in black, which made us believe that she was a widow. But we soon discovered that she was a fortune-teller, and was busily engaged in revealing future events to several fair, and anxious inquirers, who listened to her with profound attention.

“ Coffee was now served round, after which we took our departure, delighted with our reception, but deeply impressed with the conviction, that although our hospitable entertainers had the appearance of cheerfulness, while their different amusements were going on, their countenance evidently assumed an expression of sadness and discontent, as soon as these ceased—thus proving

that riches, without education and liberty, are not calculated to ensure happiness."

The accompanying sketch will convey to the reader's mind a more complete idea of a Moorish lady's full costume, than he will, probably, have been able to form from the above description.

Among all nations, and in all ages, there have been found both contemners, and advocates, of the weaker sex. But Christianity alone has given to the woman that prominent position, to which she is lawfully entitled.

There is a passage extant in the literature of an ancient and civilized nation to the following import:—"It is as little possible that wisdom should be found amongst women, as for an ass to ascend a ladder." Of Socrates it is also said, that he compared women to the brute creation. The laws of Scythia forbade women's testimony to be taken, in consideration of their "levity, their prejudice, and malice." Such was the degraded state of her, who was made equal in rank, dignity, and station, with the other sex; and such is her state to this day, in those countries where the light of the Gospel has not yet penetrated. How then ought Christian females to exert themselves to promote that religion, amongst all nations, which has taken them out of that degraded condition, and restored them to the original position, assigned to them by the Lord of the creation! The Mohammedan, the Jewish, and heathen daughters, call especially for their aid.

How different is the language of the Christian, with reference to the daughters of Adam, to that of Pagan

philosophers, Rabbinic and Mohammedan divines !  
 • “ Women,” says Dr. Cross, in his admirable publication, entitled, *Physiology of Human Nature*, “ is, under God, the true creator of personal character, and, in the aggregate, of national character also ; for the destiny of a nation, so far as human instrumentality goes, is really the charge of each succeeding female generation. Senators may make the nation’s laws,—statesmen may wield the national resources,—universities may perpetuate its learning ; but the women of the country develop its moral characteristics :—and, like as the mind, and not the physical being, constitutes the man, so the moral features of a people, and not their geographical situation nor political relations, constitutes a nation in the eyes of Him who rules and will judge all the world.

“ How greatly, then, does man err, and how superficially does he estimate woman’s position in the world, in conceiving that aught is needed to make it co-equal with his own ! Those, indeed, who do not perceive in them the very head and front of moral instrumentality, most clearly undervalue and mistake her character and office. Man and the schools may finish the structure ; *but woman it is who lays the corner-stone, which truly remains ever the head of the building.*” \*

In a country where the woman is neither taught reading nor writing ; where the cultivation of her mind is entirely neglected ; where her faculties are only fixed upon ornaments, dress, and food ; where, in short, she

\* Chap. v. p. 96.

is on a level with the brute creation,—considered as “a useful and necessary animal”—it is no wonder that superstition has its sway over her mind. Amongst the many other absurdities common among the African females, there is one called Jenoon feast, or the feast for the devil. The circumstances connected with it are the following :—

The Jenoon, or devil, causes a lady to fancy some article, either of dress or jewellery, and until her husband, (the lady is always a married one,) procures her the article, the Jenoon torments her in the most pitiless manner. But the tormentor is not satisfied to see the lady in possession of a fine pair of earrings, a handsome dress, a nice diamond pin, or gold bracelets, but he must have something for himself, or rather for the trouble, and that something is nothing less than a splendid feast of ladies exclusively. I, however, was permitted, by particular favour, to attend one of these feasts at Nabil, the ancient Neapolis, and am therefore able to furnish my readers with a brief description of it.

The room in which it was celebrated was beautifully illuminated, and surrounded with ottomans, upon which the ladies, amounting to forty, were luxuriously reclining, amongst whom was the lady possessed by the Jenoon. All of them were beautifully dressed, and none of them, judging from their appearance, were more than forty years of age, though there were some who were still in their teens. After I had been there a few moments, supper was brought in, and coscoso, the favourite dish of Barbary, was, of course, not ex-

cluded. They all sat down on the ground, and some with wooden spoons, whilst others with their hands, partook freely of the food. I was invited to join them, which I did, and had also the pleasure to be favoured with a spoon.

After supper, they all took their former places; and a band of music began striking up some of their national tunes. All the ladies sat quiet, till of a sudden one of them, a young woman of about twenty, arose, and began to dance by herself. She was soon followed by several others, who were wheeling rapidly round; and all of them worked themselves into such a frenzy, that from weakness they fell to the ground, where they lay, till, recovering their strength, they recommenced their madness. This lasted a considerable time. The lady with the Jenoon was sitting quietly on the ottoman. When the visitors had finished their amusement, she started up, and followed their example; and when she, like the others, was stretched on the floor, one of the spectators arose, and asked what article she fancied, to which she made no reply. The former then mentioned several articles of dress, asking whether she wished any of them; and when the article which the Jenoon lady desired, was mentioned, (I believe a shawl,) she suddenly started up, and this was the signal that the Jenoon feast was considered as ended.

This horrible superstition, it must be remembered, is not peculiar to the Mohammedans; the Jews living amongst them practise it also, and thus become par-

takers of their iniquity. How deplorable it is to see nations sunk so deep in superstition !

But to return to the subject of polygamy. Other laws, besides the one relating to this practice, betray the short-sightedness of Môhammed. "Polygamy," to use the words of a learned writer, "would never be permitted by the founder of a general religion. Nature and policy are united against it ; and, although it is in accordance with the licentious manners of one part of the world, mankind at large hold it in abhorrence. Silence upon the subject, or an absolute prohibition of it, would have been the course of a man who wished to legislate for all people, and all times."\* But the strongest, and most powerful, argument against polygamy must ever be the wretchedness and misery it almost universally entails. To enable the reader to form an estimate of the practical evil resulting from polygamy and divorce, he must follow me to the residence of one of the chief citizens of Tozar.

My friend, Dr. Nunes-Vais, invited me to accompany him to see a wealthy lady patient of his. On entering by the hall door, we passed through a passage which led to a large open square, round which were a number of apartments. We were desired by a domestic to enter one of these, where we found the lilla seated upon a couch, who, with the exception of an expression of sadness depicted on her countenance, bore no marks of indisposition ; and yet it was for her that the Doctor's

\* Mill's History, p. 333.

services were desired. A few questions soon convinced us that the lady was labouring under severe mental sufferings; and, when the Doctor expressed his opinion to that effect, she gave vent to her grief, and confessed that his conclusion was correct. "My heart is breaking," she said; "my agonies are insupportable; and it is not within the reach of man to cure my deeply inflicted wounds."

We endeavoured to calm and console her; and, when she found that we were really interested in her, she unburthened her heart in words very nearly to the following import:—

"I was happy with my own tribe and kindred, roaming about in tents. My wants were few, and these were always satisfied by my kind and affectionate relatives. Many of the brave and noble youths of my own tribe, and several even of other tribes, desired me in marriage, any of whom would have made me happy during all my life. The contract was nearly completed with the valorous Abdallah of the Farashish, when a man from Tozar reached our encampment, and allured my father, whose ambition induced him to consent to make me the bride of my present husband. All negotiations with Abdallah were broken off, and I at once became the envy of the daughters of my own tribe, who, ignorant of the true happiness of tent life, were jealous of my becoming the mistress of a house built of stone. One moon more, and I found myself in Tozar, and the wife of one of the chief inhabitants of this city. My happiness here has only been of short duration. Sincerely

have I, ever since my arrival, regretted parting with my kindred, among whom joy and gladness were my constant portion. What have I here? I have a husband; but then he is the husband of others also. I am his twentieth wife; and his children, six in number, are the children of six different mothers! It is true they are not all alive; but then he is on the point of bringing home another,—and, owing to my opposing this, he threatens to divorce me. Strife and discord is my lot here; disgrace and insult will be my companions when I am sent back to my tribe. These are the causes of my grief, which I feel is too great for me to support. I must sink under its weight; its burden is too heavy for me.”

This lamentation was accompanied throughout by sobs and tears. We did all in our power to calm and reconcile her; but what we said made but little impression on her.

The peculiarity of her situation, and the acuteness with which she felt her unenviable position, could be distinctly discerned on her countenance; and yet that countenance exhibited very much of its original beauty and loveliness. She still goes by the name of Sahraweah, or the *Belle of the Desert*.

The following lines have been written with particular reference to Sahraweah:—

Yes, I am sad, and tears must flow;  
'Tis vain to hide the heart-felt woe,  
Which in this labouring bosom dwells,  
And, as a secret fountain, swells.

Once, in my father's tented home,  
My buoyant steps were free to roam ;  
And, through the desert far and wide,  
They call'd me the Sahara's pride.

The noblest chieftain of our band,  
The brave Abdallah, claim'd my hand ;  
And many a youthful hero bold  
Sought me : but Achmet proffer'd gold.

Ah, me ! alas ! for paltry gold,  
My hopes of earthly bliss were sold :  
To freedom, friends, and kindred true,  
With sorrowing heart, I sigh'd adieu.

No longer, 'neath the wanderer's tent,  
My joyous days in peace are spent ;  
But, prison'd in a princely hall,  
My spirit chafes in slavery's thrall.

Once Achmet loved the Desert's Pride ;  
But now he seeks another bride,  
While she, in sad neglect, may sigh  
For freedom, hope, and bliss gone by.

Ah ! can I join my tribe again,  
To bear contempt and cold disdain ?  
I who, in brighter days, have been  
The Desert's Pride, and beauty's queen ?

No ! rather let me pine alone,  
In Achmet's princely house of stone,  
Than freely through the desert stray  
With breaking heart, from day to day.

Nay, tell me not of future peace ;  
Bid not the silent tear to cease :  
But leave me, hopeless and forlorn,  
In bitterness of grief to mourn !

It is a libel on the character of the Arab women, to represent them (according to the custom of some writers) as generally lacking those fine feelings of ten-

derness and affection which constitute the chief ornament of the fair sex. Enough to contradict such groundless assertions has already been brought before the notice of the reader; but the following tragical incident, with which this chapter is to conclude, will, I feel quite sure, not be regarded as superfluous in this place, particularly as my chief aim is to illustrate Arab life in all its various bearings:—

A deserter from the French African army (who furnished me with these particulars) was doomed to roam about among the tribes of the desert, by whom he was forced to embrace the religion of Islaam, and then was cruelly claimed as a slave. He was at length purchased at a village in the Sahra, south of Algiers, by Bo Azes, chief of the Owlad Matta, then encamped about three days' journey further south. The morning after Abdallah—such was the name the deserter had assumed—became the property of his new master, he left Ascmorn. An old, lean mare, without saddle or bridle, was destined to carry him to a fresh scene of exile and slavery. The want of the bridle was immaterial, as the mare was exceedingly tractable; but the want of the saddle was insupportable, as the poor animal was in a miserably lean and pitiful condition. A few hours' ride constrained the white slave to dismount, and lead his bony steed.

Some of the Arabs who accompanied Bo Azes were even so cruel as to deprive the European of the piece of flannel he had, so that his whole dress now consisted only of a single shirt. He proceeded in this manner for two days, suffering excruciating pains. His feet

were quite sore from the thorns which stuck in them ; besides, he hardly received any food, except a little milk and water ; so that, on the third day, he told his master that he could proceed no further, except a saddle were put on his mare. Bo Azes was not cruel, though very stern. He looked at Abdallah for a few moments, and then said to him, " Have you been so long amongst the Arabs, and have not yet learned to ride without a saddle ? " Then, calling one of his men, he ordered him to give to the stranger his saddle, which having been done, they proceeded on their journey, and towards evening reached their destination.

When yet a mile's distance from where the tents of Bo Azes' tribe were pitched, all the men came out to meet their chief, and brought him into the midst of the encampment with great rejoicing. The whole night was passed in singing, playing, and dancing. Abdallah was an object of curiosity to the Owlad Matta for some time, as he was the only one amongst them really white : they were all of a dark, swarthy complexion. The occupation they assigned him was the feeding of the horses of his master, an employment which he pursued for two months.

The Owlad Matta never remained longer in a place than six or seven days, always changing when they had no more pasture for their cattle. In this manner they proceeded, till one day, whilst Abdallah was watering the horses, some of the men came running, calling out, " Eladoo ! Eladoo ! " (the enemy ! the enemy !) at which alarm all ran for their horses, took their arms, and went,

with their chief and his two sons at their head, to meet the enemy, leaving the women in the meantime to pack up the tents. After an hour's ride, they came within half-a-mile of their enemies, where they arranged themselves in three files, awaiting the command of their chieftain.

In the meantime Gelela, Bo Azes' eldest son, a powerful and spirited young man, impatient to begin the combat, spurred his splendid white charger, which almost in a twinkling of an eye brought him within a pistol shot of the enemy's warriors. This was an understood challenge to their chief, who did not wait long to show Gelela his acceptance of it. In a few minutes, the two warriors (for such they were in every respect) met on the same spot. Two shots were fired by each, from one of which the enemy's chief was wounded. But a third, and last, made Bo Azes' party tremble for their champion, as he was severely wounded by his opponent. They now encountered each other with swords, weapons which both handled in a very masterly manner. The blood streamed on the ground from the numerous wounds received by each. Gelela, being exhausted, now made the last effort; and rushing towards his antagonist in the most furious manner, grasped hold of him, intending to wrest him from his saddle.

“ But ah ! what use of valour can be made,  
When Heaven's propitious powers refuse their aid ? ”

Both fell to the ground. Their struggle was desperate,

but for some time indecisive, till a mortal wound which Gelela received from his opponent, stretched him dead upon the spot.

Gelela was the cause of his own melancholy end, having committed hostilities upon this neighbouring tribe during the absence of his father. No sooner did the Owlad Matta see their young hero expire, than they considered their fate decided; and a panic breaking out amongst them, they all, as one man, turned their backs upon the enemy, and galloped away as fast as their horses could carry them, crying out as loud as they could, "Saidna Gelela maat! Saidna Gelela maat!" (Our Lord Gelela is dead!) till they reached their own tents. Here all was thrown topsy-turvy; the tents and all other effects were placed upon the camels, and in a short time the whole tribe, men, women, and children, were seen moving in the direction of the coast. All the effects, together with the women and children, were in the van, whilst the men were in the rear, to be ready to resist the enemy, in case they should be pursued and attacked. In this manner they proceeded the rest of the day, and the whole of the night; and finding that they were not pursued, they pitched again their tents in a valley surrounded by little hills, which prevented their being observed by the traveller. Such a situation, under their present circumstances, was very advantageous.

The day after this new settlement, Abdallah witnessed a scene which was hitherto unknown to him; it was the mourning for Gelela. Early in the morning all dressed

themselves in their ordinary clothes. The sucking camels, calves, and lambs, were tied and put into Gelela's tents, whilst their mothers were let loose outside. The noise these animals made can easily be imagined. The women then came together, dressed in all sorts of rags, with their hair loose, which they actively pulled out, at the same time weeping, crying, and lamenting. The men all sat quiet on the ground, with their heads bare, except some earth upon them. The boys beat the dogs, amounting to several hundreds, making them bark and howl; and this roaring, howling, lamenting, and barking, was kept up the whole day long, and was afterwards repeated three hours daily during three weeks, when the mourning for Gelela was ended.

This kind of mourning for the dead is not practised in cities, nor do I think it common to all Bedouin tribes; it seems to be the custom of the Oulad Matta, and amongst them only for persons of distinction.

But greatly as the loss of this young Bedouin was felt by his tribe, there was one by whom it was deplored much more deeply. Fatima, the only daughter of Hamda, a man of great reputation amongst the Oulad Matta, had been married only a few weeks to Gelela, whom she loved most tenderly. Their nuptials had been celebrated in a manner becoming the dignity of both; and she little then thought that her joy would so soon be turned into mourning. She was of an extraordinary beauty. Her eyes were black; the harmony of her features was surprising; and the exact proportions of her body not less so. Her fine black hair

hung gracefully down her shoulders ; her manners were gentle, and her motion full of dignity : in short, she possessed in perfection that beauty which is greatly admired amongst the sons of the desert.

No sooner was the corpse of Gelela brought by two laring young Arabs, and placed in the tent of Bo Azes, than Fatima made her appearance, though advised and intreated, by her friends, not to do so. She sat down near it, and remained with it a whole night, not uttering the least sound of complaint ; but remained pensive and cast down, with her eyes fixed on the remains of her beloved—fancying sometimes that he was yet alive, and that she could still converse with him. But Gelela—her only joy in this world—her life—her all—had ceased to exist ! This was a stroke too heavy for her to bear. She neither wept nor lamented, and yet every one saw that she was most miserable. This world could afford her no consolation ; the thought that Gelela “should sleep in other embraces, even in the icy arms of death ! forgetful, eternally forgetful, of the world and her !” was intolerable to her. She lingered about for a few days after the interment of her husband, refusing all consolation, till death put an end to her miserable existence. She was buried near the grave of Gelela, greatly deplored by her relations, and, in fact, by the whole tribe.

## CHAPTER XV.

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SIDY SKANDER'S POLICY—IBRAHIM BEN AON'S AVARICE—A CHARM—  
NECESSITY FOR INTERPRETERS OF THE SCRIPTURES TO POSSESS A KNOW-  
LEDGE OF ORIENTAL CUSTOMS, ETC.—A CHEAP PLACE—EVASION OF A  
POSITIVE PRECEPT—DREED JEWS—JEWISH ARABS AND MOHAMMED—  
AFRICAN ISRAELITES. •

No sooner had the Prince left the camp, and Sidy Skander, the *aga*, or commander of the Turkish portion of our military, was entrusted with the supreme command, than that grandee, to exhibit his dignity, ordered a number of poor fellows to be subjected to the bastinado. In a few hours more blows were inflicted than were administered during our whole journey to this place. It is surprising to observe the insolence, haughtiness, and cruelty inherent in the breast of the Turk, and all this coupled with the most cringing, crouching, and slavish submissiveness. Before his elevation Sidy Skander had a most affable and benignant appearance, but now he is all of a sudden metamorphosed into a regular Nero,—he is sternness and cruelty personified. His voice, which was scarcely audible hitherto, now rolls throughout the encampment-like thunder, and actually strikes terror even among those who are exempted from his jurisdiction, and have nothing to fear from his tyranny.

On passing the police, or prison-tent, I heard the loud and agonising shrieks of one of the victims. I

resolved at once to intercede on his behalf, and therefore proceeded to the *aga*, and begged him to pardon the offender (if such he even was) on my account. Sidy Skander smiled, but without any hesitation complied with my request, and even condescended to invite me to take a cup of coffee with him in his tent.

As soon as we were seated, I observed: "It appears, Sidy Skander, that there are two ways of ruling,—one by love and the other by severity; the Prince has adopted the former, but you seem to prefer the latter."

The *Aga*.—"The Prince is respected, and therefore he can adopt any mode of government he pleases; but these rascals would defy my authority unless I establish it by rigour."

"You are an older man than I am, still I must venture to say, that to be beloved is preferable to being dreaded and hated; your mode of administering justice must necessarily subject you to the latter. Let me then entreat you to abandon your present plan, and endeavour to make yourself respected and beloved. Treat man as man, and not as a mere brute."

The *Aga*.—"Perhaps you are right. Men do differ, and yet all cannot be right. The same is the case in religion, and in matters of less importance. You say Christianity is true, and we say the religion of the Prophet is true; you say the earth revolves, and we say it is stationary; according to your views nations ought to be governed after a certain manner, whereas we believe that mode of government to be pernicious to the ruler, and to the ruled. Since then men's thoughts run in

such different directions, we ought not to be too positive in any opinions we entertain.” •

“True, we ought not to be too positive, nor ought we to employ physical force to convince those who differ from us, on any of the subjects you mentioned, as to their correctness. But, surely, there can be no harm in our employing that precious treasure, which the Almighty has conferred on us—our reason—which is the characteristic of man’s superiority to the brute, and by the aid of which, we can compare systems and theories, drawing conclusions agreeably to the light and knowledge we possess. I can weigh the evidences advanced in favour of a religion, or those brought forward in support of the theory of the earth’s motion, or those urged on behalf of one, or another, mode of legislation. If my mind is thoroughly satisfied of the correctness of the proofs presented before me, I must, as a rational being, in spite of prejudice, the force of education, and in the face of dominant principles, pronounce judgment accordingly.”

The *aga* here rose up, and etiquette, of course, obliged me to assume the same attitude. On leaving him, he said that he regretted that a press of business prevented him from prolonging a conversation from which he derived much pleasure.\*

In every house I entered, I heard the loud complaints against Ibrahim Ben Aoon, the governor of this

\* I may here add, that I received the thanks of various individuals for using my influence with Sidy Skander; for from the time of my interview with him he had no more recourse to the bastinado.

district. He is at this time actively engaged in converting everything he can into money, for he has to pay an enormous sum to the government. He sells large date plantations and numbers of houses, which, according to the report of the people, he has unjustly acquired. The Prince affords him every assistance to enable him to collect his debts, and to conclude his advantageous bargains.

Even Sheikh Nassar, the sub-governor of this city, who invited me to spend an afternoon at his beautiful garden, bore testimony to the greedy and avaricious disposition of his superior. At the house of the Sheikh, and, indeed, in every house I have as yet been, I observed a charm suspended on the wall, which, on closer examination, I found to be the 2d verse of the 52d Surat, or chapter, of the Koran. It runs as follows:—

بسم الله الرحمان الرحيم الم تر الي الذين خرجوا من ديارهم وهم الوف حذر الموت فقال لهم الله موتوا . . . . .  
فمن الله علينا ووقانا عذاب السموم ءادم حو نوح  
*i. e.* "Do you not see them that have escaped from their houses for fear of death? They are thousands in number; God said to them, Die . . . but God has been gracious to us, and has delivered us from eternal torment—Adam, Eve, Noah."

The charm is considered to be a sure preventive against the evil consequences resulting from the sting of the scorpion, if not an entire barrier against the intrusion of those venomous reptiles, which are here very numerous indeed, and whose wound not unfrequently proves

fatal. The virtue of this passage from "the eternal and uncreated book," (as Mohammed's production is called,) only lasts one year; it must be renewed every first of May, and thus proves a source of revenue to the spiritual guides of this part of the desert, where what little learning there is, is confined to the priest.

The "middle" square of the houses in the towns along the coast is not so spacious as that of the houses here, and the people in the Sahran cities are not provided with the luxury of a covering to shelter them from the burning heat of the sun. This large quadrangular court, around which are situated the various apartments, has no protection whatever from the heat, or inclemency of the weather. The square, as on the coast, and also in the east, is called *wost eddar*, "the middle of the house," to which allusion is made in Luke v. 19, where we read that they let the man with the palsy down, *εἰς τὸ μέσον*, "into the middle" [part of the house].

As the phraseology, found in the account of the miracle, to which allusion is here made, is purely oriental, and liable to great misrepresentation, by friend as well as by foe of revealed religion, a few words in the shape of explanation will not be unacceptable, though I fear it may be regarded out of place here.

The necessity of such explanation will appear more plainly when the remarks upon the passage, by able and learned interpreters of the Scriptures, are examined. One says:—upon the words, "*they uncovered the roof where he was,*" [Mark ii. 4.]—"Dr. Lightfoot upon the place shows that there was a door in every roof, by

which they went from the 'upper chamber;' now these men knowing that it was this upper chamber to which the Jews customarily went up when they discoursed of the law, or religious things, ascend by stairs or ladders to the roof; and not finding the door wide enough for the man's bed to go down at, they widen it, and so let down the paralytic."—*Crit. Com. of Patrick Louth, &c.*

Adam Clarke, upon the same words, says:—"The houses in the East are generally made *flat-roofed*, that the inhabitants may have the benefit of taking the air on them; they are also furnished with battlements round about, (Deut. xxii. 8, Judg. xvi. 27, and 2 Sam. xi. 2,) to prevent persons from falling off; and have a trap-door, by which they descend into the house. This door, it appears, was too narrow to let down the sick man and his couch, *so they uncovered the roof*, removed a part of the tiles, and *having broken* it up, taken away the *laths* or *timber*, to which the tiles had been attached, they then had room to let down the afflicted man."

Now, without troubling the reader with further extracts, which to every one acquainted with eastern architecture, and customs, must appear ridiculous, we will let the text speak for itself. We read in Mark ii. 3, &c. : "And they came unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, [they either ascended the flat roof by the staircase 'in the house,' or they did so by that of the house joining it—

a work accomplished with very little trouble. From the roof, or terrace, they might look down into the square, hear and see the Saviour, as also the multitude by whom he was surrounded. But it being during the heat of the day, the party, assembled in the open quadrangle, was sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun by the canvass, or date-tree fibre, covering above, and this prevented the anxious friends of the patient from letting him down, and placing him before Jesus. Their zeal, however, easily removed this obstacle,] ἀπεστέγασαν τὴν στέγην, they uncovered the covering [and not ‘*the roof*,’ as our version has it,] where he [Jesus] was; [and since the ropes, running through the rings and pulleys, by which the covering is regulated, are always fastened below, they, being above, could have no access to them. But urgent necessity, which is indeed the mother of invention, supplied them with a remedy, viz.] ἐξορύξαντες, forcing *it* [the covering] up, [ἐξορύσσω has this signification,] they [by means of the ropes] let down the bed [by which in the East is understood a mattress, a sheep-skin, or a mat, and not a four-posted bedstead] wherein the sick of the palsy lay.”

Such is the real and simple rendering of the passage, in explaining which most learned men have launched out with enormous absurdities, and have supplied the infidel with a handle for ridiculing revealed religion. This may serve as an example to show the necessity there is, for interpreters of the Bible, to become acquainted with oriental habits, customs, and manners.

I was surprised to hear upon how little a family may

subsist in this place. Dates, of the very best kind, they have for a mere nominal value, and milk they obtain for a trifle. These form the staple articles of food. Seldom do they taste meat, and even bread is not very common, since they have no soil for the cultivation of grain. What supplies of barley, and wheat, are brought, in exchange for the fruit of the palm-tree, generally become the property of the wealthy planters, little, if any, falling to the share of the poorer classes. But it is a remarkable fact, their frugal meals, of dates and milk, have a better effect upon them, than the grosser food has upon the inhabitants of northern latitudes. Generally speaking, they are a fine, healthy, and robust people. House-rent has also a mere nominal value. I visited one family, which inhabits four small rooms, and one, measuring 47 feet by 13, for which the annual rent is only about five shillings!

Mohammed, we are told, prohibited the use of wine, owing to a drunken quarrel among the chiefs of his army, which produced great disorder and confusion in his affairs, and almost caused the prophet's death in one of his daring military engagements. He, therefore, addressed his followers in these words: "The devil desires to sow dissensions among you, through wine and games of chance, to divert you from remembering God, and praying to him. Abandon wine and games of chance. Be obedient to God and the prophet, his apostle, and take heed unto yourselves." But the prophet, who could so minutely delineate the furniture of heaven, and the instruments of torture of hell—who

could describe the mysterious occurrences before the creation was formed into its present shape, and predict stupendous events to happen in thousands of years to come—could not foresee that man would stupify himself by an excess of other beverages besides “wine.” The believers in the Koran here certainly abstain from wine, and thus obey the prophet’s precept, but then they indulge freely in *lagmi*, or the juice of the palm-tree, which, when fermented, is as pernicious in its effect, when taken in excess, as the wine possibly can be. This juice is easily obtained, and more easily still prepared. An incision is made in the tree, just beneath the branches, and a jar so fastened that it receives every drop of liquid flowing out. During a night they procure from a tree “in a producing condition” (in which it is not always) from a quart to three pints of *lagmi*. When drank immediately it tastes like *genuine* rich milk, and is perfectly harmless; but when allowed to stand one night, or, at most, twenty-four hours, it partakes (with the exception of the colour, which is whitish,) of the quality and flavour of champagne, and that of a far superior sort than is usually offered in the British markets. This date-tree wine, (for so it may be called,) procured at so little trouble and expense, is to be found in every house, and has its victims reeling through the streets of Tozar just as the stupifying porter has in the streets of English cities. But the curious part in connexion with this is, that “the faithful” persist in their justification that they do not transgress their prophet’s precept! “*Lagmi* is not wine,”

they say, "and the prophet's prohibition refers to wine."

This strange evasion of a positive precept, reminds me forcibly of something very similar I remarked at Malta. The milk-sellers usually parade the streets of Valetta, announcing their merchandise, by calling out *haleeb*, which is in plain English *milk*. But in Lent, the adherents of the Romish Church are prohibited, among a host of other things, the drinking of milk, and consequently the sale thereof. But the dairy-man *does* sell milk, and the people purchase and drink it, and yet the injunction of the Church is not transgressed! The uninitiated reader may ask, How can this be? Why, simply in this manner. The milk-man, does not sell *haleeb*, milk, but *hadja baida*, "*something white*," which the people purchase, and use in their tea, coffee, &c.

*April 1.*—The Arabs are proverbially great exaggerators. When I arrived at Tozar, I asked a citizen to inform me of the number of Jews residing here, and his reply was, *Katheer* (many), giving the word such a prolonged sound, that I fully expected to find at least five hundred Jewish inhabitants. But upon closer investigation, I found that their number amounted to only half-a-dozen families. I visited their synagogue, and found it, like the Jews themselves, in a most wretched condition. A poor man of the name of Phineas, acts as their spiritual guide. They have no school for their children, so that it is not to be wondered that they grow up in gross ignorance of everything,

even relating to their religion. The surprising part is, that they should retain the name *Jew*. During my stay at Tozar, I had a good deal of intercourse with these families, and, in my visits to them, I had frequent conversations with them on the subject of the great controversy at issue between Judaism and Christianity.

The Dreed tribe is encamped without the city, amidst the sands of the open desert. Their camp bears a strange contrast to ours. Our tents, which are of white canvass, are pitched in circles, and theirs, made of goat's hair, are pitched in squares. Ours are called *heimah*, "tent," and theirs *bait eshshaar*, "a house of hair." In my rambles among the dark Dreed tents, I discovered several, the inmates of which I found to be Jews. These are the first Jews I ever met with, who mixed with Arabs leading a vagrant life; and had it not been for the circumstance of my observing pass-over cakes amongst them, I should never have made the discovery, since in their appearance, habits, manners, and dress, they so strongly resemble the Dreed Arabs. I felt deeply interested in these Jewish Arabs, and, to use a favourite expression of a friend of mine, almost hugged myself for joy on making the discovery.

"Are you really Jews?" I asked one of them, a stout and robust middle-aged man, seated outside his tent.

"Verily we are Jews," was his reply.

"Have you Hebrew books, *phylacteries* and *Talith*; and do you conform to all Jewish rites and ceremonies?"

*Arab Jew.*—"Certainly."

"Can you read Hebrew or Arabic?"

*Arab Jew.*—Arabic we are not allowed to learn,\* and Hebrew we only know how to read; but we have one who is a scholar in all the sacred things. He is with the rest of the tribe."

"Do you travel on the Sabbath?"

*Arab Jew.*—"When the tribe does we are obliged to do the same, as it would be dangerous for us to stay behind."

"Are you persecuted among the Dreed?"

*Arab Jew.*—"I can scarcely say we are."

"Do you believe in the coming of the Messiah?"

*Arab Jew.*—"We do."

"When will he come?"

*Arab Jew.*—"God alone can tell."

I conversed a great while with this man, and with others, who were attracted to the spot, on the subject of Christianity, and then proceeded to see Caid, or Kaïd Smeeda, whose account of the Israelites under his jurisdiction was briefly summed up in these words—"They are very industrious, ride well, carry their guns, and, when required, they also fight well."

In the dispersion of Israel among all the nations of the earth, we have a confirmation of prophecy, and a proof of the certainty with which God visits, and

\* Mohammedans will never give an Arabic book into either a Christian or Jew's hand. Upon the Koran they generally write, "La yamassaho illa motaheran," (Let no one touch it unless he be purified :) and this the infidels certainly are not. Both Jews and Christians are prohibited from studying the Arabic language.

chastises, sin. But in this, as in all God's judgments, we can also distinctly perceive His great mercy. We have seen, that the result of foreign Israelites congregated in Jerusalem, on the ever memorable day of Pentecost, was, the dissemination of the Gospel over many parts of the earth. What will the inevitable result be when the Great Eternal shall, in his own appointed time, conformably to his unchangeable promise, pour out his Spirit upon the house of Israel, change their hearts, remove the veil from their eyes, and disclose to them Jesus as their Messiah, and as the only Saviour of their immortal souls? That glorious event will usher in the regeneration of the world, for the Apostle tells us plainly—"If the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?" God's great ends are all accomplished by means; and for bringing about one of the most marvellous, and stupendous, revolutions this world has ever yet witnessed, He has his agents in readiness, amidst all people, in every corner of the earth—not even excluding those who reside amidst the ice of Siberia, the wilds of America, and the burning and inhospitable deserts of Africa—thus showing that He is not only the universal Lord, but also the Father of all—whose desire is that none should perish, but that every one should be happy and live. •

In an Arabic work, to which I have already referred in the course of these pages, and a copy of which I found also with Caid Smeeda, I met with an account of Jewish Arabs who inhabited a mountainous country

to the N.E. of Medina, and whose chief city was called *Chaibar*, or *Khaibar*. The whole district was named after the capital, and hence also all the Jews, inhabiting those highlands, went by the name of *يهود خيبر*, or Jews of Khaibar. The Arabic historian represents them as powerful and numerous.

From the Arabic work just alluded to, and which is now before me, I translate the following :—“ It is related by Abdallah Ben Abbas, that when the prophet was sent by God, and commanded to write to the infidel kings, in order to induce them to adore the Mighty Sovereign, he likewise wrote an epistle to the Jews of Khaibar, who were the nearest to him. He did it on this wise. The prophet asked Gabriel, ‘ What shall I write to them ? ’ The angel then dictated to him, and said, ‘ Write, In the name of the most Merciful God ; from the apostle of God, to the Jews of Khaibar. Hence, the earth appertains to God, as also the pure religion ; and future happiness belongs to those who fear him ; and those who follow the true direction, and obey God in the highest. And there is no power, nor might, but with the Great God.’ The prophet then ordered that it should be written, and he sealed it with his own seal, and sent it to the Jews of Khaibar.

“ When this epistle reached them, it was brought to their oldest, greatest, and most learned doctor, Abdallah Ben Sollaam, whose name, before embracing the Islaam, was Samuel. The Jews came to him, and said, ‘ O ! Samuel, this letter from Mohammed, came for us ; read it therefore to us.’ This he did. He then

said to them, 'How does it appear to you? You know that in the Pentateuch, there are signs and verses, which, you cannot deny, have a reference to Mohammed, respecting whom, Moses, the son of Omran, testified. If this be the same of whom Moses spake, we will obey him.' To this the Jews replied, 'But he abolishes our religion, and prohibits what Moses permitted us.' Ibn Sollaam remarked, 'Then you prefer this world to that which is to come, and punishment to mercy.' He continued, 'Mohammed is an illiterate man, incapable of reading and writing, whilst you have in your hands the law, and can both read and write. I will extract from the law 1,404 most difficult questions, and will myself take them to him. If he will know and answer them, and reveal those things which are mysterious to us, then he must be the same of whom Moses, the son of Omran, spake, and we will verily believe in him. But if he will cavil about them, and be incapable of solving those difficulties, then we will neither abandon our religion, nor for a moment follow him.'

"To this all the Jews agreed, and extracted from the law the most difficult parts, which they themselves could not understand, and sent them to the prophet.

"When the messenger arrived at Medina, he entered by the gate of the oratory, and on seeing the majesty of the prophet, and his friends around him, his heart became inclined to the Islaam. He approached, and said, 'Peace be upon you, O, Mohammed! I am Samuel, the son of Sollaam; peace be upon your learned friends, and upon all those who follow the true

direction ! Mercy and everlasting peace be upon them all !

“The prophet requested him to seat himself, which he did. He then asked, ‘What do you desire?’ Ibn Sollaam replied, ‘O, Mohammed, I am one of the learned of the children of Israel, who study the law, and understand it, and teach the same to others. I am sent by the Jews to you. They have forwarded to you, by me, questions which we by no means comprehend, and they wish you to explain the same for them. If you do do it, you will be one of the most obliging.’ The prophet replied, ‘O, Sollaam, ask any questions you like ; Gabriel has made the same already known to me, from the part of God ; and, if you like, I will tell them to you beforehand.’ ‘Do so,’ said Sollaam, ‘and my faith in you will be the greater.’ The prophet then continued, ‘O, Ibn Sollaam, you have come to me with 1,404 questions, which you have extracted from the law, and which you yourself have copied.’”

The deputy of the Khaibar Jews then put a number of questions to Mohammed, which were so satisfactorily replied to, that the Rabbi, according to my manuscript, said in conclusion, “You are right, O, apostle of God.” He then rose, and added, “Extend your generous hand, that its benediction may cover me ; and I confess that there is no God, but God ; and I bear testimony that thou, O, Mohammed ! art the apostle of God. I believe that paradise is true—that the day of judgment is true—that the doctrines of reward and punishment are true—and that all you

have said is true. I believe that the last hour will come—and that there is no doubt but that God will raise all from their graves.”

“The associates of the prophet,” continues my author, “were greatly astonished at this. The apostle of God then named him Abdallah Ben Sollaam, and he became one of the greatest friends of the prophet, and an instrument for vengeance upon the Jews. May God be satisfied with him!”

This Abdallah is the same Jew, who, it is believed, greatly assisted the prophet in the composition of his pretended revelation, and, no doubt, it is to him Mohammed alludes, when he says, “We also know that they say, verily, a certain man teacheth him to compose the Koran. The tongue of the person to whom they incline, is a foreign tongue; but this, wherein the Koran is written, is the perspicuous Arabic tongue.” (Koran, Surah 16.) He is also held up as an example for honesty and good faith. In the third chapter, the following passage, “There is of those who have received the Scriptures, unto whom, if thou trust a talent, he will restore it unto thee”—is believed, by Commentators, to refer to the same Abdallah.

But though the deputy embraced the Moslem faith, the sturdy highlanders of Khaibar were still determined to resist Mohammed’s authority. The eloquence of the prophet had no effect upon them. But Mohammed made only peaceable proposals as long as he felt his weakness. No sooner did he see his way clear fearlessly to clasp the sword over the garb of the prophet, than

he changed his tone. He no more relied upon moral strength to establish his dominions, but coupled with it every kind of animal and physical force. The Arab Jews of Khaibar had refused his spiritual missive, and therefore they were now to have a specimen of another kind of his prophetic ability. His soldiers having been disappointed in their expectations of being permitted to plunder the city of Mecca, the prophet held out hopes to gratify their desire by devastating another city, the wealth of which he promised to place at their disposal. Khaibar was now doomed, to enable Mohammed to redeem his promise. In the beginning of the seventh year of the Hejira, the Arabian conqueror besieged Khaibar. Abubaker, who had the honour to carry the standard, fought valiantly against one of their forts, but in vain. Omar was likewise repulsed by the brave Jews. At last Mohammed gave the standard to his son-in-law, Ali. He rushed upon the enemy, who made a sally against him, and overthrew them; having previously fought a single combat with a Jew, named Marhab, whose head he cut off with one stroke of the sword. It is related that Ali, on this occasion, plucked up one of the gates of the fortress, and made use of it as a shield to defend himself, till he became master of the place. Mohammed, on his part, on entering the city, gained another wife, in the person of Saphia, who was betrothed to a prince of that province; but she made no scruple to break her engagements in favour of the impostor.

It was at Khaibar, we are informed, that Zaineba, the daughter of Hareth, a Jew, understanding that Mohammed was particularly fond of a roasted shoulder of mutton, invited him to partake of one which she had poisoned. But he discovered it after he had eaten some of it: however, his health declined ever after; and at the end of three years it put a period to his life.

The Jews of Khaibar regained their liberty some time after the death of Mohammed, and are, it is said, still very numerous in that district. They are governed by their own independent Sheikhs, and are divided into three tribes. They are surrounded with deserts, while the natural advantages of their situation enable them to maintain their freedom.

Milman, speaking of these Israelites in his able work, says,—“In Arabia, whether not entirely expelled by Mohammed, or having returned to their ancient dwellings in later periods, the Beni Khaibar still retain their Jewish descent and faith.”

The Dreed tribe traces its origin from the vicinity of the very locality inhabited anciently by the Khaibar Jews, so that it is probable when those Arabs came to Africa to make conquests in the name of the prophet, the Jews, now dwelling among them, accompanied them on their expeditions. Similar Nomadic Israelites are also to be met with in the desert south of Algiers, where they are called Bechuzim. Some travellers have lately reported that the Yehood Khaibar are not yet extinct—that they are still to be met with near





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their old settlements. But how these can be the ancient Rechabites I do not understand, for it appears to me difficult to reconcile the fact of their having possessed cities and nine forts (see Yosts Geschichte) with Jer. xxxv. 9, unless we, without the slightest evidence, admit that they greatly degenerated from their original peculiarities, imposed on them by their venerable progenitor.

The Nomadic Israelites, as well as those residing in the *oases* within the Jereed deserts, agree with their brethren living in the cities situated on the coast of the regency of Tunis, in acknowledging in all matters, but particularly religious, the supreme authority of the far-famed arch-rabbi Shuabsis—a man deeply versed in Talmudic learning, which is regarded by them, as it is by most orthodox Jews, as the essence of all knowledge. No Pope has ever exercised more complete sway over the consciences of Romanists, than this man does over the 100,000 Hebrews under his jurisdiction. His unbounded supremacy, and undisputed infallibility, is my sole reason for introducing his portrait in this work. I have often visited him, and he has frequently listened to the reasons which I urged in favour of Christianity, with patience, and even interest.

I have only to add with reference to the Israelites who reside in such numbers on the coast of Africa, that all my endeavours to ascertain, either by means of current tradition, or from some authentic documents, the precise time when they first settled in these parts, have

proved fruitless. The most learned (and among them even the Arch-rabbi) are grossly ignorant on this subject. All the information they could furnish me with, is summed up in these words—"We have been in this country a VERY long time."

Those of Jerba boast of inhabiting that island before the coming of Christ. It is not at all improbable that Jews have inhabited this part of Africa in the time of the Phœnicians. They must afterwards have been greatly augmented from Egypt, where we find in A.D. 38, upwards of a million.

In Cyrene (from whence we learn Jews were in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost—Acts ii. 10) they were to be found in great numbers. Augustus Cæsar granted them full citizenship, and if it be true that in their revolt, in that country, in 115, no less than 220,000 Greeks perished, then their number must have been enormous. Abdallah and Okba, it would appear, also brought many from the East; and we find, in the beginning of the eleventh century, that their school at Cairwan was in a very flourishing state. The names of Isaak Ben Suleiman Israelita, Hashed, Hananel, and Nissim Ben Jacob Zahun, men of the greatest learning, reflect honour upon it. They had also schools of learning at Mehediah, and in other places of Afrekiah (Africa). Their number was afterwards greatly increased from Spain, on account of the heavy persecutions which befell them in that country. "Although since their settlement in North Africa," says Dr. Jost, in

his History of the Jews, "they were to a certain extent oppressed in point of law, still they continued during a succession of centuries the most civilized community, and therefore in possession of the most important branches of industry. They occupied themselves in the cultivation of the vine, fishing and weaving; they were gold and silver smiths, carpenters, blacksmiths, &c." But it could not be expected that a nation possessed of a love for learning would rest satisfied with heaping up riches only; they well knew that "he who has wisdom need not be born to kingdoms, to riches, or to fame; he knows how to acquire them, and is independent of all, having all within himself." Hence we find amongst their learned not only theologians, but also linguists, historians, mathematicians, and astronomers.

The barbarities practised upon them at different times by the Mohammedans were very great; but yet, it must be confessed, they never suffered so much from them, as they did from those professing to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

"The account of those who have been plundered, sent naked into banishment, starved, tortured, left to perish in prisons, hanged and burnt, by so-called Christians, would fill many volumes." The Israelites living among the Arabs, have often been forced to embrace Mohammedanism in order to save themselves from a cruel death under the bastinado.

At Tunis, as also in most African towns, the Jews live in a separate quarter, called Hara, and have a Kaid,

or governor, who receives his appointment from the Bey. This Kaid adjusts amongst them affairs of minor importance, and whenever the Bey requires any funds to be raised amongst the Jews, he applies to that official, who is then obliged, in the best manner he can, to furnish the sum demanded. The Kaid is changed, like all other officers in the country, according to the caprice of the Bey.

The African Hebrews, residing in cities, are under certain restrictions, and are distinguished in their dress from Mohammedans, by not being permitted to wear the red skull-cap, nor coloured shoes; their cap and turban must always be black, or dark blue, and their shoes black. The Jewish women dress much like the Mohammedan, both in their houses and when they go abroad, except that they do not cover their whole face when in the street, in the manner the Mohammedan women do, but only hide their mouth. In costume the Hebrews residing in Africa vary but slightly, so that this account may be regarded as a correct and almost universal type of their costume, throughout the countries, from Morocco to the coast of Egypt.

The Jewish females are as much neglected in their education as their Mohammedan neighbours are. Though polygamy is lawful amongst the Jews, yet in a city like Tunis, where it is believed some 30,000 reside, I only know of one instance where an Israelite has four wives; there are some who have two, but in general they have only one wife.

The Hebrews on the African coast are either so much versed in the Talmud, that their minds thus perverted are not able to stand five minutes' sound reasoning, or they are entirely ignorant. Their schools are upon a very poor footing; being prohibited from studying the Arabic, their education is entirely confined to Hebrew, and that the spurious, or Talmudical.

## CHAPTER XVI.

DEPARTURE FOR NEFTA — APPARITIONS — THE GOVERNOR — A NARROW  
ESCAPE — RAS ELAIN — THE BEDOUIN ARABS — EUROPEAN ADVENTURERS  
— THEIR FATE — THE CAUSE — THE OASIS OF NEFTA — THE PATRON  
SAINT — THE SYNAGOGUE — VARIETY OF DATES — PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

AT half-past five o'clock in the morning, my French travelling companions and myself, were mounted and ready to start for Nefta. Our escort consisted only of four men ; but our party was soon increased, for we had scarcely travelled half an hour, when Ibrahim Ben Aoon, the Governor of Nefta, and Sidy Ali Essasi, the Cadi of that place, with a retinue of nearly twenty servants, well mounted, joined us. Under the protection of these grandees we are to remain till our return to the camp.

Never has the propriety of calling that useful and indispensable animal, the camel, *the ship of the desert*, been so apparent to me as this day. The whole way from Tozar to Nefta, the desert had completely the aspect of a vast bed of an ocean, and we seemed to plough the sandy waves of the Sahra as the ship does those of the sea. The morning was rather hazy, and

the sky was overcast with a number of detached small white clouds, which (particularly those along the horizon) very often assumed the form of a variety of sailing crafts, and thus considerably added to the delusion, under the influence of which, we Europeans were quite willing to abide, viz. of navigating some expansive lake.

By seven o'clock, the sun burst forth in all his brilliancy, and speedily every cloud was dispersed. A clear, blue, ethereal sky, was stretched over us as far as the eye could reach. But though deprived of our imaginary flotilla, our excursion had still much of an aquatic character about it, which was greatly augmented when we descried to our left the Lake of Marks, or, as the Arabs call it, the mysterious *Bahar Faraoon*, "the Sea of Pharaoh." With what awe and terror is this "sea" regarded by those who reside in its vicinity! What superstitions, and tales of horror, are connected with it! Not only has that wicked monarch's army perished here, after whom the "sea" is called, but hosts of infidel sovereigns, persecutors of "the faithful," with their myriads of warriors, have all been swallowed up by it, and are still sinking down its bottomless abyss! Such are the grave reports of the Moslems, and such is the confirmation of my "learned" friend and fellow traveller, the Cadi of Nefta. "Not only have numberless armies been seen marching, and remarching, on its surface by night," says that erudite expounder of the Koran, "but repeatedly have they been seen during broad daylight. Giants on monstrously large

horses, have been seen galloping about in various directions, advancing and receding, and suddenly disappear again in that 'sea.' ”

“ Have *you* ever, my Lord Cadi, seen any of those submarine warriors ? ”

*Cadi.*—“ No, *I* never have.”

“ Can you mention any trustworthy person, of your acquaintance, who has ? ”

*Cadi.*—“ I certainly cannot.”

“ Then what evidence have you for the truth of those marvellous apparitions ? ”

*Cadi.*—“ Every one believes in all I told you.”

“ Is it not possible that all this belief may be the result of the fevered imagination of some superstitious individual ? ”

*Cadi.*—“ It certainly is possible, but all believe it.”

“ Do you then mean to say, that the belief of a multitude in any particular thing, is a proof of its truth ? If you do, then you should remember that there are millions who believe your religion to be false. Is it false on that account ? You shake your head ; but, surely, you must see the necessity of exercising your faculties, and not receive as truth, what so clearly seems to be void of all proof and evidence.”

The governor here laughed heartily, and pointing to me, exclaimed, *Elchak maaho*, “ The truth is with him,” and this decision put a stop to the conversation about the “ the sea of Pharaoh.” How dark are the clouds of superstition which overshadow these regions !

God's light and truth alone can effectually dispel them.

We continued our journey after a most pleasant manner. The Governor has repeatedly been to Tunis, where he has picked up a few French and Italian expressions, which he is constantly repeating, to the admiration of the Cadi and the whole suite. He evidently appears very anxious to make himself agreeable. But nothing can surpass the affability of the swarthy Cadi. So different from his fraternity, he is always in a good humour, and ever ready to appreciate any joke, good or bad. His ivory teeth (not false ones) are ever visible, for he is constantly smiling.

By noon we were close to Nefta, and as we entered the town, numbers of the inhabitants made their appearance to welcome their governor, who now assumed his dignified aspect, and made his entry with all possible gravity. We soon made our way through a portion of the town, and found ourselves before one of his Excellency's residences, where a number of servants were in readiness to take our horses. An official conducted us all into a large apartment, where the Governor had no sooner taken his seat, than the sheikhs, chiefs, and the aristocracy of Nefta, assembled to welcome him. Some approached and kissed his head, some his shoulder, some his elbow, and some the palm of his hand. These acts of homage were performed in different postures. There were some who remained standing erect, whilst others threw themselves on their knees before Ibrahim Ben Aoon. Their attitudes are regulated according to

the grade, and distinction, of the individual admitted into his Excellency's presence. The inhabitants of an *oasis* in the desert are not without their etiquette, the observance of which is as much enforced as that of the Court of St. James, or of St. Cloud.

No sooner was the assembly dismissed, than our lordly host again resumed his easy and affable manner. When the sound of the feet of the last grandee had died away, Ibrahim rose up, and assumed an attitude which might have been a subject for the study of an artist. Dignified as the sketch of him is, I must confess it does not come up to the original. There he stood, not unlike what I could fancy a Demosthenes, a Cato, or a Cicero, on the point of commencing one of their thrilling orations. Ibrahim remained in that position a few seconds, and then turning to us, he said—"I am glad to be free again. Gentlemen, you, no doubt, are hungry as well as myself; have you any objection to a good dinner?" "None whatever," was our unanimous reply; and in a short time the Governor, my French travelling companions, and myself, were seated round a low table, freely partaking of one of the best meals the Nefta market could supply.

Having reposed ourselves a few hours, M. P. agreed to accompany me on an excursion round the whole oasis of Nefta, in order to form an estimate of its real extent. We never thought of meeting with obstacles, and therefore left without a guide. All went on well, and we even enjoyed our ride along the outskirts of the thick forest of magnificent and majestic date-trees, till

we suddenly perceived our horses sinking beneath us. "Pull up! pull up!" screamed my companion, "the ground is unsafe." We were on the brink of getting on the *kilta*, a dangerous swamp to the S.S.W., which receives the surplus of the "head fountain," after its waters have supplied the vast date-plantations. The *kilta* joins the "sea of Pharaoh," and never have I seen anything of a more delusive character. The surface of this swamp had precisely the same appearance as the solid ground, and, had we been riding at full speed, we might have perished in this deceitful receptacle.

We soon retraced our steps, and at once abandoned our project. We plunged into the date forest, and steered, by our compass, towards the town, which we reached safely at sunset, heartily thankful for having escaped a most imminent danger.

Ibrahim Ben Aoon congratulated us on our escape, and, in the course of the evening, (after having freely partaken of the beverage prohibited in the Koran,) he remarked, "Had you been lost in the *kilta*, you might have added to the number of gigantic warriors, who inspire the *Neftaweens* with such awe and terror." This caused a hearty laugh, in which my friend the Cadi, who had only just entered to welcome us on our safe return, most heartily joined.

Our visitors remained with us till a late hour, and when they departed, mattresses were placed on the ground, and we were allowed to take our night's repose in perfect peace.

*April 3.*—M. C., the French lawyer, being rather indisposed, he was advised to keep quietly at home to recruit his strength, so as to be prepared to mount his horse in the evening, when we purposed returning to Tozar. But M. P. and myself having secured an intelligent guide, guaranteed, in every respect, by the Governor, we proceeded to view the Nefta lions, accompanied by a host of followers. Our cicerone first of all led us to the *Ras Elain*, “the head fountain, or spring.” It is situated to the N.E., and is the source of the *waad*, “river,” which constitutes the charm and luxury of this delightful *oasis*. The spring is surrounded on three sides by hillocks, and almost embedded amidst a cluster of serpentine and eccentric palm-trees. With difficulty we contrived to approach it, so as to taste its pristine waters. *Fi kol donya ma atsh’ kaifho’*—“In the whole world there is nothing like it”—exclaimed our guide Mustafa; and I must candidly confess, that though he has never left the locality of his birth, he is pretty correct on this point. Never have I tasted more delicious water, and we unanimously agreed that the Neftaweens may well be proud of their *Ras Elain*. What a boon this spring is, located as it is amidst burning sands!

We now followed our cicerone to an eminence about a quarter of a mile from the fountain, from which we had an expansive view of desert around us. Towards the south the horizon was bounded by a series of grey and gloomy-looking mountains. “Near those mountains,” said Mustafa, “encamp the thievish Mamsha during the summer months, when they are under Ben

Aoon's jurisdiction; but as soon as the rainy season commences, they leave with their wives and cattle for another district, with which no one here is acquainted."

The Mamsha is a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, whose character is not superior to that of the Majer. They are hated by all, and they, in return, hate all.

Having so often, in the course of these pages, alluded to distinct Bedouin tribes, it is high time to say something more concisely with reference to their habits and manners.

Bedouin—sometimes written Bedowin, Beduin, or Bedoween—is a corruption of the Arabic word which signifies an inhabitant of the desert who is without a fixed abode, and, hence, is very appropriately descriptive of those Arabs who roam about with their families and effects. The Bedouins trace their descent back to Ismael, and claim the title Arab *par excellence*. They do but seldom intermarry with other tribes, and uniformly prefer a poor man of their own blood to a rich stranger, except he be a convert to the religion of the Koran.

These Arabs live always in tents, in those places where they can find water and pasturage for their cattle. Each tribe is considered to have an exclusive property in a district, the extent and value of which is proportional to the strength and importance of the tribe, and which is generally large, affording sufficient room for the migrations, which are indispensable among a people whose subsistence is chiefly derived, through their cattle, from the spontaneous produce of the barren regions they inhabit. The personal appearance of these

desert Arabs varies slightly in the different parts they inhabit. Generally speaking, they may be described as a middle-sized, rather thin, and sharp-featured race of men, with brown complexions, and black hair. The muscles of their limbs are greatly developed; their strength, alertness, and activity, are immense; but their power of abstinence, and endurance of fatigue, are still more remarkable. They can often travel for several days without tasting water, under circumstances in which it would be impossible for an European to exist. Their sight is, generally speaking, so excellent, that they can distinguish the smallest object at a considerable distance. They, like the Moors, shave their heads, leaving only a long lock on the crown, which, they believe, Mohammed will cut off for them at his reappearance, or, as others say, by which the pseudo-prophet is to pull them up to heaven.

Their dress consists of a shirt, a burnoose, or a kind of cloak, a head-dress, or turban, which is generally fastened with a rope of camel's hair, and sandals. The shirt is made of coarse cotton, and worn till nothing remains of it, without its ever being washed; the consequence is, that they are always troubled with the third plague of Pharaoh, the removal of which affords them some occupation during a great part of the day.

The women's dress differs from that of the men, in that, instead of the burnoose, or cloak, they wear a kind of blue frock without sleeves, which is fastened in a peculiar manner. They are fond of ornaments, and, in the absence of gold and silver ones, they will

hang about their persons pieces of brass, bones, iron, shells, and curious stones, which they pick up in the desert. These they hang around their necks, arms, and wrists. The children go for the most part naked.

The Bedouins encamp near some rivulet or well, where they remain until their cattle have consumed the herbage. But when, as it sometimes happens, good pasturage occurs where no water is to be had, they abstain from water for several weeks together, and drink only milk. Their cattle are also able, with the exception of horses, to dispense with water so long as they can get green and juicy herbage. The encampments vary according to the number of tents, and the form in which they are arranged differs according to circumstances, and the season of the year. When the tents are few in number, they are usually pitched in a circle; but more commonly in straight lines when numerous, particularly if the encampment is formed near a rivulet. In winter, when abundance of water and herbage renders concentration unnecessary, the camp is dispersed over the plain in groups of three or four tents, about a mile, or a mile and a half, asunder. When the tribe is together, near the only water in the vicinity, the cattle are sent out, under the care of shepherds and slaves, and are brought back every evening. But if they prolong their stay beyond a few days, the flocks and herds are sent out to a considerable distance, and are only brought back to the tents every second, or third, day for water.

The Mamsha, as well as other Bedouin tribes, who periodically find their way to these parts, live, to a great extent, upon their "wits." They plunder, and not unfrequently even commit murder. But notwithstanding these hordes of banditti, which infest the neighbourhood of Nefta, Ben Aoon told me, "if any man is attacked within sight of the city, all he has to do is to throw sand in the air, and he will instantly have multitudes rushing out to his assistance." In many instances, however, this kind of security is but a poor and feeble consolation. A European of the name of Chersky fell a victim to some of these lawless villains. He managed to find his way to Tugurt, where he worked as saddler under the patronage of the Sheikh of that district. Having accumulated a little fortune by his industry, he obtained permission to leave his employer, and, when in the vicinity of Nefta, he was attacked and robbed of all his treasure, and, perhaps, in resisting, also lost his life. I have known this man at Tunis and elsewhere, as a very honest and upright tradesman, but always also as a daring and bold adventurer. He was a native of Gnesen, in the Duchy of Posen, and fought for the liberty of Poland during her last struggle for independence. Chersky was one of the many poor fellows who were enticed to Algiers, and whose bones are now bleaching in the desert.

But the Bedouins have not been the only murderers of European adventurers who had the hardihood to attempt seeking a fortune in the inhospitable desert.

A few years ago a deserter from the foreign legion of Algiers, who, for protection, assumed the name Abdallah, succeeded in finding his way to Nefta. Here he found a caravan going to Tugurt, consisting of about thirty persons, among whom were several Europeans; one of these, a Roman, had his wife and family with him. They were going to cast cannons for the Sheikh of Tugurt. They persuaded Abdallah, with many promises, to accompany them, which he did. It took them twenty days before they reached their place of destination, during which time they had to undergo a great many sufferings and privations. On their way they encountered several sand-storms, during which the whole caravan was sometimes obliged to lie with their faces to the ground for a whole day. When the storm ceased, they found themselves several inches deep buried in the sand. There are frequently great hillocks of sand raised up, which are again laid level by contrary winds.

The ruler of Tugurt received the Christian party very well, gave them a house to live in, and was most happy in the anticipation of soon being in possession of cannons. He promised them many presents, and boasted of the respect with which his cannons would inspire the neighbouring Arabs. He soon, however, had reason to change his manner of treating the strangers. The adventurers did all in their power, but could not succeed in producing what the chief so much desired. The Sheikh grew impatient, and threatened to kill them if, within another month, they did not at least produce a single cannon. Abdallah knew that threats would not

increase their talents ; and, afraid of his life, he thought it best to accept of an opportunity which offered itself of returning to Tozar.

The Italians remained at Tugurt, and their end was most deplorable. One of the party, Batista by name, related to me their adventures, of which I can here only just give an outline. The Roman, whose temper was rather soured, owing to his unsuccessful efforts to cast the cannon, not being able to fuse the metal, was one day provoked by the impertinence of the Arabs, and imprudently cursed their religion. No sooner was this done, than the poor fellow was laid prostrate on the ground by the powerful hand of an Arab who stood by. The cry, "*The infidel cursed our religion!*" brought together great crowds, who all assisted to put an end to the life of the unfortunate Roman. The cruel Sheikh next gave orders that the family should follow his fate, which was obeyed by most unmercifully murdering the poor wife. Batista told me that he saw her, through a hole where he lay hid, for twenty-four hours in the greatest agonies of death ; and not one of the savage, bigoted, and fanatical Arabs taking compassion of her sufferings, till death put a termination to them. Neither the Roman, nor his wife, was allowed to be interred, but suffered to lie on the spot where they were murdered, for dogs to devour their remains! A girl of twelve years of age, a daughter of the unfortunate pair, saved her life by embracing the Mohammedan religion. Batista, who contrived to make his escape, left her at Tugurt.

I have often wondered as to the cause of the Roman's want of success ; for I have since learnt that he had been, for years previous to his misfortune, employed in a brass foundry, and was regarded as a perfect master of his profession. He did all in his power, but could not succeed in reducing the metal to a fluid. But, whilst at Gibraltar, my friend, W. J. Smith, Esq., now residing at Malta, related to me an incident which solved the mystery. One of the noble ships belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company met once with an accident, whilst in the harbour of Gibraltar. To repair a portion of her machinery, the best engineer on the rock was employed, and he promised to replace the whole within three or four hours. The highly respected agent of the Company, the father of the gentleman just named, with his usual punctuality, expected to be able to despatch the ship at the proper time, when, to his utter amazement, he received the report that, owing to some cause or other, the engineer was incapable of melting the brass, and hence could not complete the work for the steamer. The effect of this report upon a man naturally so exact in all his engagements can be very easily conceived. No pains were spared ; the advice and assistance of every one likely to possess information on the subject were enlisted ; but all in vain. The metal was too obstinate, and would not yield ; it defied the ingenuity of Calpe's "cunning craftsmen." At last it was suggested by some one, (I believe by Mr. Smith himself,) that fossil coal should be substituted for charcoal. This was

done, and, to the surprise of every one present, the brass was speedily reduced to a liquid state, and the work for the steamer was soon after completed, to the great joy and satisfaction of that gentleman, of whom every one who has visited Gibraltar, and had the pleasure of his acquaintance, cannot but speak in the highest terms of praise and admiration—the Peninsular Company's worthy agent.

In the desert, the unfortunate Roman had no access to fossil coal (had he even been aware of its utility for fusing the brass, which is doubtful); and hence the disappointment of the ambitious and cruel Sheikh of Tugurt, and the failure of this European party, which resulted in one of the most diabolical murders ever perpetrated,—a murder of which even the people of Nefta, with whom I spoke about it, were ashamed.

Having roamed about for some time without the city, our guide now advised us to re-enter, and see “the beauties” within, which we were quite ready to do, particularly so as the heat was now rather oppressive.

The houses of the *Oasis* of Nefta are of the same description as those of Cafsa and Tozar, with the exception of a few which are superior, but possess nothing worthy of particular description. The “river,” which flows very rapidly from north to south, divides the town into an eastern and western part. These are again subdivided into districts. The eastern division (which is here the aristocratic) contains the districts of Alkma, wherein is situated a so-called palace, and the Governor's house, Owlad Shareef, Bene Yazeed,

Ezzebda, Zowiat-Sidy-Hamed, Lobowma, and Elmsaaba. The western division contains the districts Kedeila, Zowiat-Sidy-Belchassan, J'banna, Lamkedmeen Ettwateah, Zowiat-Sidy-Salem-Lommada, Sharfa, Elchshashna, Zowiat-Sidy-Elhamada, Edderb, Beni-Ali-Ejjededa, and Beni-Ali-Elkadeema.

These districts are inhabited either by the descendants of ancient families, whose names they bear, or by the devotees of certain saints, in which this city is replete. No town in Africa can boast of so many relics of Dervishes as Nefta can, the chief of whom is Abo Ali, who is styled the *Sultan of Nefta*. His remains are buried within a large cupola, near a bridge thrown across the river; and no one here undertakes a journey, or returns from one, without imploring his assistance, or returning thanks to him for his protection. His extraordinary power, of a moral and physical nature, is handed down through the *safe* medium of tradition, and strikingly resembles the legends of the saints contained in works authorized, and sanctioned, by Roman popes and cardinals.

"Have you more dead saints or living inhabitants?" I asked my friend the Cadi, as he came towards me, with a servant who followed him, bearing a present for me of a beautiful leopard-skin.

"You always attack me," replied the spiritual guide of this *oasis*, heartily laughing as he spoke. "Come, accept this skin as a keepsake from me, and let us again make peace."

I thanked him for his present,—which, by the bye,

was an acknowledgment for an Arabic Bible I had given him,—and then desired his Reverence kindly to inform me of some of the extraordinary acts of “the Sultan of Nefta, *the patron saint.*”

The Cadi at once good-naturedly complied with my request, prefacing, however, his legend by the prophetic remark, accompanied, of course, by one of his hearty laughs—“I know you will not believe what I am going to tell you ; but here every one will vouch for the truth of every word ;” and then proceeded to narrate as follows :—

“Abo Ali (peace be his portion !) was, as he is called, a Sultan of Nefta. He could bring into the field no less than 60,000 well-mounted cavalry, besides an infinite number of infantry. Possessed of such strength, it is but natural to believe that he ruled not merely Nefta, but the whole Sahra. His word was law, and that law all the tribes revered, and readily obeyed. But his extraordinary influence and power, after all, were not the result of such military strength. His piety, sanctity, and ability to perform stupendous miracles, formed the whole charm by which he swayed Africa. I might enumerate instances to prove this ; but I will only relate one in confirmation of what I have said. On one occasion, a holy man from the west arrived at Nefta, on his way to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca. Abo Ali invited him to remain a short time with him, to which he consented ; but, finding that the time for the pilgrimage was fast approaching, he desired to take leave of his royal host, who, however, pressed him to

stay a little longer. The request was often repeated ; but Abo Ali always replied, ' Fear not, my son ; you shall be in good time at Mecca.' The stranger, at length, abandoned all hope to perform his pilgrimage that year, but still Abo Ali persisted in promising the contrary ; but this was regarded as the heated imagination of the Sultan, for every one naturally said that it was an utter impossibility to perform such a distance in a few days. But when the night preceding the commencement of the annual solemnities, approached, Abo Ali called the stranger, and desired him to close his eyes. He did as he was commanded, and found himself instantaneously on Mount *Arafat*. He witnessed all the ceremonies, and participated in them,—saw Mecca and Medina,—and was brought back to this city in the miraculous manner in which he went. Such is *one* of the acts of Abo Ali, who reigned here about seven hundred years ago."

" This was rather fast travelling," I remarked ; " indeed, quite as fast as the prophet's night-journey to the seventh heaven ; was it not, my Lord Cadi ?"

The Cadi looked at me, apparently quite astonished ; and then, gradually baring his magnificent teeth, he burst out into a loud laugh, from which it took him some seconds to recover. Having succeeded in regaining his partial equilibrium, he contrived, during some intervals of suppressed humour, to string together these six words,—“ You are determined not to believe.”

Similar unbelief did my friend discover in me, when praising up the antiquity of his venerable native *oasis*.

“Nefta,” said he, “was built,—or, rather, the foundation of it was laid,—by *Saidna Noah* (our Lord Noah): peace upon him! Here he discovered the first dry spot; and hence he disembarked here, and erected an abode for his family.” The Cadi endeavoured to confirm this tradition, by reminding me of the etymology of Nefta, which is derived from a root which signifies *fiery, dry, &c.*

Leaving my friend, I continued my rambles about the town, now accompanied by a kind of police-officer, who was of great service to me by keeping off the mob, which was constantly pressing around me, and to whom I was as much an object of curiosity as a Zulu Kafir, or a North American Indian, in the streets of an English city. Upon the whole, I was highly pleased with Nefta. Many of its streets are laid out with exquisite taste. They are as broad as those of Tozar, but are far superior to any I have seen in that place.

My *protector* now led me to the *Kneseat Elyahood*, the Jewish synagogue. After winding our way through several streets, and through immense crowds, whom my guide kept off with the greatest difficulty, (so anxious were the Nefta people to see a European,) we came into the quarter where the Jews reside. From the faces of those I met in the streets, I could see that they must be here extremely poor; but I had very soon an opportunity offered me to see that they were likewise very much oppressed. A poor old Jew was sitting on the ground outside of his house, working at his trade. His appearance bespoke poverty and sickness. This man

my guide most unceremoniously ordered to accompany us, and open the door of the synagogue. The man excused himself, saying that his leg had very lately been broken, and that he could not walk. Instead of pitying the poor fellow, the cruel-hearted Arab was on the point of striking him, for refusing to do what he evidently could not, when I interfered, and threatened to get him punished by the Kaid if he did not instantly desist. This had the desired effect. He called another Jew, who immediately went and opened the Kneseah, or "synagogue," for us. This same man, also, very kindly ran and called the Rabbi. In a short time I had several Jews and boys, as also Rabbi Brâham, with me. The Rabbi, a little man of about seventy years of age, wore, besides his turban, a long shirt, which evidently had been his close companion for months, without being replaced by another, and this formed his whole dress. He seemed very good-natured, and willingly listened to what I had to tell him. Almost all the Jews of Jereed dress like the Rabbi, except on Saturday, during service, when they also put on nether integuments.

Nefta, the Rabbi informed me, has about twenty Jewish families. They have a school for their children, and a Rabbi Moshe, who is their teacher. At Soof, which is three days' journey south of Nefta, there are twenty-eight families, who trade to Tugurt, and the other places in the neighbourhood. Upon the whole, there are but few Jews in the interior of Africa, though I had always been given to understand that they were

numerous in the Sahra. A pilgrim from Tugurt, who went with us to Tunis on his way to Mecca, told me that at Ghardaya, in Mzaab, three days from Tugurt, there are about four hundred and fifty Jewish houses; but, as one can so little rely upon information received from these people, I am inclined to think that the number is greatly exaggerated.

I had a capital opportunity offered me of making known to these Israelites some of the most important Christian truths. Their conduct was remarkably good; they listened patiently whilst I read to them several of those passages which refer to the Messiah's sufferings, and showed them that they were fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth. I also spoke to them of his second advent, to judge the quick and the dead. On putting the question to the Rabbi, whether he had ever read the New Testament, he answered in the negative, but had no objection to accept of one, which he faithfully promised to read. As I had my books at the Kaid's house, I invited him, and several others, to call there, which they did, and I distributed amongst them four New, and the same number of Old, Testaments.

At the hour fixed, M. P. and myself met again for dinner, at the Governor's house, having been separated from him by the crowd, and then led by the guides in different directions.

Ben Aoon's mind seems now altogether bent upon money. He is as active here as he has been at Tozar, in skinning the people. Fine date plantations, and houses, are being sold, in order to satisfy his morbid

appetite for gold. But his excuse is, that he is only the agent of his lord and master—that whatever is collected, is to be handed over to the Prince.

Nefta being famous for the most delicious dates, the Governor's table was decorated with a supply of the finest I ever saw. To a superficial observer, there appears no difference in the trees bearing this fruit, and yet it is a remarkable fact, that this *oasis* boasts of no less than sixty different kinds of dates; and each tree, bearing a peculiar species, is easily recognised by the natives. The fruit also is at once traced to its peculiar kind of tree, and hence they have here sixty different names for the different species of dates. His Excellency mentioned to me what he called "only a few of the names," and here they are:—Digla, F'temi, Sheddach, Etteen, Ghars, Fezzani, H'looa, Bo-Fakoos, Arishti, Horra, Bezar, Baid-Ashmaan, Attronj, M'naachir, Kasbi, Ammari, Lago, Digla-Baida, Digla-Snaaga, Diglat-H'san, Kinteshi, Eksebba, Halwo-Zarseen, Harbi, Om-Essaid, Haraya, Tonka, &c. The best are Digli, Elhorra and Elaaleek.

At Nefta, and in the whole of *Jereed*, or the country of *palm branches*, (as the word implies,) the red-legged partridge is very common. I took for granted, that these birds are killed in the usual way by the Arabs, and, therefore, never thought of making any special inquiry on the subject. But since my return to England, I have had occasion to look over some old manuscripts, which have become my property, in which I meet with the following curious piece of information:—"The Moors

have, for hunting partridges, a kind of blind, which I have seen, made of cotton and silk. The whole is yellow, spotted over with black marks, at equal distances. It is four feet square, and has two canes fastened cross-ways, with a hole in the middle, sufficiently large to allow the muzzle of a gun to pass through. Over this hole there are two smaller ones for the eyes. The top is ornamented with a pair of ears, resembling those of the tiger [leopard]. Now, it is remarkable, that the partridge has a particular liking for the tiger [leopard], and when that animal sleeps, these birds are seen to alight upon, and free it of the insects which disturb it, and which generally settle in its ears. The poor partridge takes the hunter's trap for its favourite animal, and exposes itself to his shot."

Towards evening we took leave of the Governor, our friend, the good-natured Cadi, and others, and started, under the protection of a strong escort, for Tozar, which we reached in perfect safety. Our fellow-traveller, M. Chevarier, was but slightly inconvenienced by the tedious ride. We greatly rejoiced at this, because we were really apprehensive of serious delays on his account.

My liking for tent life has so grown on me, that I felt quite happy in exchanging again the Governor's palace for my moveable mansion. •

"The humble tent, and murmuring breeze  
That whistles through its fluttering walls,  
My unaspiring fancy please  
Better than towers and splendid halls."

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE GEBELIES, OR KABYLES—THE MOORS—DESCENDANTS OF THE CARTHAGINIANS—ABD ELKADER'S CALIPH—NAPOLEON'S ARAB HISTORIAN—SPECIMEN OF THE HISTORY—SAND COLUMNS—SCORPIONS—ARAB CURES.

HISTORIANS furnish us with a long list of names of the nations who have, in different ages, claimed these regions as their rightful possession. Those nations have either partially amalgamated with the successive invaders, who conquered and subdued them, or they have been forced to quit their native soil. But notwithstanding such having been the fate of many of the ancient inhabitants, a distinct variety of race is even now, to a great extent, perceptible; and the traveller cannot fail to remark this as he walks through a crowded city like Tozar, where we do not merely meet with the swarthy natives, the Negro, and the Jew, but also with the Bedouin, the Moor, and the *Gebeli*, or *Jebeli*. A variety of race is easily distinguishable, but it is not so easy to classify it according to those respective appellations, since every Moslem is but too anxious to trace his origin to the Arabs, who first brought the religion of the prophet of Mecca into Africa. This circumstance, independent of their gross ignorance of all history, frustrates, to a

very great extent, every effort to arrive at a positive conclusion respecting their descent. The Moor and the Gebeli, however much they differ in their appearance from the Bedouin, claim, with him, alike an Arabian origin.

But the simple circumstance of the *Gebelies* possessing a language differing from the Arabic, stamps them at once as a distinct people. The *Gebelies* are the ancient Berbers, and are the same that have been denominated by some authors *Kabyles*; but all these terms must be taken as expressive of the same people: the latter, particularly, I can only regard as a corruption of their *real* appellation, descriptive of the chief localities they inhabit. *Jabal* in the Arabic language signifies *a mountain*; and a mountaineer in the same language is called *Jabaile*. Now the *j* (ج) is, by certain tribes, pronounced as *k*, or *g* hard, so that *Jabaile* becomes *Kabaile*, or *Gabaile*, from which we have again the European corruption *Kabyle*. Not perceiving this, authors have argued, from the corrupted appellation, and, because it resembles in sound an Arabic word, which means “tribe;” therefore, they tell us, “these people are so called, because they are divided into tribes.” But are not all the Arabs divided into clans, and tribes? In what respect does this form a peculiarity among the “*Kabyles*?”

The *Gebelies*, or “*Kabyles*,” are likewise called Berbers—a name also designating the locality of their settlement, for they left the cities to others, and contented themselves with making the deserts and moun-

'tains their homes. Berber is derived from a word which signifies "*desert, wild, sylvan.*"

Their real origin is, like that of most barbarous nations, involved in obscurity. Whence do they come? What was their original name? are questions which they themselves cannot respond to, and respecting which the ethnologist may yet exercise his ingenuity for ages to come. Some will trace them to the Vandals, and attempt to establish their theory by the fact that there are Kabyles with fair complexions, light hair, and blue eyes. But is this not to be accounted for in a different way? Has their elevated position nothing to do with their appearance? Have ever such fair Kabyles been found in the desert plains? And, finally, if the fair Kabyles are of Vandal descent, to what origin are we to trace those that are dark and swarthy? But others—and among these are also Arab historians—trace them to the East. One Arabian writer says, "The Berbers come originally from Syria, whence they were expelled on account of their gross wickedness. They then settled themselves in Africa." This account of them is certainly much more confirmed by their general appearance and language, and is also more in accordance with their floating tradition, that they are the offshoots of an Arab tribe.

The language of the Kabyles is only a medium for oral communication, and is never written, nor is it a universal language, *i. e.* it is not in all parts the same. The deviation is so great, that a Kabyle from Morocco does not comprehend the language of his

brother from Tripoli. Their isolated position in inaccessible wilds, where they are without a literature of their own, sufficiently accounts for this anomaly. One detachment is strange to the other. Time, difference of interest, and a host of circumstances, contributed to modify, and change, the language of every distinct settlement, so as, in the course of time, to alienate one portion of these highlanders from the other. It is utterly impossible to form anything like an estimate of the number of these ancient tribes, who, no doubt, were possessors of African soil before the Phœnicians formed settlements here. They are to be met with in almost all the cities on the coast, where they are employed in various ways, such as common porters and domestic servants, in which occupations they always contrive to accumulate a small capital, with which they return to their homes, and never revisit the city till the same is exhausted. Some of them have also managed to rise to very high situations. Having stayed with the Gebelies a short time in their mountains, and having had intercourse with hundreds of them in other parts, I am induced to describe them as a kind-hearted, industrious, brave and robust people.

The Moors claim Arab descent with greater tenacity than the Gebelies, or “Kabyles;” indeed, to dispute that claim, is regarded by them as a serious insult. Authors differ very materially in their etymology of the word *Moor*. Sallust believes it to be a corruption of *Medi*; Isidorus Hispalensis, and Manilius, think the name ought to be derived from the dark and

swarthy colour of the people to whom it was applied ; Bochart makes it equivalent to *Mahir*, or *Maur*, which, he says, signifies “one from the west,” since Mauritania was west of Carthage : and Hyde derives it from *Mabri*, or *Mauri*, which, according to him, means “one that lies near the passage,” as, he believes, the Straits of Hercules might justly be called.

None of these derivations appear to me satisfactory, and therefore I beg to suggest another for consideration.

The Moors had been in Africa long before Mohammed’s emissaries subjugated so vast a region on that continent. Originally they must have been *Nomades*, though they afterwards founded cities, and established governments, which existed at the time when the Phœnician colonies were in a flourishing state. It is probable that they came from a locality in the vicinity of a country where the Phœnician language was spoken, and assumed an appellation (derived from that language) descriptive of their migratory life ; for in Phœnician the word 𐤒 𐤕 𐤕, *moor*, signifies to walk, to go, and hence, to migrate. This word is retained in the Maltese—an eclectic dialect, in which a vast number of Phœnician words are to be found. The reason which induces me to believe that the Moors must have spoken the Phœnician language, and their national name was not given them by the Carthaginians, is because Procopius tells us, that in his time there existed in Mauritania two pillars of white stone, with this inscription in the Phœnician language and character—“We are the Canaanites, who fled from Joshua, the son of Nun,

that notorious robber." An African writer, quoted by Leo Africanus, together with Evagrius and Nicephorus Callistus, assert the same. This takes us back to a period prior to Punic colonization in Africa.

The present Moors are intermixed with the various foreign races which have, at different times, conquered and settled in the country. They mostly inhabit the towns along the coast, but trade extensively into the interior. Generally speaking, they are above the middle size, muscular, rather fair; they have a full face, and large eyes, which, however, are far from being lively. In their deportment they are very grave.

Probably before the foundation of Carthage, these Moors had already managed to claim, and maintain, a superiority over the Berbers, and this dominant position they have not yet relinquished. The genuine Arabs, mixed with the Moors, inhabit the cities, and form the gentry; whereas the Kabyles, or Berbers, mixed with the Bedouin Arabs, form the peasantry. To this classification there are, however, numberless exceptions: the barrier of exclusion, or the wall of partition, is not of such a solidity as to prevent, either the Berbers, or the Bedouins, from improving their station and worldly interests.

The reader will allow me to trespass on his patience a few minutes longer, while I direct his attention to a people I have always regarded as a relic of the Carthaginians. In the vicinity of Gabes, or Kabes, the ancient Tacepe, and there at the foot of a chain of mountains, is to be found dispersed a people whom the

Arabs refuse to claim, and who are alike rejected by the Moors, and the Gebelies. They profess, of course, the Mohammedan religion, but are hated and despised in consequence of their predilection for feeding upon an animal most detested by "the faithful." Nothing is more despicable in the eyes of a "true believer" than *the dog*, and no greater proof of this can be given, than his comparing the unbeliever, whether Christian or Jew, to that animal. The Moslem cannot fix upon a term more opprobrious than *kelb*, "dog"—and yet the dog is the most dainty meal among those "strange" believers in the Koran. This circumstance has always impressed me with the conviction, that they are more genuine descendants of the Carthaginians than the other tribes are, since the Carthaginians were notorious for eating the flesh of dogs.\*

7th.—A rumour of the arrival of an extraordinary personage, concentrated a vast number of the inhabitants of Tozar within the large open space, in front of "the palace." Even on the day of our arrival, there was scarcely a greater assemblage; and, certainly, there was not that anxiety manifested to see the Prince, as the people evinced to obtain a peep at the unexpected stranger.

*Ashkoon hadza*, "Who is this?" I whispered into the ears of several persons, who formed the shell of the dense crowd; but so intent were they upon gazing at the individual, that my question was left for some time unanswered, till one of the Bey's servants perceiving

\* See Just. Hist. lib. xix. c. 1.

me, managed to approach, and favour me with these particulars respecting the object of such intense curiosity:—

“ It is my Lord *Mohammed Essagheer*, the chalifa [lieutenant] of the Ameer Elmomaneen, [prince of the faithful,] Abd Elkader, who has come to pay his respects to our lord the Bey, and has brought him a present of those two magnificent horses you see standing yonder. Sagheer himself is now having an interview with the Bey, and is every instant expected.”

In a few moments the chief officer of the notorious Abd Elkader, made his appearance, mounted his horse, and rode off in a most stately and dignified manner, followed by a suite of some fifteen or twenty servants, to the house of Caid Ibrahim Ben Aoon, who has expressly arrived here in order to entertain this distinguished visitor.

Mohammed Sagheer is apparently about thirty-five years of age; and, as regards his countenance, his countrymen may well call him *Esh-shaab*, “ the beautiful,” for I never saw among the Arabs a handsomer face. But he is rather short, and verges considerably upon corpulency. His eye is expressive of intelligence, and his hair is jet black. He wore an elegant Moorish costume, and was mounted on a horse of the purest blood. This grandee claims to be a lineal descendant from Ocba,\* the famous missionary-general, and, through him, from Mohammed himself; and hence he is a

\* The tomb of this general is at Sidy Okba, in the province of Constantina, where Mohammed Essagheer was born. See vol. i. p. 53.

*Shareef*, "a sacred noble," and permitted to wear the green turban. His birth, position, and wealth, raised him to the dignity of *Chalifa*, after the famous Belazooz Maraboot, to whom that title belonged, was taken prisoner by the French.

About the year 1845, Mohammed Essagheer committed his most daring act. With a handful of Arabs, but these of the boldest stamp, he surprised the French garrison at Biscara, (composed chiefly of Arab soldiers,) and made himself, without great difficulty, master of the town. He then proceeded to take possession of the *kasba*, "the fort," where he killed two French officers, the surgeon, and six men. He also took five prisoners, four of whom he beheaded, and the fifth contrived to make his escape.

But the *Chalifa*, or Caliph, (as this word is usually written,) was only allowed to occupy Biscara a very few hours. A petty officer, of the name of Pelisse, found means to escape, and collect a sufficient force of Arabs, who are favourable to the French, with whose assistance he retook the *kasba*, and expelled the invaders, who, however, retired in such perfect order that they carried off several hundred muskets, one field piece, and a quantity of uniforms. A few hours after, the Duke d'Aumale, who was then with the army in the vicinity, and had heard of the attack, arrived to the assistance of Biscara, and was so highly pleased with the conduct of Pelisse that he promoted him. All that could possibly have been done, by the most able officer, under similar circumstances, had been done by the veteran sergeant.

Mohammed Essagheer carried off another prize from Biscara,—a French woman, not of the best reputation, who has since embraced the religion of her captor, become his wife, and the mother of several of his children.

It was not likely that the friendly, and magnificent, reception of this mortal enemy of the French, and the popular demonstration on his behalf, would be appreciated by my Gallican travelling companions, particularly by M. P., who is a French diplomatic agent. They first expressed their dissatisfaction at the Prince's conduct in private, which led to a written protest, and ended in a verbal remonstrance. M. P. demanded from the Bey the restoration of the French woman, and the transportation of Mohammed Essagheer, either to Tunis, or to Cairwaan, where he is to be allowed to reside, under the surveillance of the police, since his remaining in the vicinity of French settlements must necessarily prove very injurious.

Sidy Mohammed Bey replied, that he received Mohammed Essagheer as a *Shareef* of high standing, and not as an enemy to the French. "Any other conduct on my part," said the Prince, "would have sufficed the people to regard me as a perfect unbeliever. As to the woman, if you can tell me where she is, and prove that she is anxious to leave her husband, I shall see that she is, at once, restored to her liberty."

M. P. was not satisfied with this answer, and, therefore, only contented himself for the present with his protest, but reserved to himself the option of communicating the whole affair to his government.

The Arabs now congregated at Tozar, soon spread the report of this throughout the desert. Mr. Richardson, then residing at Ghadames, heard of it, and notices it in these terms, in his Journal :—

“ During the expedition of the Duke d'Aumale to the south of Algeria, the Bey of Biskera, Mohammed Essagheer ('little') murdered the small garrison of soldiers left behind, emptied the chest of what francs were in it, and went off to the desert. He is now living tranquilly in the Jereed. The French made a demand to the Bey of Tunis to have him given up; but it seems his Highness had courage enough to resist it, alleging that he was a political refugee.

“ Mohammed Essagheer had married a French woman, and she ran away, or was taken by force, with him. She had borne him two children. The most extraordinary stories are current of this French woman. Though a low woman of one of the towns, she gives herself out as 'the daughter of the Sultan of France!' She rides like a man, dresses like a man, smokes, and follows the Arabs in all their expeditions against the French. She has adopted the Mahometan religion, and is become a sort of priestess, or Maraboutah. She promises the credulous Arabs that she will not only put her husband on the throne of Algeria, but even of France itself, and then all the world will become Mussulmans! The Moors say she can never leave the desert, because she has brought her husband two children.” \*

\* Vol. i. pp. 252, 253.

And again, in another portion of his Journal, Mr. R. says,—

“The notorious Mohammed Sagheer, who slaughtered thirty Frenchmen in cold blood at Biscara, is now at Tozar. This flight of fugitives will continue as long as the French are in North Africa: it is inevitable. When a political refugee is quiet, his person should be held sacred; and it was very dastardly, on the part of the French, to demand to have this Arab chief given up. But the French mind is incapable of comprehending what is a political asylum, or even what is constitutional freedom.”\*

*7th April.*—I was informed that “the great Shareef” had expressed a willingness to receive a visit from me, and, therefore, I proceeded at once to the Governor’s house. On my way thither,—or, rather, just as I was passing the tent of the Frenchmen,—M. Chevarier offered to accompany me, thinking I was about to proceed on my daily rambles among the natives. When informed of the real nature of my errand, he at first hesitated; but, after a little consideration, he resolved upon going to see the lion, “in order to be able to say that he had actually seen him.” I was not particularly pleased to have M. Chevarier’s company on the present occasion, as I felt sure the Shareef would find himself under restraint before a Frenchman, particularly after the proceedings of yesterday, with every particular of which, I knew, he was acquainted.

\* Vol. i. p. 424.

As soon as we were announced, we were ushered into an apartment, where the Shareef was seated, cross-legged, upon a carpet, and Ben Aoon was on his left, whilst several domestics were standing at a little distance from them. We were desired to sit down on the same carpet. A voluminous interchange of compliments now took place between us, as if we had known each other for years.

"Is your friend an Englishman?" asked the Shareef, pointing to my companion. Upon hearing that he was a Frenchman, I at once perceived a compression of his lips, a rolling of his fiery eyes, and a successive contraction and enlargement of his nostrils, all indicative of indwelling rage and passion, which, for the time, quite deprived him of his otherwise just appellation, *Esh-shaab*, "the handsome." But he soon recovered himself, and again asked,—

"Does he speak, or understand, Arabic?"

*Myself.* "He does neither."

This reply quite relieved him, and he at once referred to his nation's struggles with the French.

"Would it not be better, my Lord," I said, after listening to his effusion of abuse, volley of curses upon the French, and predictions of future success, "to consider the *real* state of things? You are all divided. Your efforts hitherto have only increased bloodshed, and the misery of the Arabs. Would it not be much better to submit to superior force, and live quietly under French rule? Those who have done so appear to be very happy."

*The Shareef.* "Dogs, infidels, and not Moslems, have submitted to the French. The issues of war and the blessings of peace are with God. There is neither power nor might but with Him. He can conquer by few, as well as by many. Rather will I die on the field of battle, than consider myself a subject of the French Sultan. I will ever fight, but never succumb!"

*Myself.* "But suppose all the Arab chiefs, now so hostile to the French, were to make a proposal that the French Sultan should be master of the whole coast, and they rule in the interior: would this not meet your view?"

*The Shareef.* "*Istaghfar Allah*; Forgive, O God! No, never! The French have no right whatever to our country. We will expel them, or die in the effort to do so."

His words were expressed with great emphasis; and, to give them still greater force, he, now and then, grasped hold of one of a pair of pistols that lay before him, which he flourished about in a manner not at all pleasant to us, particularly as it was loaded, and he considerably excited.

Our conversation was now directed to the geography of the desert, of which the *Shareef* appeared to know much practically, and that was all. Having never seen an Arabic atlas, he expressed a great desire to possess one; and, when I offered to go to my tent, and bring it to him, of which I begged his acceptance, he thanked me very cordially, but added, "I cannot wait for your return; my men and horses are ready, and I must be

off. Give the atlas to our mutual friend, Sidy Ali Essasi, the Cadi of Nefta, who knows how to forward it to me."

He rose up, and we left the apartment together. Sagheer and his men, several of whom wore a partial French uniform, mounted their horses, and in a few minutes they were seen bounding over the sands of the desert. No doubt the proceedings of M. P. were the sole cause of the Shareef's hasty departure. He apprehended the possibility of being made prisoner, and therefore ensured his safety. How much must this affair have increased his inveterate hatred towards the French! Often has he since harangued his fanatical fellow-Moslems, to avenge the blood of "the faithful," and exterminate the infidel aggressors and enemies of "the true direction." I can imagine the Shareef adopting the language of his countryman of old, and addressing his desert assembly,—

"Think where your dear companions lie,  
Survey their fate, and hear their woes;  
How some through trackless deserts fly,  
Some in the vulture's maw repose;

"While some, more wretched still, must bear  
The taunting of a Christian's tongue:—  
Hear this! and blush ye not to wear  
The silken robe of peace so long?

\* \* \* \* \*

"Arabian youths! in such a cause,  
Can ye the voice of glory slight?  
Warriors of *Afric*! can ye pause,  
Or fear to mingle in the fight?

“ If neither piety nor shame  
Your breasts can warm, your souls can move,  
Let emulation's bursting flame  
Wake you to vengeance and to love.”

In connexion with this inveterate enemy of France, I have to notice a famous Frenchman, who is not without his admirers even in Africa. The name of Napoleon is not quite unknown in the Sahra: his exploits, distorted and exaggerated, form, now and then, the theme of a professional story-teller. But the acts of Napoleon have also occupied the attention of the sober Arab historian. His Egyptian and Syrian campaigns have been recorded by an anonymous writer, who, judging from his style, must have been a man of talent; and, considering the amount of information he displays, in his pages, there is every reason to believe that he must have occupied a high rank, for only such an individual could have had access to the despatches, and documents, of the then Egyptian, and Turkish, governments. The work is most interesting; and, probably, the copy I have procured, is the only one now in existence. The story of Napoleon has been told by the Englishman, the Frenchman, the German, and others: each has seen the acts of that man through his own peculiarly tinged spectacles. But hitherto (as far as I am aware) the Arab has not given us his account, or version, of that general's exploits in Egypt. To while away a few moments in my tent, during a long evening, I translate a few pages from the work, which may serve as a sample of the whole. It begins thus:—

“ At the commencement of the year [of the Hejira\*] 1213, on the tenth of the most respected month Moharram, which happened to fall on a Sunday, letters reached Cairo by a courier from the coast of Alexandria, with the information that on the Thursday previous (being the eighth of the above-named month) ten English vessels had approached the coast, so near that they could be clearly distinguished. Very soon after, they were joined by fifteen more. The inhabitants were very anxious to ascertain their object, and in this they were speedily gratified; for a boat from one of the vessels was sent on shore, to communicate with the officials of the city. The chief of the latter was *Shareef*

\* Hejira, Hegira, or Hejra. The flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina is the epoch of the Mohammedan nations. Omar, the second Caliph, instituted the Hegira in imitation of the Christians, who counted their years from their persecution by Diocletian, (A.D. 284,) and who called it the era of the martyrs. Thus the Mohammedans wished to commence their calculation of time from the period of the most memorable persecution they had suffered. The learned Mohammedan astronomers have been divided in opinion on the exact year of the Christians which corresponds with the Hegira. But the generality of writers place this epoch on Friday, the 16th of July, A.D. 622. The ancient Arabs counted time by solar months; these months always returned in the same season, and their names correspond with the employments which the seasons rendered necessary. Since the epoch of the Hegira was fixed, the Mohammedans count time by lunar months, the Arabian year consisting of 354 days, eight hours, and forty-eight minutes. The intercalary days are adjusted by a cycle of thirty lunar years, of which nineteen are of 354 days, and eleven of 355 days. The years of excess are in the following order:—2, 5, 7, 10, 13, 15, 18, 21, 24, 26, 29.—D’Herbelot’s *Bib. Orient.*, Art. *Hegira*; De Guigné’s *Histoire Génér. des Huns*, tom. i. p. 43; Marsden on the *Hegira*, p. 8. Thirty-two of our years are nearly equal to thirty-three Mohammedan years.—*Mills’ History*, p. 20.

*Mohammed Korayin*, respecting whom we shall have to say more hercafter. On being asked what they desired, and what their object was in coming here, the strangers replied, they were English, and had come in search of the French, ‘who,’ to use their own words, ‘are out with a great fleet; and peradventure,’ added the speaker, ‘they may come down upon your country, and you might be unable to resist them; therefore have we come to assist you.’

“The Sharcef Mohammed, who placed no confidence in their words, but regarded them only as a mere pretext for some ulterior purpose, replied abruptly, and in a manner most haughty. The strangers then said, ‘Under these circumstances we are resolved to remain in our ships, out at sea, guarding your coasts, and all we shall require from you is, to supply us with water and provisions for a just remuneration!’ But the Egyptians refused to comply with this request, and, moreover, told the English, ‘This country belongs to the Sultan, and neither the French, nor any other nation, dare interfere with us—you had better depart and leave us.’

“The English then weighed anchor, and sailed to obtain their supplies elsewhere. As God pre-ordained so it came to pass!

“The people inhabiting the coast, notwithstanding their conduct towards the English, anticipated some calamity, and therefore despatched messengers to inform the governor of the *low country* of what had occurred, and advised him to assemble the Arabs, and make preparation for a formidable defence of the coast.

“As soon as the news of this reached Cairo, rumours increased, which were speedily so exaggerated, that they produced the greatest consternation among the inhabitants. Their terror was, however, instantly abated, and their minds tranquillized, when the next messenger brought the report of the departure of the English fleet.

“The Princes took no notice of all this; they treated the whole matter with contempt, and only blazed abroad the opinions they entertained of their own superiority and power. According to their own estimation, they could defy all the Franks united. Their steeds’ hoofs, they said, would trample them to death, and their bright and magnificent swords would speedily cut them to pieces.

“But, very soon after the above, other letters arrived with the news that a great number of French vessels had actually anchored in the harbour—that the French Consul, together with some of the chief inhabitants, had been summoned on board one of them, where they had been detained. It was further stated that the vessels had changed their anchorage during the night, and had taken up their position in a westerly direction, where they had disembarked a number of troops. All this was effected in so secret a manner, that the inhabitants were astonished to find the French soldiers dispersed, like locusts, all over the town when they arose in the morning. Then the people of the coast, and those Arabs who had joined them, together with the governor of the plain, went out in order to oppose the enemy and prevent his progress; but they soon discovered

that they could neither repel the intruder, nor even defend themselves. The governor, therefore, as well as those who had joined him, saw the necessity of retiring. They returned in order to protect themselves from the house-tops and the walls.

“The French troops entered the city under an incessant discharge of musketry sustained by the Egyptians, who did all in their power to prevent the enemy’s progress, and protect themselves and their families. But when they plainly perceived the superiority of the enemy’s force, and the utter impossibility of defeating him, they resolved upon capitulating. They had not the means to defend themselves, for the forts were deficient of powder and weapons. As soon as their resolution became known to the enemy, hostilities ceased, and the forts were given up to the French, who at once proclaimed peace, and hoisted their own flag.

“The chief men of the city were now assembled, and desired to give up their arms, and to affix to their breasts the cockade. This is composed of three round pieces of either cloth, silk, or any other material. Its size is that of a piaster, and it is black, red, and white. One piece is placed above the other, so that every circle is smaller, and thus all colours are visible. They were also requested to pay a contribution, and to supply the conquerors with provisions.

“When these things became known in Cairo, the inhabitants were so terror-struck that the majority of them resolved upon flight. Ibrahim Bey went to Kas-

ser Elâyn, where he was soon joined by Morad Bey from Giza. The rest of the Princes, the Cadi, as well as the literati, likewise repaired thither, where a council, respecting the calamities which had befallen the Mohammedans, was held. The resolution to which this council came was, without loss of time to inform the government of all that had happened, and supplicate for immediate aid. An express was at once despatched to Bakir, who was then Basha of Egypt, with the request to forward the same. It was also decided to collect, as speedily as possible, all the troops, and to make Morad Bey the general-in-chief. The council then broke up.

“Preparations were now made to despatch, with all possible haste, an army properly equipped. But in spite of all efforts, five days were lost before the troops could be supplied with provisions, powder, and the necessary ammunition, tents, and water-bags. In consequence of all this Cairo was greatly distressed. When the intelligence of the invasion reached Cairo, the troops possessed none of those things, and the rulers were unwilling to spend their treasures upon such essential purposes. And now, when hard pushed by necessity, they tyrannized over the citizens, and, for the most part, extorted from them what was requisite for the defence. •

“Immediately after prayers on Friday, Morad Bey pitched his tents and pavilion near the Black Bridge. Here he remained two days, when his generals and troops joined him. Of the generals, Ali Basha, the

Tripolitan, and Nassuf Basha, who resided with him at Giza, were his most intimate friends. Having arranged all preliminaries, he took a number of pieces of artillery, with a great quantity of powder, and departed with the cavalry. The infantry, the Oldash, [Turkish infantry,] the marines, and Morockeens, went by water in small galleys, which Morad had constructed for that very purpose. Previous to his departure, the general-in-chief ordered a massive iron chain to be made, of 130 cubits in length, which was intended to be thrown across the Straits of Rosetta, near the fort of Moghaizal, in order to prevent the French from passing up the Nile. This was Ali Basha's proposal. He likewise suggested to have a battery, made of boats, near the chain. It was thus intended to impede the progress of the Christians, who, it was asserted, being unable to fight them by land, would undoubtedly bring their vessels up the Nile. In this plan of defence the Mussulmans hoped to prolong the war till the arrival of the expected succour.

“ But matters took a very different turn. The French had no sooner become masters of Alexandria, than they set about making arrangements to march to Cairo by land; and on their march they encountered Morad Bey at Arrachmaneya.

“ The condition of Cairo was deplorable after the departure of the army. The bazaars were abandoned, the streets deserted, and the various rumours greatly increased the consternation of the inhabitants. Not a soul except the chief of the police, could be seen

in the streets after dusk. In order to put an end to such a state of things, the Aga, and the commander, gave orders to open the bazaars and coffee-houses during the night, and to place lamps over the doors of the houses, as well as the shops. This was done for two reasons; first, to inspire the people with courage by enlivening the city, and next, to prevent spies from entering it.

“On Monday the news reached Cairo that the French had arrived at Damanhoor and Rosetta—that the majority of the inhabitants of those places had fled to Foa and its environs, and that those who remained had capitulated, and placed themselves under French protection.

“The enemy had already forwarded proclamations to the various places immediately after the taking of Alexandria, in order to pacify the people, and induce them to join the French, and forbear taking up arms against them. In these proclamations they endeavoured to make the people believe, that they had come to Egypt, by the express desire of the Sultan, in order to free the country from its oppressors. These letters, or proclamations, were brought by a number of Mohammedan prisoners, whom the French liberated at Malta.

“The day before the battle of Anbaba, these prisoners were sent to Bolak, where the army of Ibrahim Bey was encamped. With the prisoners were mixed a number of Maltese infidels, who, being dressed like them, and speaking a kind of Arabic dialect, were easily mistaken

for Arabs. In this manner the spies were concealed. They made the people believe that the intention of the French was good ; and, having already liberated Moslem prisoners at Malta, they were not likely to enslave the people. The Malta spies, in the garb of prisoners, seduced the people, and discouraged them from attempts of resisting the French. Such was their object in following the Egyptian army. On the day of battle, the spies disappeared, and no one could tell what had become of them,—having in all probability returned to the French, and given the information respecting all they had seen.

“ The following is a copy of the letter, or proclamation, above referred to, as issued by Napoleon :—

“ ‘ In the name of the most merciful and gracious God. There is no God but God, who has neither child nor companion in his dominion.

“ ‘ On the part of the French republic, which is established upon the foundation of liberty and equality, the General-in-Chief, Bonaparte, Commander of the French army, makes known to all the people of Egypt, that a considerable time has now elapsed during which the Beys, governing the Egyptian dominions, have treated the French nation in a vile and most humiliating manner. They have tyrannized over French merchants in various overbearing ways. But the time of retribution has at length come. What a pity that this band of Mamlooks, brought from Abaza and Kordistaan, should be permitted so long to destroy the finest

country of the earth ! But God, the Ruler of the universe, who is most mighty over all, has put a period to their government.

“ ‘ O people of Egypt, you will be told, by them, that I came in order to subvert your religion. This is a manifest lie. Do not believe them. Tell those liars that I come in order to restore your rights from the hand of the usurpers, and that I adore God (praised be He in the highest !) more than the Mamlooks do, and that I respect his prophet Mohammed, as also the magnificent Koran.

“ ‘ Tell them, also, that all men are equal in the sight of God ; and that wisdom, virtue, and talents, only distinguish one from another.

“ ‘ But, as to these Mamlooks, what sort of wisdom, or virtue, or knowledge, distinguish them from the rest of mankind, that they alone should be in possession of everything that makes life sweet ? Wherever any fertile land is to be found, it belongs to them ; the most beautiful female slaves, the most splendid horses, and most magnificent dwellings, are all in their possession.

“ ‘ If Egypt has been monopolized by the Mamlooks, let them produce the deed with which the Almighty has furnished them. But God is merciful and just to all men !

“ ‘ With God’s help, from henceforth none of the Egyptians shall be prevented from holding high situations, and honourable employments. The wise, the virtuous, and the learned, shall administer the affairs

of the country among themselves, so that the condition of the nation will be ameliorated.'”\*

*8th April.*—The heat, during the last day or two, has been intense. The thermometer in my tent, during day and night, has been almost stationary at 100 degrees. My men have done, and still do, everything in their power to keep the tent cool, by erecting a high palm-branch fence around it, and by a constant immersion of the ground, but all this to very little effect. The wind, during this day, has been as hot as the flames issuing from a furnace, and the clouds of sand it raised, and carried along in its furious march, have been immense. In the distance could be seen numbers of sand columns; but these did not retain their form any considerable length of time. A contrary blast brought them in collision with each other; and these, blending their contents, raised a complete and dense barrier between us and the country beyond. I am no lover of danger; but, I must confess, I had an inward desire to see this phenomenon,—one of the horrors of the desert,—in greater perfection. I believe Bruce witnessed one of the most stupendous exhibitions of sand columns, or sand spouts, caused by circular or whirl-winds,† on record. In his journey through the

\* The Arabic of these pages I have since lost, but the rest of the MS. is still in my possession. I may probably, on some future occasion, translate and publish the whole work.

† The whirlwind, which occasions either the sand or water-spouts, is caused sometimes by winds blowing among lofty and precipitous mountains, and sometimes by two winds meeting each other at an angle, and

desert of Senaar, his attention was attracted to a number of prodigious pillars of sand, at different distances, moving at times with great celerity, at others, stalking on with majestic slowness: at intervals, he thought they were coming in a very few minutes to overwhelm him and his companions. Again they would retreat, so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds. There the tops often separated from the bodies; and these, once disjoined, dispersed in the air, and appeared no more. Sometimes they were broken near the middle, as if struck with a large cannon-shot. About noon, they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon them, the wind being very strong at north. Eleven of these awful visitors ranged alongside of them, at about the distance of three miles. The greatest diameter of the largest appeared to him, at that distance, as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from them, with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression upon the mind of our intrepid traveller to which he could give no name, though he candidly admits that one ingredient in it was fear, with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. He declares it was in vain to think of flying; the swiftest horse, or fastest sailing ship, could be of no use to carry them out of this danger,—and the full persuasion of this riveted him to the spot where he stood. Next day they were

then turning upon a centre. When two winds thus encounter one another, any cloud which happens to be between them is, of course, condensed, and assumes a rotatory motion, by which everything within its reach is, according to its force and rapidity, carried up into the air, thus causing spiral forms of, either sand, or water.

gratified by a similar display of moving pillars, in form and disposition like those already described, only they seemed to be more in number, and less in size. They came several times in a direction close upon them ; that is, according to Mr. Bruce's computation, within less than two miles. They became, immediately after sunrise, like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun : his rays, shining through them for near an hour, gave them an appearance of pillars of fire. At another time they were terrified by an army of these sand pillars, whose march was constantly south, a number of which seemed once to be coming directly upon them, and, though they were little nearer than two miles, a considerable quantity of sand fell around them. On the 21st of November, about eight in the morning, he had a view of the desert to the westward as before, and saw the sands had already begun to rise in immense twisted pillars, which darkened the heavens, and moved over the desert with more magnificence than ever. The sun shining through the pillars, which were thicker, and contained more sand apparently than any of the preceding ones, seemed to give those nearest them an appearance as if spotted with stars of gold. A little before twelve, the wind at north ceased, and a considerable quantity of fine sand rained upon them for an hour afterwards.\*

*9th April.*—During the excessive heat of these days, swarms of venomous reptiles have made their appear-

\* See Banister's "Survey of the Holy Land," p. 66.

ance. In almost every one of our tents there are persons suffering, and that most acutely, from the sting of the scorpion. My friends and neighbours, as well as myself, were greatly surprised that my tent had hitherto remained free from their visits. Some, by way of joke, dubbed me with the venerated title *Dervish*. "You are a dervish," they said, "and hence these reptiles dare not approach you. You charm them away." But this morning the spell was broken. Immediately upon awaking I discovered three scorpions on the canvass, right above my head, and on looking on the ground, there was another quite close to my bed. These we managed to kill without any difficulty, and at once commenced a diligent search, and hunt, for more. Carpet, mat, boxes, bags, and a host of other things were removed and minutely examined. The canvass above, and the sand beneath, were carefully inspected, and as no more were found, the place was pronounced, by all concerned, to be perfectly free from the venomous intruders. However, a few hours after, just as I sat down to take my dinner, I desired one of my domestics to lift up the sides of the tent, in order to have a free current of air, which he no sooner commenced to do, than he suddenly screamed out, in an appalling tone of distress and anguish, which summoned a number of my neighbours to the spot. A scorpion had stung him on the arm, and he feared death would inevitably ensue. As the reptile was near, I at once secured it in a bottle of spirits, to prevent its doing further

mischievous, and M. P. proceeded, first, to tie a bandage just above the part where the wound was inflicted, and, making a slight incision on the spot itself, he bathed it freely with spirit of ammonia. But notwithstanding this, the arm swelled to a fearful extent, and in a few minutes the man was in a burning fever, from which, however, he completely recovered in about three hours.

The sting of the scorpion is considered fatal in this part particularly, unless instant remedies are applied. Besides the effect of "the charm," to which I have elsewhere alluded, every house is provided with what may be called scorpion-oil. This is prepared by throwing one, or more, dead scorpions into a small vessel of olive oil, with which they bathe the part where the reptile has inflicted the wound. Another remedy is the application of the blood-stone, which is regarded as capable of effecting a certain cure. Europeans, as a matter of course, ridicule this, but when in Syria, a few years ago, the Prussian Consul of Beyrout related to me a case of which he was an eye-witness. One of his servants was stung by a scorpion, and in a short time his arm swelled to an enormous size, and the poor fellow was in great agony. An Arab who happened to be present, instantly ran for one of those stones, applied it, and, to the great surprise of the by-standers, the arm, after a few minutes, resumed its natural size, and the man was freed from all pain.

The scorpions here, when full grown, measure from five to six inches, and are generally of a dark kind; and

when these attack any part of the head, the victim cannot be saved. Cases are related where death ensued even from the arm or leg only having been stung.

A great protection against these virulent reptiles, according to the unanimous opinion of the inhabitants of this, and neighbouring oases, is the *oural*, or *ouran*, the *Psammosaurus scincus*. It is of a greyish colour, has brown belts, spotted with red, around its body, and measures from two, to three, feet in length. This lizard, it is said, lives chiefly, if not exclusively, upon scorpions, and is invariably to be found in the vicinity of man, and hence it is also called "the man's friend." The *oural* is eaten by the Arabs, who also make purses of its skin.

As I am speaking of one "Arab cure," I may as well mention, for the information of my medical readers, a few more.

When any person is taken ill, and the same is attributed to "the evil eye," (which I may say is always the case,) a handful of salt is taken and passed over him several times, and the sentence *Bismillahi*, "in the name of God," is frequently repeated: the salt must then be thrown into the fire.

Internal complaints are cured by besmearing the body with honey, and sprinkling pounded pepper over it.

On one occasion I was out on horseback, when suddenly the animal commenced pointing his ears, snorting, and making violent efforts to alter his course. My endeavours to keep his head in the direction

I wished to go, proved vain. He made several attempts to obey, but was too terrified to advance beyond a few paces. He plunged, he reared, and very nearly threw me, just as I perceived the cause of his great alarm. But how great was my surprise when I beheld a human head lying on the ground, only a few yards off! The poor animal stood shivering, and now and then just ventured to give a side glance at it; and, I must confess, the rider was very similarly affected. I stared at it, and saw it slightly move. I could distinctly perceive the eyes blinking; but the features remained motionless. After gazing at it a few seconds, I mustered a little courage, and addressed the head—"Are you alive, or dead?" "*Hea mareda*—She is ill," answered a voice, but it issued not from the head, which now ceased to move, closed its eyes, and appeared in a real wobegone mood. On looking round, I perceived behind a sand hillock, a short distance off, a couple of women. I rode up to them, and they informed me that the head belonged to a woman's body, which was buried in the sand. "But what is all this for?" I asked. "She is unwell," was the reply. I then learnt that the poor woman was suffering from dropsy, and was being treated according to the most approved prescriptions of the *native faculty*.

Extreme pain in the head is "completely cured" by the patient's simply submitting to this treatment. If the pain is diffused over the whole head, then a number of some thirty or forty perpendicular lines, or scars, of about a couple of inches in length, are produced with a

red-hot iron, the operation commencing at the right side of the forehead, and gradually returning to that point. If the pain is simply confined to the forehead, as is often the case, then eight or ten scars are considered sufficient to effect a complete cure. I have seen children who submitted to this treatment. The hot iron is employed for a variety of other maladies, such as rheumatism, swellings, &c.

Scarifying is preferred to our mode of bleeding, by opening the veins. An Arab will bare his leg, and allow some twenty or thirty punctures to be made all over the calf, and, to prevent the blood from congealing, the barber, the blacksmith, or the doctor, (they are employed promiscuously,) continually clears it away with the blunt edge of his knife, or with some other rude instrument.

The Arabs who live in tents have a number of dogs, which belong to the tribe, and not to particular individuals. "These dogs," my MS. account of this part of Africa says, "sometimes eat glowworms, which presently turns them mad. They go to the tents and bite the domestic dogs, and these again bite the people, who go mad, and generally die within forty days. The simple cure they have for those so bitten, (but which is not infallible,) is this: they dip the patient several times into a deep well." Is this treatment an illustration of Dr. Hahnemann's fundamental principle, *similia similibus curantur*, and the basis of Homœopathy?

I shall conclude my Arab medical information, as well as the chapter, with another extract from the

manuscript—"A Jew of Tunis having once been attacked by a number of dogs, which tore his clothes, received such a fright, that all the medical skill did not suffice to recover him. One day as he sat in his shop, in his usual low and melancholy mood, an Arab woman, from the country, observed him, and at once offered to cure him; and this she did after this manner. She told him to take an ounce of the root of curcuma, or turmeric, to pound it to a fine powder, and take every morning one-eighth part of it in a glass of water. He mentioned this to a medical man, who thought the prescription a good one, but advised him to take it in white wine. He did so, and was perfectly cured by the time he had finished the powders.

"The same man told me, that he knew a Turk who had once received a very severe cut on his arm. A few days after, he saw him quite well. Upon inquiry he was informed, that he had applied pounded leaves of rosemary, mixed with sugar, and worked into a paste, which so speedily and effectually cured his arm."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WODIĀN, OR TAGIŪS—THE NAORA AND THE PALM-TREE—THE HEROIC PROTECTOR AND THE LACK OF MARKS—THE BOHABEBI AND ITS COMPANION—SIDY SALEEM AND HIS HISTORY.

NOTHING can be more disagreeable than a monotonous life. I have heard one gentleman remark, that he preferred any change, even one for the worse, to a sluggish, unvarying, continuity of sameness. Of another, whose restlessness is proverbial, it has been said, that the charms of Paradise would not suffice for him, since he would *there* only have uninterrupted happiness. Now I am far from identifying my views on the subject with either of these, though I admit that monotony is far from being pleasant, and fearlessly assert, that Tozar is not a Paradise. Hence I was so ready for a change, that I eagerly embraced the offer to start, together with my European fellow-travellers, on an excursion to the Oasis of Tagiūs, or, as it is likewise called, Wodiān.

According to the camel-rate of travelling, Tagiūs is about four hours' distance from Tozar, reckoning three miles to every hour, but we accomplished the distance a very little more than two. Our escort consisted of

twelve men, well mounted and armed, headed by a Woda Basha, a petty officer of Turkish cavalry, of the name of Belhaj, but whose sobriquet was *Elami*, "the blind." He ever boasted of his courage, and constantly exhibited what he regarded an indubitable proof of it, viz. his blind eye, which he "gained" in an engagement, of which, however, he at first could give no account, but afterwards strove hard to furnish me with a vast variety of accounts. As one failed, the fertility of his inventive powers speedily supplied him with another.

Our route lay in a north-easterly direction, over a country which presented only the true features of desert—barren sands and sterile rocks.

On our arrival, we were taken to the temporary residence of the provisional Caid, Sidy Saleem, a Mamlook of a most amiable disposition, who enjoys the confidence of the Prince. During the time that Ben Aoon's affairs are pending, this Mamlook is likewise the governor of Tozar, but during the presence of the Prince, he necessarily has no jurisdiction in that city. Caid Saleem received us in a most affable manner, and instantly provided us with a capital breakfast, which was very acceptable after a long ride. This business was quickly despatched, and we resumed our seats upon the horses to view Tagiūs.

The Oasis of Tagiūs, or Wodiān, comprehends these villages — D'kāsh, Kreez, Wozorkūn, Owlad Mājed, Sedādah, Zowiat Elārāb, and Sidy Bohlān.

These villages are situated at short distances from





THE NAORA

each other, numbering together a population of between 25,000 and 30,000, whose chief employment consists in cultivating the palm, or date, tree. At Kreez they have an excellent spring, but which does not suffice to water all their plantations, and hence they are forced to have recourse to the *naora*, so common on the coast. The *naora* is the name given to the rude, though ingenious contrivance, by means of which, through the agency of either a camel, a mule, or a horse, water is raised from a deep well in earthen jars, which, as soon as they have emptied their contents, into a wooden trough, descend for fresh supplies. The water from the trough is then conducted by the planters into channels and trenches, as occasion requires. These are again easily diverted, and as soon as it is considered that the trees in one particular direction have had a sufficient supply, fresh trenches are opened in another direction, and in this manner the whole plantation receives the requisite moisture and nourishment.

The pain and labour which the inhabitants of such an oasis take with their vast date plantations are immense, but their toil is amply repaid by the "lord of the vegetable world." Independent of its picturesque appearance, grateful shade, luscious fruit, and agreeable beverage, it supplies them with fuel, and wood for the construction of their houses. From its leaves they manufacture baskets, ropes, mats, bags, couches, brushes, brooms, fans, &c. From the branches they make fences, stools, and cages. The kernels, after

being soaked in water for two or three days, are eagerly eaten by camels.

Every palm-tree shoots forth a number of suckers, which are removed at the proper season and transplanted. With care, these will produce fruit in about ten years, whereas those raised from kernels will only yield dates when they reach to the age of twenty. The tree reaches its vigour at thirty, and continues so till a hundred years old, when it begins to decline, and decays about the end of its second century. During its vigorous years, a good tree will produce between twenty and thirty clusters, each weighing about thirty pounds.

Mr. Morier relates an anecdote, which greatly illustrates how highly the date-tree is appreciated by those who are from their infancy taught to value it. An Arab woman who had been in England, and who returned in the suite of the English ambassador to Persia, on her reaching home, told her countrywomen of the riches and the beauty of the country she had visited, and described the roads, the carriages, the scenery, the splendour of the cities, and the fertility of the well-cultivated soil. Her audience were full of admiration, and had almost retired in envy, when she happened to mention that there was but one thing wanting to make the whole almost a Paradise. "And what is that?" said they. "Why, it has not a single date-tree. All the time that I was there, I never ceased to look for one, but I looked in vain." The charm was instantly broken; the Arabs turned

away in pity for men, who, whatever might be their comforts, or their magnificence, were doomed to live in a country where there were no date-trees.

In Greek, the name for the date-tree is *φοῖνιξ*, *phœnix*, and hence the Septuagint renders the passage in Ps. xcii. 12, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree;" *Δίκαιος ὡς φοῖνιξ ἀνθήσει*. Some of the Fathers of the Christian Church, ignorant of the original of the Old Testament Scriptures, believed that the Psalmist here alludes to the fabulous bird *phœnix*, and hence regarded it as an emblem of the resurrection. "Let us consider," says Clemens Romanus, "that wonderful type of the resurrection, which is seen in the eastern countries, that is to say, in Arabia. There is a certain bird called a Phœnix; of this there is never but one at a time, and that lives 500 years: and when the time for its dissolution draws near, that it must die, it makes itself a nest of frankincense and myrrh, and other spices, into which, when its time is fulfilled, it enters and dies. But its flesh, putrifying, breeds a certain worm, which, being nourished with the juice of the dead bird, brings forth feathers; and when it is grown to a perfect state, it takes up the nest in which the bones of its parent lie, and carries it from Arabia into Egypt, to a city called Heliopolis; and flying in open day, in the sight of all men, lays it upon the altar of the sun, and so returns from whence it came. The priests then search into the records of the time, and find that it returned precisely at the end of 500 years." Tertullian calls this a striking emblem of his hope for

a resurrection! Poor Fathers! What a striking proof is this, and similar fabulous matter, dispersed throughout their writings, that they were encompassed with infirmities; that the productions which have come down to us are *their own*, and can, therefore, in no way, be placed upon a level with the instruction of those men who spake "as they were moved by the Spirit of God;" that in intellectual capabilities, the *Fathers*, compared with the present generation, were indeed "*mere children*;" and, hence, far from being *in all things* safe guides relating to man's eternal happiness, and further still from being our competent, and, much less, our universally infallible teachers! There is much they have handed down to us, for which we must ever feel grateful, but never must we receive these in place of the Scriptures of Truth. The Fathers themselves never intended their compositions to be thus received by us; and could they now make their voices audible, it would be to protest against such an unreasonable act.

From an eminence to the north of D'kāsh, we were enabled to embrace, in one view, a vast extent of country, including the mysterious *Bahar Faraoon*, "the Sea of Pharaoh," with its "road of marks," In the distance, looking across this "sea" towards the south-east, we could discern the black patches of date plantations in the province of Nefsawa, though these were above thirty miles from the spot where we stood. This sight inspired one of my companions with an ardent desire to traverse the sea. "Shall we proceed

to Nefsawa?" he enthusiastically exclaimed. "Yes, let us do so," was the unanimous reply of the "kindred spirits."

In a few minutes we were *en route* to the *Lake of Marks*. A little more than half an hour took us through the plantations, and having emerged from the forest of dates, we found ourselves upon a sandy soil, with numerous tufts of very sickly-looking grass, and mounds clothed with consumptive shrubs. This was the external belt of the *mysterious lake*. We pushed on, and soon found the surface wavy, and covered with a saline incrustation—a plain indication that our horses were now treading upon the lake itself. The men composing our escort commenced narrating "Lake Pharaoh legends" to each other, whilst we were amusing ourselves in anticipation of the surprise our trip would give to the Prince, when unexpectedly Belhaj, the Woda Basha, rode up to us and pointed to the left foreleg of his horse, and said, "It is impossible for me to proceed, my horse being lame." "Then remove that rope which is tied round it," answered one of the party, as cunning, and as shrewd, as Belhaj himself. He did so, and the horse walked as well as any of the rest. But this trick clearly proved that the Woda Basha was determined to frustrate our design. To prevent his doing so, we resolved to gallop as hard as possible, convinced that, as he was sent to protect us, he would feel himself in duty bound to follow us. This experiment, however, had soon to be abandoned for fear of accident, by deviating from the proper track,

which, at some places, was not distinctly marked. Indeed, I felt my horse now and then slightly sinking under me. No sooner had we slackened our pace, than the Woda Basha with his troop rode up to us, and, putting his left hand upon his breast, he made a reverential bow, and said, "My lords, it is not safe for us to proceed on this road, which is dangerous, and with which we are not acquainted;" and, pointing to the mountains to the north, he added, "There are safe paths leading from those mountains into this road, which are only known to the brigands that harbour there. Should they fall upon us, and murder one of you, who but your servant Belhaj will be blamed? I, therefore, entreat you not to persist in your resolution. It requires a strong force to resist those villains, and we are only a handful of men."

We endeavoured to persuade this man of the absurdity and groundlessness of his fears, telling him that women have crossed the lake alone, according to the account of Sidy Ali Essassi, the Cadi of Nefta. But he only repeated his entreaties, and persisted in the correctness of his own statement with greater earnestness, his eye all the while turned in the direction of the dreaded mountains. "Call me a coward," he added, "and whatever else you please, I cannot—I dare not take you across."

Chagrined at being foiled in our plan, we told Belhaj to retire to Tagiūs, and, if he liked, to take his men with him, but that we should continue our journey alone, and thus convince him of the incorrectness of

his information respecting the safety, or danger, of the road.

We proceeded, but Belhaj and the escort halted. It was evident that by ourselves we could not accomplish our journey; still we marched forward, though all the time we were really anxious for an opportunity to enable us to return with becoming dignity and grace. Now and then we looked back in the hope of seeing them advance, or of hearing them renew their entreaties for our return, but all in vain. Like naughty children, we chastised ourselves. What misery, ruin, and devastation have been entailed and perpetrated, whose causes can be traced to a spirit kindred to that in which a soldier, a lawyer, and a parson then indulged upon the *Lake of Marks*!

We were just on the point of abandoning our project and about to retrace our steps, when to our satisfaction the husky voice of Belhaj grated on our ears. We looked round, and to our great delight beheld the hero galloping towards us, part of his turban streaming in the air like the pennant from the top-mast, and his enormous white cloak spread out like the main-sail before the wind. When the hero, who had braved the battle, and now, the breeze, approached us, he seemed quite out of breath, and, with apparent difficulty, made several efforts to speak, pointing, all the time, in the direction of the dreaded mountains. At length, having sufficiently recovered his powers of utterance, the Woda Basha said, "By the beard of the prophet! those men galloping yonder are pursued by

the cut-throats of the mountains. You see now that I have told you the truth; let us therefore return to Tagiūs."

There was no doubt as to the fact of two horsemen pelting along, at a most rapid speed, by "the border of the lake," at the foot of the mountain range of Esh-shareb, to NN.W., but no pursuers could be descried by us; the one-eyed Belhaj, however, could see these also.

"How many pursuers are there?" we asked.

• "Yaser, multitudes, legions!"

On perceiving our want of faith in his hyperbolic statement, he added, "Come back to Wodiān, and I shall show you, not far hence, the undeniable marks of the bandits."

We accepted this invitation, to his inexpressible joy. When we approached the margin of the lake, he pointed out to us a number of heaps of stones, which certainly always are sure indications that murders have been committed there. "Here," said the warrior, "human blood has been spilt by those sons of dogs. Cursed be the father of their grandfather! [the d—l.] If you do not believe me, look at these heaps—the graves of their victims."

The lake covers about seventy miles from N.E. to S.W., and its broadest part is near forty miles. It receives several streamlets, and, during the rainy season, the water from the chain of mountains just named, as well as those of Kabis and Neṣsawa. During the greater part of the year a deposit of salt only is visible

on its surface, but, during the winter, portions of it retain the water for a short time. At no time can it be crossed but by the road between Wodiān and Fannassa, which is pointed out by trunks of palm-trees, placed at short intervals, and hence its name, *the Lake of Marks*. It abounds in marshes, quicksands, and trap-pits. Towards the N.E. part of the lake there is a kind of island, apparently about four miles in circumference, which is covered with palm-trees. The Arabs say that these have grown up from the kernels left there by Pharaoh's troops, and this they regard as an additional proof that the Egyptian sovereign and his army perished here.

My original design was to cross the lake, and make my way to the coast, with a view to following up *Cæsar's African campaign*, but various reasons induced me to leave this for a future opportunity.

Shaw supposed that the situation of this lake, with regard to the sea, the Syrtis, and the river Triton, should induce us to take it for the Palus Tritonis, and the island for the Chersonesus of Diodorus Siculus, and the Phla of Herodotus. "Mela," he says, "places the Palus Tritonis near, or upon the sea coast: and Callimachus, as he is quoted by Pliny, on this (*i. e.* Cyrenaic) side of the Lesser Syrtis, both which circumstances agree with the present topography of this lake. But we shall still be at a loss to account for the river Triton, which, according to Ptolemy and other ancient geographers, is made to pass through this lake in its course to the sea. For the river, (and there is no other but at

a very great distance,) which falls into the sea at Gabs, the ancient Tacape, must undoubtedly be the Triton; yet, as I have already observed, it has not the least communication with this lake. And, besides, the water both of this river and of the brook of Elhamma, which lies nearer to the lake, is very sweet and wholesome. Whereas that of the lake (and indeed of most others that I have tasted in Africa) has a saltness not inferior to sea-water—a circumstance which alone may be a sufficient proof, notwithstanding the concurrent accounts of the old geography, too much followed by the modern, that there could be no communication betwixt them. This circumstance, however, may be a proof that the *Lake of Marks*, or the Palus Tritonis, was likewise the Lacus Salinarum of Æthicus and Isidore.” The doctor’s argument cannot be regarded as conclusive. What he says does not upset the account of ancient geographers. The Triton, which, as has already been shown,\* has its source in the Waslaat chain of mountains, no doubt dwindles in its onward course into one of those streams which fall into the lake; and, issuing from it again, it becomes filtered and purified in its subterranean passage, so that when it reappears some twenty miles west of Gabs, or Gabes, it is again perfectly sweet. From thence it comes no more in contact with saline, or other mineral ingredients, and therefore it continues to be sweet till it discharges itself into the sea near that place. The river Corbata presents us with a similar instance. The difference of the

\* Vol. i. p. 44.

taste in the water can, therefore, not be considered as a proof sufficient to refute the "concurrent accounts of the old geography." More evidence than this is required ere the correctness of high and respectable authority can be impugned.

Belhaj appeared in excellent spirits, and congratulated himself upon the success of his manœuvre, for he confessed to me, as soon as we reached Wodiān, that it was not fear of bandits which made him dissuade us from crossing the lake, but his anxiety not to incur the displeasure of the Prince. "I have been desired," he said, "to take you to Wodiān and not to Nefsawa, and I must obey my orders to the letter, else I justly expose myself to punishment for an infringement upon military discipline."

We returned to D'kash, where we found a capital dinner prepared for us by order of the temporary Caid.

At dinner, Sidy Saleem informed me of the existence of Roman antiquities at Nefsawa, but was unable to describe their extent and nature. He also corroborated the report of the bandits which infest this district. "We have here," he said, "the Owlaad Yacoob Eththahār, the B'ne Yazeed, and the Elh'rāba—all thieves and robbers of the basest character, and the worst of these are the Owlaad Yacoob."

Before we rose from the table the two men we saw galloping on the borders of the lake, arrived, and reported that the fleetness of their horses enabled them to escape from the robbers who were in pursuit of them—that one of their party was seized, and that one of the

villains was shot. Belhaj would give no credence to the latter portion of their story, and thought the first part only probable. "Because," said he, "no one ever slew an Elh'rāba, and very seldom does one manage to escape when chased by those assassins." I am inclined to believe that the whole was a mere farce, got up on purpose to frighten us, and deter us from prosecuting our intended journey. Belhaj was, no doubt, the instigator of it, but was of too jealous a disposition to allow us to entertain so high an opinion of the courage, and bravery, of the two Arabs, particularly as the part he played in it stamped him, in the eyes of the European travellers, as a coward. Circumstances soon after occurred which confirmed us in our suspicion, and therefore, without the slightest intimation of the same, we continued to eulogize the conduct of the fugitives, and to upbraid the dastardly deportment of our heroic protector. This lesson—the best that can be given to a proud and intriguing Arab—will be long remembered by Belhaj, the Woda Basha.

The heterogeneous sounds issuing from camels and asses belonging to a caravan just arrived, the clangour of arms, the clatter of plates and dishes, the clamour of the Arabs and our escort, all combined to drive us from beneath the large vine, in the *wost eddār*, "the middle of the house,"—a large quadrangle—where we had partaken of the best coscosoo I had ever tasted. As long as the Caid and travellers were actively operating upon the contents of a dish, measuring two feet and a half in diameter, from which the plates were

replenished with wooden spoons ; so long, all, with the exception of the gargling and braying of the beasts of burden, was perfectly quiet. Our escort, and a number of Arabs, sat at a respectful distance, conversing no louder than a gentle whisper. But no sooner did we rise, and the governor pronounce his command, "Proceed," than Belhaj, his men, and their confederates, darted up like vultures, and simultaneously rushed forward to make a desperate attack upon the defenceless coscosoo. The tumult and confusion accompanying this engagement, literally hurried us off, and thus the *brave* Woda Basha was left perfect master of the field.

Sidy Salcem kindly led me into several houses, to enable me to form an estimate of the internal, as well as of the external, architecture of the houses of Wodiān. But these are almost in every respect similar to those of Tozar, &c. Date-tree rafters, small sun-dried bricks, and a very inferior cement, the chief ingredients of which are sand and mud, form the components of these buildings. Storms and rain, by their separate or combined action, seldom allow these dwellings to continue in a habitable state longer than about ten years. Like snow before the sun, they melt and vanish away.

Here, as well as in Tozar and Nefta, I was greatly charmed by the vast number of the *bohabébi*, a little bird, smaller than the common sparrow, and possessing no great external elegance ; but its long, pleasing, and melodious native note surpasses everything I have ever heard from the feathered songsters. These little creatures are here quite domesticated. They come into the

houses, and fly off again to the date plantations, at pleasure. The common belief is that it cannot live out of the desert, but I have shown the groundlessness of this belief, having brought a number of them to Tunis, of which I was not a little proud. I afterwards presented several to Mr. Fraser, who was then in Africa, making a zoological collection for the late Premier, the Earl of Derby, and these may, perhaps, still be in his lordship's possession.

The *bohabébi* has a companion of the winged tribes, also domesticated, resembling the canary both in colour and in size. Its bill and legs are, however, much longer. It does not sing, is very active and in constant motion, living chiefly, if not exclusively, upon flies, and hence it is a welcome visitor here, where the fly may be regarded as a permanent scourge during eight, or nine, months in the year. Its tail is in perpetual motion, so that it may be denominated the *desert*, or *sand-wagtail*. I attempted to take some twenty of these birds from their sandy homes, but they all died the third day after being confined in a cage.

In mentioning these ornithological items, it may not be amiss also to remark, that their domestic happiness is not interrupted by that inveterate enemy to their species, the cat. From what causes the climate is inimical to these animals neither I, nor my fellow-travellers, nor any of the natives, could tell. We were simply informed that "cats die soon after they are brought here;" and since my arrival I have only seen

one, and that one evidently appeared to be in a state of consumption.

In my stroll with Sidy Saleem, this gentleman favoured me with the following brief sketch of his history:—

“I am a native of the island of Corsica; born of Christian parents. When a mere child a corsair reached our shores, attacked the inhabitants of our village, plundered them of their property, and carried off a great number of harmless and inoffensive men, women, and children, of which I was one. Though then only six years old, I can well remember the sighs, tears, and misery of my fellow-sufferers; but nothing could move those hard-hearted wretches—those man-stealers—to pity, or compassion. After many privations, we were brought into the port of Tunis, where we were exposed, like animals, for public sale. I was purchased for the Bey, and carried off to the palace. I became a Mamlook, [a slave,] was made a Moslem, and was gradually reconciled to my condition. Of the Christian religion I then knew little, and that little I soon forgot. Even my parents, and kindred, vanished in time from my memory. When I grew up, I obtained favour in the eyes of the various reigning princes, who acted kindly towards me, and appointed me successively to several high offices, one of which, as you know, I hold at this moment. Such is a brief outline of my history.”

*Myself.*—“Your first impressions of Mohammedans and their religion could not have been very favourable?”

*Sidy Saleem.*—"By no means."

*Myself.*—"Since you were forced to embrace a religion, have you ever thought it worth your while to investigate its history, and the evidences upon which it claims divine origin? Have you ever contrasted it with Christianity?"

*Sidy Saleem.*—"I have never read a Christian book."

He expressed a readiness to peruse the Bible, and accepted an Arabic copy with unfeigned gratitude.

13th.—Returned to Tozar.

## CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH OF THE KADI OF THE CAMP—MOURNING AND BURIAL—BEN YEHE  
—MOSLEM BURIAL PLACES—PSYCHOLOGY—THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE  
DAY—THE SOURCE OF MOSLEM PSYCHOLOGY—AFFINITY BETWEEN  
RABBINISM, MOHAMMEDANISM, AND POPERY.

A GENERAL gloom prevailed throughout the camp during this day, (13<sup>th</sup>,) in which the inhabitants of Tozar participated. The *Kadi-elmochallati*, “Kadi of the expedition,” breathed his last, and was interred, agreeably to Mohammedan custom, within a very few hours after his demise !

This Kadi was greatly beloved and highly esteemed. He was regarded by the people as a good theologian, an upright judge, and as a man who was in all his dealings actuated by the purest principles. A few days after our departure from Tunis, he sent for Dr. Nunes-Vais, and complained of acute pain which a slight inflammation, under his heel, caused him. The Doctor furnished him with the necessary advice, and continued to visit him almost daily, on which visits I occasionally accompanied him. It was soon discovered that fomentations, &c. produced no beneficial results; and the swelling, and pain, increased to such a degree, that the

poor sufferer could no more mount his horse, but had to be placed daily in a *chariôl*, a kind of minibus, drawn either by one, or more, mules or horses. As soon as my friend, M. Nunes-Vais, had succeeded in his efforts to reduce the inflammation, he at once informed the Kadi that, to save his life, he must undergo the operation of having his foot amputated. But the "true believer," and interpreter of the Koran, had too much faith in the doctrine of fate, taught in that "book of books," and, therefore, refused taking the "infidel" Doctor's advice. Violent fever commenced, and now application was made to the Doctor to carry out his proposal.

"Circumstances have now changed," replied M. Nunes-Vais to Sidy Ismain, the bearer of the message to the above import; "for the fever is as violent as ever, and mortification has already commenced: I cannot be responsible for the consequences. I will perform the operation, if desired to do so by his Highness; but I shall inform him, at the same time, that the Kadi is not likely to survive it."

Sidy Ismain, a most rigid Moslem, had, some time before, a lesson from me, to the effect that astronomy was hostile to the teaching of the Koran. My conclusion was, that since there was only one true God, that God must be the God of nature as well as of revelation; and since the Koran, which professes to be a divine revelation, is so evidently antagonistic to nature, it follows that the Koran cannot emanate from the God of nature. And now this pious Mohammedan had another serious lesson, viz. that the teaching of the Koran was hostile to acts

of humanity,—the saving of man's life. Poor Ismain ! he left the Doctor, manifesting the greatest grief for his friend the Kadi, whom he truly loved ; and, from motives of kindness and affection alone, opposed Dr. Nunes-Vais' proposal, which might have saved his friend's life. His conscience, however, found speedy comfort in the well-known expression of *Maktoob*, " It is thus predestinated ;" and in this way he, no doubt, was soon reconciled to the loss he sustained in the death of the Kadi. Great, indeed, is the force of education !

The Mohammedans of Africa, as well as the Jews residing among them, give expression to their grief, on the loss of a near relative, or friend, by excessive lamentations and loud wailing. But tears alone are not considered sufficient marks of sorrow. They tear their hair, and lacerate their faces, often in a most frightful manner. But, whether inclined to conform to the latter practice or not, they invariably hire professional women to do it for them. These enumerate the good and excellent qualities of the deceased, howling and scratching themselves whilst doing so. But, by far the greatest attachment is that, when the relatives make a liberal use of their nails on themselves.

An English lady once observed a Bedouin girl of sixteen, whose face was greatly disfigured ; and, thinking that Arab women were in the habit of venting their rage after the cat-like manner in which the fair sex of a certain grade, in England and elsewhere, are in

the habit of settling their disputes, innocently asked the young daughter of Ismael,—

“ Who scratched your face ?”

“ My husband died two days ago,” was the reply.

The lady condoled with her, but repeated the question, to which she received this answer, with a degree of irritation :—

“ Have I not told you, that my husband died two days ago ?”

Not understanding the connexion between the death of a husband and a disfigured countenance, the lady again asked,—

“ But who scratched your face ?”

The Arab, now perceiving the ignorance of this Nazarene daughter, gave her this piece of information :—

“ I did it, of course, myself. It is our custom to do so when our nearest relatives die.”

A poor man's death makes as little impression among the inhabitants of the desert, as it does in civilized countries ; but the death of a Kadi, an ecclesiastical judge, is one of no ordinary occurrence. Hence, all opinions and superstitions, held and believed, among the thousands composing our expedition, respecting death, the soul, and the future state, were discussed in almost every tent, particularly after the funeral, which was attended by Sidy Ali Bey, the ministers and officers of state, followed by a great concourse of people.

It is customary, among Mohammedans, to prepare the body for burial as soon as life is extinct, which is

done by washing it, and attiring it in "robes most precious." When the person dies before evening, the body is kept till the following day; and, during the night that the corpse is in the house, or the tent, the neighbours come together to watch by it, reciting parts of the Koran, but especially singing the *La Ela illa Allah*—"There is no God but God," &c.

The body is taken to the grave on a bier, carried by four or more men, preceded by priests, who chant, "May God be merciful to him! There is no God but God. He [God] is the first without beginning, and He is the last without end." The people follow, and join at their pleasure. Seldom is any one buried in a coffin, for it is considered more meritorious to be consigned to the bare earth. As soon as the body is carefully placed in the grave, these prayers are repeated:—

"O Lord, put aside the earth, and cause his soul to ascend; and forgive it when it is with thee." Next: "We are from God, and to him must we return. O God, he is gone to dwell with thee, and thou art the best dwelling-place. Do remove the earth on both sides of him, and open the gates of heaven to receive his soul; take it to thyself with a good acceptance, and confirm his speech in the time of trial."

A few more prayers, and some prostrations, are added, when the dead is thus addressed, either by a priest, or, in the absence of such, by any layman:—

"Be mindful of the covenant with which thou hast gone out of this world, bearing witness that there is no God but the only God, and that Mohammed is his

prophet; that Paradise is for certain; that the hour will come (of which there is no doubt) that God will raise up all who are in their graves; and that thou dost embrace the true God alone for thy Lord, and the Islaam for thy religion, and Mohammed (upon whom be the peace of God!) for thy prophet, &c. . . . My Lord is God himself; there is no God but he, and he is the Lord of the highest heavens." After this all present repeat the *Fatha*, (the first chapter of the Koran,) when the people disperse, and return to their homes.

The rich relatives of the departed make, for weeks, great feasts for the poor, and these are repeated on the anniversary for a considerable time. There are many poor people in Mohammedan towns who make it a regular practice to frequent the houses where death has made an inroad, or where marriage festivities are being celebrated, at both of which they are alike welcome to participate in the entertainment.● A very intimate friend of mine, of the name of Ben Yehye, was in the habit of keeping a note-book in order to regulate his meals during the year. One day he would regale himself at a marriage, and the following day at a funeral, perfectly unconcerned about either, neither participating in the mourning of the one, nor in the joy of the other, but in the dinners and suppers of both, according to their respective merits. Often did I stop him in the street, and put the question to him, "Ben Yehye, where do you dine to-day?" My friend, who was a dwarf with an enormous head, large features,

composing, notwithstanding, a most amiable swarthy countenance, always laughed; and, opening a little basket which he carried in his hand, deliberately unfolded a paper, in which he carefully preserved his pocket-book, and read out the name of his host. He often, as a matter of course, had the choice of hosts, in which cases he *always* gave the preference to the richest, in order “not to be burdensome to the poor;” but one of his significant winks, accompanied by a loud laugh, perfectly explained his *real* motive. Alas! for poor Ben Yehye, he is himself now numbered among the dead, and has left no one to seek an interest in the prayers of the poor on his behalf. He who has participated in so many *wakes*, has left no one to feast the poor, for the benefit of his own soul, even upon a single dish of *coscoso*!

Mohammedan burial-places, when kept neat and clean, (which, however, is but seldom the case,) look very picturesque under the unobscured canopy of heaven, illuminated by a brilliant sun. The white marble monuments, and the whitened graves of the poorer sort, interspersed with a variety of trees, and the large green turbans, sometimes tipped with gold, placed on some of the tombs, to point out the “nobility” of the extraction of the occupant—traceable up to Mohammed himself—give to the whole a beautiful and magnificent aspect, to which we Europeans are entire strangers. The monuments are occasionally embellished by handsome inscriptions, of which the following will serve as an example:—

“ In the name of the most merciful God. May God be propitious, and show favour to Mohammed, and to his family ! There is no power nor might but with God, the Almighty. To God belongeth majesty and immortality : he has destined that his creation should pass away. There is an instance of this in the apostle of God. This is the sepulchre of Mabroka, the daughter of Hasan, the son of Ali, the son of Hamed, the son of Fakusa. (May God have mercy upon all of them ! ) She died on Monday, the 13th of the most respected month Dsi Elkadi, in the year of the Hejira 1056, professing that there is only one God, and Mohammed his apostle.

“ Although this state of probation is transitory, in the hour of my resurrection, when the Creator shall restore me to life, I shall again behold my kindred, and be joyful and happy in receiving my reward.”

The cemeteries are the resort of the living, not only among Mohammedans, but also among the Jews of the East. Thither they repair in order to pour forth their prayer to the remains of those whom they once loved, and whose assistance, and favours, they now ignorantly seek, not knowing that

“ That which suffers and enjoys,  
No narrow grave can hold.”

On returning one beautiful morning from the palace of the Bey of Tunis, where I had been to witness the ceremony of the *Bairam*, (the feast after *Ramdhan*,) my attention was attracted to the great number of

people strolling about, or lying amongst, the tombs. Between the European quarter and the palace there are about six burial-grounds; and each of these was so crowded with visitors that, at a distance, it was difficult to distinguish between the dress of the living, and the habitation of the dead. White were the dresses of the living, and neatly whitewashed were the mansions of the dead. White is the fit emblem of purity; but purity is the least ingredient in the heart of the sons and daughters of these lands. Vice, in all its dark and disgusting colours, is the principal inmate in all its recesses: and these tombs, what do they contain but rottenness? Why seek ye for the living among the dead? Should not a people seek unto their God? Long before either Christianity, or Mohammedanism, had any hold in this part of the world, the ancient inhabitants of it greatly venerated their dead. We are informed that the Psylli and Nasamones, especially the latter, when they took an oath, laid their hands on the sepulchres of those who were generally esteemed to have been the most just, and excellent, persons amongst them. At their divinations, they went to the tombs of their ancestors, where, after certain prayers, they fell asleep, and grounded their predictions upon the dreams they happened to have.

But common as the practice of having recourse to the dead is, amongst the Jews and Mohammedans, the reader must not think that they pay their devotions to the lifeless corpse; they believe that the soul abides with the body in the grave. The followers of the

Koran are of opinion, that the spirit continues with the body till the day of judgment. A great deal of superstition, as may naturally be supposed, is connected with this subject. However, it must be confessed that the Jews have gone much further than the Mohammedans have felt inclined to follow them; for, although what I have just stated is the opinion of the mass of the people, yet, I believe, it would be difficult to prove it from any of their standard works on theology. Indeed, a priest declared to me that it was not orthodox; but the same priest also told me, that they *do* believe that, when a person is to depart this life, an angel is sent to present the soul to the Almighty. She is then immediately sent back, and hovers about the house of the departed, and is perfectly conscious of all that is going on. The soul then accompanies the body to the grave, where, after the burial ceremonies are over, she re-enters the body, in order to undergo the examination conducted by the angels, Munkar and Nekir. Each of these has a heavy mace in his hands, and, assuming a most terrible aspect, they put these questions to the reanimated corpse:—"Who is your God?" "Who is your prophet?" "What book, or books, do you acknowledge to be of divine origin?" and "What is your faith?" If the replies to these queries are satisfactory, *i. e.* if he be a true Mohammedan, they conduct the soul to the burzagh,—a kind of intermediate state,—where she has a foretaste of the pleasures of heaven, and the body is suffered to rest in peace; but the unbeliever

takes the angels for gods, and offers to worship them, upon which he receives a blow with the mace, which instantly drives the soul out of the body, to a place where she partially receives the wages of sin. There she remains till the day of judgment. On that great and terrible day, all souls will have to re-enter their bodies, and appear before the Judge of judges, to receive from his mouth the final sentence. Those who have obstinately opposed the prophet's message, can *never* get out of hell.

How similar is all this to the rabbinical doctrine of *Chibbut Hackeber*, "the beating at the grave!" \*

But even Mohammedanism is not without its sceptics. Mr. Mills informs us, that a Persian nobleman once interrupted a preacher in the mosque, by exclaiming to the astonished congregation, "All that the fellow says about Munkar and Nekir is a lie. My servant died four days ago, and as I was resolved to discover the truth, I stuffed his mouth quite full with dry grain. I have since opened his grave, and the

\* Buxtorf, in his "Synagoga Judaica," after describing the angel of death, &c., says, (p. 713,) "Elias, præstantissimus ille Grammaticus, in Tisbite suo scribit, ad radicem מַכְּבֵּר, hanc esse Rabbiorum, suorum sententiam; quum Judæus ex hac vitâ excessit, Angelum mortis venire, et super sepulchro ejus sedere, animam in corpus denuò intrare, illudque in pedes erigere, tum Angelum mortis catenam accipere, cujus altera pars est ferrea, altera ignea, quâ corpus hominis duobus ictibus ferit: primo ictu dissolvi omnia membra ejus, altero omnia ossa ejus dissipari, ubi verò tertium ictum addiderit, in pulverem et cinerem redigi: bonos postea angelos venire, qui ossa simul colligunt et sepulchro reddunt.' This torment is called by the Jews מַכְּבֵּר הַקֶּבֶר, the "scourging, or beating of the grave," and is believed as firmly as Mohammedans do in their *post mortem* interrogation.

grain is exactly where it was placed ; it is, therefore, quite impossible that he should have spoken to man or angel."

The orthodox followers of the prophet of Mecca also believe that the souls of the prophets, and apostles of God, are permitted to leave the burzagh, and visit any place in this world they like ; but the souls of others, although destined to enjoy all the bliss of Paradise, are not permitted to leave the intermediate state.

The following particulars have been translated by me from the Arabic, and, I feel sure, will not be considered out of place here, especially as they are regarded by "the faithful" as Mohammed's own words :— "The fire of hell," says the prophet, "was heated a thousand years before it became red, and a thousand years before it became white, and another thousand before it became black ; it is the very blackness of darkness, mixed with the wrath of God. Its flames do not cease, and its coals do never extinguish. Indeed, if only one coal were thrown upon the habitable earth, it would consume all the space between the east and west, on account of its enormous size. The place of torment is divided into seven floors ;— the first is for the hypocrites, the second is for the magi, the third for the Nazarenes, the fourth for the Jews, the fifth is Saka, [a name for hell,] and the sixth is for the idolaters ; but the seventh floor, which is the least painful, is destined for those of my people who commit great sins. On the day of the resurrection, the sun will be diminished and darkened, the stars will

be falling, give no more light, and be dispersed ; the mountains will be moved, the women with child will not be delivered, and the earth will be changed. God will then raise all creatures for their judgment, prepare the bridge, arrange the balances, and unfold the rolls. Then will the Lord commence his judgment between all mortals. God will order the angel of death, that he should place himself upon the rock of the temple at Jerusalem. He will then touch with his right hand the heavens, and with his left, Thra, [the lowest earth,] and call out with a loud voice. He who has the great trumpet will also sound it, when there will be neither angel who is near God, nor prophet, nor apostle, nor man, nor demon, nor bird, nor wild animal, but will die the death of one man. The heavens will then remain deserted, and the earth empty of its inhabitants. The women with child will not bring forth, the sea will be frozen, the mountains will be shattered, the sun eclipsed, and the stars will be tumbling down. When God will have caused all his creatures to die, so that no living beings will be found, he will say to the angel of death, 'Are any of my creatures left alive?' The angel will reply, and say, 'O Lord! thou knowest that there is none left but thy weak servant, the angel of death.' God will then add, 'O angel of death! thou hast caused my apostles, prophets, the elect, and my servants, to taste death ; I have foreordained, according to my ancient knowledge (for I know the things that are afar off), that all shall pass away except my presence. Now it is thy turn.' 'O my God!' will the angel's

reply be, 'have mercy upon thy servant, the angel of death, because he is frail; have pity on him!' The Praised One will say, 'Put thy right hand under thy right cheek, and recline between Paradise and the place of torment, and die!' The angel of death will recline between Paradise and Hell, upon his right side; he will have his right hand under his cheek, and the other upon his face, and cry out with a loud voice, so that even if the inhabitants of the heavens and of the earth had been alive, they would have died on account of the terribleness of his voice. God will fold up the heavens like a roll of a book. The most Glorious (sanctified be his name! besides whom there is no God, who alone is to be adored) will then say, 'Where are now the gigantic kings? Where are those who pretended to kingdoms, or to might?' No one will be there to reply. 'Who reigns to-day?' he will then exclaim; but to this neither will there be an answer. The Praised One will then answer himself to his own Holiness. 'To the only God, the Victorious! To-day every soul shall be rewarded according to its actions; there is no injustice to-day, for God himself will soon prepare the account.'

"Asrafel will be the first of those, near to God, who will be raised: he is the bearer of the trumpet. God will command him to blow the sound of the resurrection. Through the trumpet he will articulate these words—'O ye venerable, ancient, and dry bones, separated and dispersed members! come, and be exposed before God; come to the Mighty One of the heavens and the earth!' He will then blow six words. At the first

word, men will become mud ; at the second, they will assume a figure ; at the third, they will have the shape of a body ; at the fourth, the blood will begin to run in their veins ; at the fifth, the hair will come forth ; and at the sixth, they will arise and behold themselves standing.

“ They will be naked and barefoot ; their tongues will be parched, their bodies gloomy, and their countenances terrified . . . . . God will assemble all creatures at the temple of Jerusalem, and will order a fire to surround the whole world, which will touch the faces of all creatures, so that they will run, without turning, till they reach the holy house at Jerusalem. The believers will be led by the angels to paradise, and shake the fire off their faces ; but those who are infidels, the fire will burn their faces till they reach the place of the Temple . . . . .

“ The believers will be marked white, on account of their ablutions and prostrations ; but the infidels’ faces will be black, and in that state they will come to The Bridge, the length of which is 30,000 years’ journey.

“ The powerful and glorious God will clothe the believers in light. The light of the faithful and those who believe in the Unity, will be taken from the seat, and the light of the angels will be from the throne, which will never be extinguished ; but the light of the infidels will be from the earth and the mountains.

“ The believers will be the first to pass The Bridge. There are some of them who will pass The Bridge in

twenty years; and when the first shall have reached Paradise, the infidels will commence their passage; and when they shall be in the middle, God will extinguish their light, when they shall call the faithful, and say, 'See, we are left without light, will you not lend us some of yours? Have we not our fathers, our friends, and brothers, amongst you? Have we not been together in the habitable world?' 'Yes,' will the faithful reply, 'ye have done evil to yourselves; ye have been delaying, doubting, and your security has misled you, till God's appointed time came, and now you see, that your presumption has deceived you in God. To-day there is no redemption taken, either from you or other infidels. Your habitation is the fire, which is your master. Oh, dreadful habitation!' It will also be said to them, 'Go back and search for light.' Between them there will be a wall, which will have a gate, on the interior of which will be mercy, and on the exterior, vengeance. God will then order, and hell will begin roaring beneath them in a most terrible manner, when they will all fall into the fire on their hands and faces, confounded and dismayed! Those of the faithful will be saved by the mercy of God and his goodness towards them.

"When those who are destined for happiness shall be in Paradise, and those for misery in hell, death will be brought, in the form of a speckled lamb, and placed between Paradise and the place of torment; those of Paradise will then be asked, 'O elect of God! this Death, do you know him?' They will reply, 'We

know him, O angel of God ! slay him, so that there be no more death.' The angel will then ask the inhabitants of hell, ' O enemies of God ! this Death, do you know him ? ' they will reply, ' O angel of our Lord ! do not slay him, but save him, peradventure God will condemn us to death, so that we may be at our repose.' The apostle of God added, ' Death will then be slain between Paradise and hell, when the wicked will give up all hope of ever being released from their misery, whilst those of Paradise will be assured of remaining eternally in it.' \*

The learned reader will easily find, that the Arabian prophet is indebted for the knowledge of these particulars to corrupt Christian, and Jewish, divinity.

The Jews, and particularly those of Africa, believe in a threefold kind of soul. One of these, called Nefesh, (they say) remains in the grave till every particle of the body is converted into dust. By means of this Nefesh, the body is enabled to hear and understand. The Nefesh is often visited by the Ruach, the middle soul, by which it is empowered to frequent relatives and friends. The Ruach leaves the body immediately after death, for the intermediate state, where it does not entirely rest until every portion of the body is consumed, being obliged, as I have just said, occasionally to associate with the Nefesh. The best soul is called Neshama, which comes to the immediate care of God, when it is separated from the body. The three are again united, when the Nefesh is ready to leave the grave.

\* From the Arabic MS., M'sæl Abdallah Ibn Sollæm.

The legends of intercourse with, and visits from, the dead, are very numerous. I will, however, only entertain my reader (if I may so express myself) with one which is found in the Talmud tract, "Brachoth," (fol. 18, col. 2.) It runs as follows:—On a certain New Year's eve, in a time of great scarcity, a charitable man presented a beggar with a piaster; but, as his wife was very much enraged at his liberality, he sought refuge at the burial-ground, and passed the night there. Here he overheard a conversation between two spirits of departed females. The one said to her companion, "Come, my friend, let us run to and fro the world, and listen behind *the curtain* [which Jews believe hangs before God], what punishment is to happen." The other replied, "I am buried in a covering of cane, and therefore am not able to do so; but do you go, and let me know what you hear." This she did; and when she returned, her companion asked her what she had heard behind *the curtain*. She replied, "I heard that all that will be sown during the former rain, will be destroyed by hail." The man then went home, and only sowed during the latter rain. The consequence was, that all that others had sown was destroyed, whilst his was saved. The following year he went again, and spent the night at the burial-ground, and heard the same two spirits conversing together. One of them went out *again* to listen, and brought back the news, that all that would be sown during the latter rain, would be burned up. He then went home, and sowed during the former rain, and the consequence was, that

whilst the seed of all was burned up, his alone was saved. His wife then asked him how it happened, that whilst last year the seed of all was destroyed by hail, his was spared; and this year, again, whilst all other seed is burned, his alone was spared? He then acquainted her with the whole affair.

It is then related, that a quarrel ensued between the wife of this "righteous man" and the mother of the young woman who was buried in a covering of cane, when the former, in order to shame her opponent, said, "Come, and I will show you your daughter buried in a covering of cane."

The year after, the man repaired again to the burial-ground, and again heard the one companion summoning the other to go and listen behind *the curtain*, as to the nature of the punishment which was to befall the world; when, to his great surprise, the other replied, "My companion, leave me in peace; what has happened between us has been overheard by the living."

It is firmly believed that the dead can hear, and know, all that is passing in the world; and it is this belief which brings such numbers to the whitewashed sepulchres during every day in the year.

The reader will not fail to observe, that the Talmud, and other Rabbinic writings, have supplied the Moham-medans with the fanciful part of their theology. The following description of "the beating at the grave," will also serve to illustrate the same. The scholars of Rabbi Elieser asked him, "How is the beating at the grave accomplished?" He replied, "When a man

departs from this world, the angel of death comes and seats himself upon the grave, when the soul quickly returns to its body, and causes it to stand upon its feet," &c. Rabbi Jehoshua Ben Levi said, "The angel of death has in his hand a chain, half of iron and half of fire, with which he beats the dead man. At the first stroke his limbs are torn asunder; at the second, his bones are dispersed, and angels come and gather them again together; at the third stroke, he becomes dust and ashes," &c. Rabbi Mair has said, "Judgment of the beating of the grave is much severer than the judgment of hell, for even *the most perfect righteous, and children at the breasts*, are subject to it, except those only who die on the eve of the Sabbath, and who dwell in the land of Israel."

With what dread, then, must the poor Jew look upon that awful time, which puts an end to his life! Well may gloom and distress fill the heart of all his friends, and anguish and despair the breasts of those who are nearest related to him. Well may they refuse to listen to words of consolation, and give vent to inordinate mourning and lamentation. The severest punishment, according to their teachers, awaits them all; and as to future happiness, the very best among them have no certain hope. This I will illustrate by one Talmudic anecdote:—"When Rabbi Johannan Ben Sachai was ill, his scholars went to visit him. When he saw them, he began to weep. They asked him, 'Light of Israel, thou right column and strong hammer, why dost thou weep?' He answered them,

‘ If they were to bring me before a king of flesh and blood, who is to-day here, and to-morrow in the grave ; who, if he be angry with me, his anger cannot last for ever ; if he imprisoned me, his imprisonment could not be everlasting ; if he killed me, that death could not be an eternal one ; whom I could soothe with words, or bribe with gold ;—if all this only were to be the case, I should still weep. But now I am led before the King of kings, the Holy One, blessed be He ! who lives and remains to all eternity. If he be angry with me, his anger is eternal,—whom I cannot soothe with words, or bribe with money. But besides this, there are two ways before me,—one to paradise, and the other to hell,—and I know not into which of these they are leading me ; shall I not weep ? ’ ”

However, in order to exhibit the sanctity of the wise composers of the Talmud, and inspire its adherents with respect for them, we have on record the particulars of some of the most extraordinary ways in which those “ blind leaders of the blind ” evaded all the torments which the angel of death inflicts, according to them, upon the rest of mankind. I will give the example of one which is recorded in the Talmud, and quoted in several Rabbinical works. In a chronological book, called “ Zemach David,” we find that a certain Rabbi Jehoshua Ben Levi, who was the teacher of Rabbi Johannan, who composed the Jerusalem Talmud, managed to enter paradise without “ seeing death.” The particulars of this extraordinary feat are given in a book entitled “ Colbo,” in these words :—

“The Rabbies, of blessed memory, have related that Rabbi Jehoshua Ben Levi was a most righteous man. When his time drew nigh, that he was to depart out of this world, the Holy One, blessed be He ! said to the angel of death, ‘Go to him, and whatever he asks of you, that do unto him.’ The angel of death went to him, and said, ‘The time for your departure hence has arrived ; however, anything you desire of me I shall do for you.’ When the Rabbi heard this, he told him, ‘I desire that you show me my place in paradise.’ To this the angel agreed. The Rabbi then said to him, ‘Give me your sword, that you may not frighten me with it.’ He took the sword, and both went until they reached the walls of paradise. When they reached the outer part of the walls, the angel lifted the rabbi up, and told him, ‘See, yonder, your place in paradise.’ Rabbi Jehoshua then leaped down into paradise ; but the angel of death grasped him by a portion of his cloak, and requested him to come out. The Rabbi then swore by the name of God, that he would not come out from thence ; and as the angel had no authority to enter, he could not force him out. The ministering angels then said, ‘O Lord of the Universe, see what the son of Levi has done ; he has taken his paradise by force.’ The Holy One, blessed be He ! then ordered, ‘Go and investigate whether he has ever before broken an oath,—and if so, *let him break this one also.*’ [!] They went and brought answer that he never had, in all his days, broken his oath. The Holy One, blessed be He ! then said, ‘If so, then

he shall not go out hence.' When the angel of death found that he could not get him out, he asked him to return to him his sword; but this he would not do, till a voice came and said, 'Give him the knife, for he requires it for the creatures.' Upon this the Rabbi said to the angel, 'Then promise me that you will not show it to the creatures, when you go to take the soul of a man;' for before this he used to slay the man wherever he found him, in the presence of all, even in the arms of his mother. When the angel had made this promise, the Rabbi returned him the knife."—(Fol. 136, col. 4.)

Such is the wisdom of the wise Traditionists! "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!" What absurdities will man rather believe than the plain truth! And what will they not believe, when once they leave the only certain rule of faith, even the unerring Word of God!

The tombs of persons like Rabbi Levi, who have performed such prodigious feats, are mostly frequented by those who have given themselves up to believe a lie, and who pray to the creature, instead of offering their prayers to the Creator. But, notwithstanding, this Rabbi is not considered a patron saint.

Rabbi Shimon Ben Yochai, and Rabbi Mair Baal Nes, are the only two really acknowledged as such, by the Jews all over the world. The latter has but little influence in Africa, though his authority is very great in Palestine, Poland, Russia, and Germany. Lamps are kept constantly burning in the synagogues, in memory

of him, and many are the wonderful miracles and cures which are reported to be performed by him. Pious Jews would scarcely undertake any business without first making vows to this saint, which are forwarded to Palestine, by the annual messengers, and there distributed among a parcel of idle and lazy rabbies.

The credulity and blindness of the Jews will be so much more apparent to the reader, when he is told that this Saint Mair was actually one of the most wicked and immoral men of his time. In the Talmudical tract, "Kiddushim," (fol. 81, cols. 1 and 2,) we are told that he used to laugh at those who committed any sin; and the reason is, as we read in the same place, because his were of a far more flagrant nature. Decency prevents my translating the portion I allude to. Now, how can a man of such a character be acceptable in the sight of God? and how vain it is, therefore, to expect assistance, through the merits of one, who has transgressed the holy laws of a holy God! How can they expect that God will hear their prayers, offered up in the name of one, who, through his great wickedness, has made himself subject to the Divine wrath and vengeance!

Rabbi Shimon Ben Yochai was certainly a more moral man. In the Talmudical tract, "Shabboth," (fol. 33,) he is said to have been miraculously preserved during thirteen years, in a cave, in which he took refuge, together with his son, from the fury of the Romans, whose form of government he had attacked.

I had heard much about the manner in which the birth of Rabbi Shimon was celebrated in the African

synagogues, and having a short time to spare one summer's evening, I went to witness that spectacle at Tunis. Yochai is the author of a cabalistic commentary upon the five books of Moses, very little understood by the Jews in general, and less still by those of North Africa. At a time when his writings were better known, they were prohibited, and he was himself regarded as a kind of apostate, owing to the strange truths he asserted, which favoured the Christian doctrines of a Trinity in the Unity. But when ignorance took the place of learning, and when the mere reading of a number of books began to be considered meritorious, the author of the "Zohar" was canonized, and is now held in the highest veneration. Strange traditions are handed down respecting his intercourse with Elijah the prophet, and with angels. Some of those legends are of the most blasphemous nature. One I will record here.

The reader must know that the Jews believe that, in heaven, there is a college in which the Law and the Talmud are studied, and over which God himself presides. In this college there are often disputes between teachers and scholars; and, what is more strange still, when the disputes are of a serious nature, they are despatched to our globe, for the decision of the terrestrial rabbies.

In the Talmud, there are examples to prove how the Almighty was "hard pressed" in disputing with his pupils; and in "Beor Hattora," (fol. 129, col. 3,) we find the following legend:—

“ Rabbi Shimon once went to Tiberias, [he resided at Saphet, near which place he is also buried,] and met Elijah on the way, whom he saluted, and asked what the Holy One, blessed be He! then studied in the firmament. Elijah replied, that ‘ He studied on the subject of sacrifices ; and has, on your account, introduced many new things. You are just, and I am come to salute you, and ask you respecting one thing, in order that the college in the firmament may harmonize with you. It has been asked, whether there should be eating and drinking in the world to come? The reply was, It is written, “I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse ; I have eaten my honeycomb.” (Cant. v. 1.) ‘ One who neither eats nor drinks, should he say, “I have eaten my honeycomb ; I have drunk my wine?” ’ Then Rabbi Shimon said, ‘ And the Holy One, blessed be He ! what reply has He given?’ Elijah answered, ‘ The Holy One, blessed be He ! said, “ Ben Yochai will reply to this ;” and therefore am I come in order to ask you.’ ”

This and legends of a similar kind, are firmly believed by all those who are so zealous in celebrating this annual feast, which is done with great pomp by all the eastern Jews. In reading such absurdities, I am always struck with the similarity between all false systems of religion. What a number of such legends can be collected from Mohammedan and Popish Talmudists !

One or two of the synagogues to which I went were lit up in the most brilliant manner, and crowded to such an excess, that I could not possibly remain longer

than a few minutes in each. Some hymns were chanted in a very wild and frantic manner. The appearance of the synagogue, and the manner of conducting the service on this occasion, called to my mind the exhibition of the holy fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, on Easter. I spoke with several of the Jews on the impropriety of such conduct in a place of worship. Some agreed with me, whilst others only sneered and laughed at my remarks.

At Morona, the place where this patron saint is buried, fine garments and costly shawls are annually burned by the multitude of visitors, as an offering, or a bribe, to secure his intercession. "Does this Rabbi hear what you say? is he omniscient?" are questions which I put to many Jews, but to which not one ventured a reply. These questions have, however, been answered in another quarter, as will appear from what follows, and in which the Jews also, to a great extent, coincide.

This very day, in conversing with an intelligent Mamlook, I observed: "Although you Mohammedans boast so much of being enemies to idolatry, because you detest everything in the shape of a visible image, yet I cannot help charging you with being guilty of this gross sin in another shape." He was greatly surprised at this, and wished me to explain myself. I then asked him whether omniscience can be ascribed to any prophet or apostle, or whether it is an attribute which belongs to God alone. He declared that God alone was omniscient. "If so," I asked him, "how is it

that Mohammedans, who are spread over so many countries, at one and the same time, pray to your prophet for aid and assistance? It would not be so absurd were you to say, that, in some supernatural manner, he may be present at one place at a particular time, hear your petition, and grant your request; at another time, and in another place, attend to other prayers: but to be omnipresent and omniscient, as you make your prophet to be, is what we believe God, and God alone, can be. You are offering those services to a man which belong to God, and therefore you are, as I said, idolaters."

I was not a little surprised to hear this Mohammedan answer me precisely after the manner Roman Catholics advocate prayers to the saints; and, in giving the words of a famous defender of Popery, I shall have conveyed to my readers the reply to the above argument.

"How the saints know what we ask of them," says Bellarmine, "there are four opinions of our doctors. Some say, they know it by the relation of the angels; others say, the souls of the saints, (as the angels,) by a certain marvellous celerity of nature, are, after a sort, everywhere, and hear the prayers of their supplicants. The one of these is Austin's, the other Jerome's; but neither of them is sufficient. Others say, that the saints see in God all things, from the beginning of their blessedness, which may in any sort concern them, and, therefore, also our prayers which are directed to them. So teach Gregory, (book xii. of his "Morals,"

part 3,) and St. Thomas Cajétan. Others, lastly, say that the saints do not, from the beginning of their blessedness, see our prayers in God; but that then only are they revealed by God to them when we utter them: and of these two latter, the first seems to me to be simply the more likely.”—Bellarm. lib. vii. Controv. Gener. de Sanct. c. xx. p. 129.

If we substitute, for the names of the Fathers, the Mohammedan divines, Omar, Ben Yehye, Mustafa, and others; and for the saints, the name of the prophet, we have precisely the reasons “*the Faithful*” give for offering prayers to the Arabian prophet. What a striking affinity there is between all false systems of religion! Surely they must have their origin from one and the same source,—from the fountain of errors and father of lies! Mohammedanism, Rabbinism, and Popery, are the three rings bestowed by one and the same father.

## CHAPTER XX.

FLIGHT OF IBRAHIM BEN AOON—PRESENTS FROM THE SHEIKH OF TUGURT  
—THE OSTRICH—SUNSET—VESTIGE OF TISURUS—A MESSAGE FROM  
THE PRINCE—MOSLEM SECTS—THE PLOT OF THE MOHDI—A CHARMING  
NIGHT—SUDDEN CHANGE OF TEMPERATURE—ELEPHANTS.

THE words, "Ibrahim Ben Aoon has fled," were on the lips of every individual in the camp, and in the city of Tozar. The news of the flight of the Governor of Nefta was officially announced to the Prince this morning, the 15th April. His Highness, as I have already stated, has given this man every assistance to collect all monies due to him, so as to enable him to settle with the government. He has availed himself, in every respect, of the Prince's aid, and amassed sums, it is believed, equal to 80,000*l.*, with which he contrived to make his escape. It is reported that Mohammed Essagheer is compromised in this base transaction of the Governor of Nefta. Indeed, it is said that that chieftain had carried off the money some days ago, and Ben Aoon only followed him yesterday to some part in the desert, previously agreed on among themselves. The Prince lost no time, but at once sent his

confidential Mamlook, Saleem, the government commissioner, to investigate and report upon this affair. The officials,—particularly the minister of finance,—are deeply grieved and distressed at Ben Aoon's conduct.

In the course of the day, I was glad to learn that this episode was not likely to detain us longer here than was originally anticipated. A courier, bearing the intelligence of so *unwelcome* a character, was despatched to the reigning prince in the course of the day.

To dissipate—at least partially—the calamity just mentioned, I have to record the arrival of messengers from Tugurt, with presents from Ben Giale Abd Errahmān, the Sheikh of that district. This Sheikh (who in reality is an absolute sovereign) is now only fourteen years of age; so that his mother Fatima is directing the affairs of government, and will do so for some years to come. It was the father of this youth who acted in so cruel a manner towards the European party; and I now learn that he met with retribution very soon after his inhuman conduct. His own family poisoned him.

I have not heard of what the present really consisted. Some things are even here kept very secret. But I am able to mention what I have seen, and that was a magnificent mare, and ostriches of a very large size. The ostrich is indeed “a lover of the desert,” and is never to be found in the vicinity of an oasis. Her natural timidity and shyness prevent her from approaching the

habitations of man. She roams about in dreary solitudes and wastes, and subsists upon a few tufts of grass and other scanty vegetables. The Arabs believe that it is owing to her extreme timorous character that she abandons her eggs; and, although naturally so strong, the approach of even weak animals, such as the gazelle, will drive her from them. The surprising swiftness of this bird is proverbial. As soon as she perceives the rider, she sets off at a rapid pace, and employs her wings, which certainly considerably add to her speed. But when hard pressed by a swift horse, and when driven near bushes, she runs up and hides her head within them, evidently considering herself safe from the pursuer, who, in that case, has no difficulty in securing his prey. Young ones, deserted by the parent bird, are frequently found wandering about, and are taken with less trouble.

Much is said among the Arabs about the power of digestion which the ostrich possesses. "Stones, lead, and even iron," says an Arab, "are to it what dates are to us." But this assertion is contradicted by some; and the writer of "Ten Years in Tripoli," to prove that they do not always digest what they eat, relates that several of these birds were embarked on board a Venetian vessel of war, intended as a present for the Doge of Venice. Some days previous to their embarkation, a silver snuff-box was missed. One of the birds died soon after it was on board, and the captain, who greatly regretted its loss, had it opened to ascertain the cause of its death; and, to his great surprise, "found

within the stomach some pieces of a broken lantern, nails, keys, and the identical snuff-box, which, from its size and shape, proved too much for the ostrich to digest, and consequently caused its death."

But surely this is only a confirmation of the universal opinion of the Arabs. May not the snuff within the box have poisoned the bird?

The same writer adds:—

"The Arabs, when they go to hunt these birds, carry with them no other provision than wheat wetted with water. They take no other nourishment than this sorry food till they find an ostrich, which they roast and feed on, while enjoying the thought of the treasures its feathers will yield them. The Arabs will follow an ostrich for six or seven days successively, by which time it is so fatigued for the want of food and rest, that it easily suffers itself to be taken; and the feathers are considered as a full reward for the laborious trouble of taking it. The prime feathers, in the state as taken from the bird, will fetch from one to three sequins here. While the ostrich is pursued, to annoy its enemies, it makes use of an ingenious expedient, which often proves efficacious; it is that of kicking up large stones with its feet, and casting them with great strength and dexterity behind it, by which the dogs are often stunned or wounded. The ostrich is as quick in its pace, when pursued, as a horse. They are too heavy to fly, but their wings serve them as sails, and they partly glide over the sands while endeavouring to escape their pursuers. One of these birds

was lately dressed here, merely out of curiosity. The most delicate part of its body resembles the coarsest beef. One of its eggs made three large dishes of omelet, too strong in flavour and smell to be tasted without disgust; and another egg was made into cakes, and fried, and appeared like toasted crumpets. The whole repast was too disagreeable to be partaken of by Europeans, but some Moors who were present ate of it with pleasure."

I am not aware whether my taste has degenerated, from a long intercourse with Moors, or whether the author just quoted is chargeable with injustice to the *gusto* of that people. Ostrich flesh I have never eaten; but I have partaken of an omelet made of one of its eggs, and would have done so with great relish, had it not been for Europeans, whose prejudice induced them to do all in their power to inspire me with disgust for it, though its taste, in reality, only resembled that dish made of turkey-eggs.

16th.—Tozar possesses little to interest the traveller during any considerable length of time. Very few days suffice to make him thoroughly acquainted with every nook and corner of it. Antiquities it has none, except the remains of the foundation of a Roman building, upon which a Saracenic structure—probably a large mosque—had since been raised; and this, likewise, has mouldered into a mass of ruins, which, together with a few badly constructed houses, now go by the name of *Blad Elhadar*, or "place of verdure." I have visited this place to-day, but could nowhere discover anything

in the shape of an inscription. It is, however, very probable—judging even from the resemblance of the name only—that Tozar is the ancient *Tisurus* or *Tisitarus*. The slight vestige of that city is situated to the south-west of the modern town.

My residence here is now becoming every hour more irksome, and its monotony is truly intolerable. A tent life has certainly its charms, but one gets tired of that also, particularly when pitched amidst prejudice, ignorance, and darkness. What affords pleasure and delight to a morbid and gross population, can only inspire the heart of an European with pity and grief, which is vastly increased when he contemplates the numerous obstacles there are in the way—and these likely to continue a considerable time—which must be removed, ere the evil can effectually be eradicated. A traveller thus minded looks in vain for sympathy here. But what grounds has he to expect *genuine* sympathy in Europe, where every philanthropic undertaking must possess more, or less, of a romantic character before it can expect to meet with success? I may be censured for this remark; but, I feel confident, every upright and sober-minded man, who has had experience of the workings of societies, now in operation, will not fail to justify it. To such, and such only, do I look for sympathy on behalf of Africa.

Towards evening the heat gradually abated, so that by the time the sun's disk approached the horizon, we could breathe with perfect ease and comfort, and could inhale, and enjoy, the odour and perfumes proceeding

from the orange groves, dispersed amidst the forest of palms, and in the vicinity of our encampment. And now again for one of those magnificent sunsets, which may be admired, but can neither be fully appreciated, nor described with adequate justice. The magic gathering of the evening clouds, the majestic setting of the great luminary, the disappearance of the last rays, and the lovely and beauteous tints with which the sky is gradually and imperceptibly decorated—form a glorious scene which defies the powers of either pencil or pen, and therefore must be left to the fertility of imagination.

I stood and gazed at this indescribable panorama for some time, and then shaped my course towards the palace to hear the news of the day. Sidy Ismaain (not the minister of the seal) came towards me, as I left the doctor's apartment, and said,—“Arfi [my master] Davis, His Highness has requested me to ask you in what the *real* difference between your religion and that of the *Ahal Essaleeb*—people of the cross—[i.e. who bow down and adore it] consists. You (blessed be God!) don't worship images; you don't confess to the priest and look to him to absolve you from your sins; you don't believe that the priest can change a piece of bread into a god which people are to worship; you don't believe that the *bāba* [pope] is such an extraordinary being and has such extraordinary power—and yet you call yourself, like them, a *Nazarene*. Can you explain this?”

*Myself*.—“Do you not consider him only a Moslem,

who believes in the Koran, and desires to be actuated by its precepts exclusively?"

*Ismaain.*—"We do."

*Myself.*—"Would you regard any man to be a true Moslem, who, while professing to believe in the Koran, is in reality guided and directed, in most of his religious duties, by the teaching of the Jewish Talmud?"

*Ismaain.*—"Certainly not."

*Myself.*—"Which do you believe is the book of the Christians?"

*Ismaain.*—"The *Angeel* [the Gospel] of Jesus Christ."

*Myself.*—"I have given you a copy of the Gospel; and have you found anything in it like the absurdities you have just mentioned?"

*Ismaain.*—"I have not."

*Myself.*—"To what source then can you trace those absurdities?"

*Ismaain.*—"To the *Giohola* [Pagans]."

*Myself.*—"I make you now the judge to decide who has a right to consider himself a Nazarene, 'the adorers of the cross,' or we, who reject everything which is without foundation in *Angeel saidna Aisa* [the Gospel of our Lord Jesus]?"

*Ismaain.*—"I now understand you. But then Battista told me that your religion is only two or three hundred years old, and that it is entirely a new religion, whereas theirs is older than our prophet, upon whom be peace!"

*Myself.*—"You remember, my friend, the nauseous

water of the river Corbata. We could not drink it, though in appearance it was excellent. You also know that at the source of that river, the water is perfectly sweet. In its subterranean passage, amidst a variety of poisonous minerals, the water becomes corrupt, and unfit to subdue the parching thirst of the weary traveller in the desert. Serpents, vipers, and other reptiles, which, you will remember, frequent the banks of the Corbata, are the only living creatures that have the monopoly of it. But what had we to do when we approached it, almost dying of thirst? We dug pits near its banks, and, after filtering and purifying the water of the noxious ingredients, we were able to quench our thirst, and revive, and recruit, our drooping spirits. But was this new water that we obtained by such a process, or was it not identical with that of the source? Now you will agree with me that the religion of Jesus and his Apostles was pure in its origin, but became, in the course of time, corrupted by a mixture of Paganism and Rabbinism. What we have done was merely to filter and purify it of the dangerous, and poisonous, ingredients you have partly mentioned, so that we are now able to refresh our weary souls at its undefiled and wholesome stream. Can you then call ours a new religion? and have *we* not the greatest right to the name Nazarene, seeing we seek to be exclusively guided and directed by the precepts of the Gospel of Jesus the Nazarene?"

The Roman Catholic servant, to whom my friend alluded above, had also prepared him with another

objection against Protestantism, viz. the deplorable divisions among its professors. After satisfying Sidy Ismaain's mind on this subject, the conversation took a natural turn, in which I became the aggressor, and he the defender. Mohammedanism was discussed in its various phases, and laid bare in its multifarious ramifications. But, as some of these subjects have already been noticed in another part of this work, I shall not repeat them here. Nothing has however yet been said about the sects and divisions of the stupendous religion founded by Mohammed, and so zealously professed even in the present day, by 150,000,000 of our fellow-creatures; and as this formed a considerable feature in my controversial interview with this sincere Moslem, I must now direct the reader's attention to it.

The orthodox sects of Mohammedans are divided into four. Two of these are prevalent in Africa; there are also some of the heretical sect called Hargjeah, inconsiderable in point of number, and confined to the island of Jerba. These are very much hated by the other sects, on account of their believing that God never forgives a crime.

The most prevalent sect is called Malechea, from their founder Malec Ebn Ans, who was born at Medina, in the year of the Hegira 90, and has paid great regard to the traditions of the prophet. In his last illness, a friend going to visit him, found him in tears; and on asking the reason of it, Malec answered, "How should I not weep? and who has more reason to weep than I? Would to God, that for every question

decided by me, according to my own opinion, I had received so many stripes ! then would my accounts be easier. Would to God I had never given any decision of my own !” He died in the year 178, and was buried at Medina. His sect has a place of prayer in the south-west corner of the Harem Shereef.

The second sect is called Hanafea, from their founder Hanafy, who was born at Cufâ, in the eightieth year of the Hegira, and died in prison at Bagdad, in 150 of the same epoch, for having refused to be made Cadi. He refused to accept this high office, because, he alleged, he was unfit for it. On being asked the reason, he replied, “ If I speak the truth, I am unfit ; but if I tell a lie, a liar is not fit to be a judge.” It is said of him, that whilst he was in prison, he read the Koran no less than 7,000 times over ! \*

The first real dissensions among the Mohammedans, happened soon after the death of their prophet. Abubeker, or Abu-Bacre, the father-in-law of Mohammed, and Ali, his son-in-law, both aspired to the empire. This occasioned a dreadful contest, and was the cause of two factions, one of which acknowledged Abubeker as the true Caliph, or successor of Mohammed, and its members were called Sonnites ; whilst the other adhered

\* Shafeiah and Hanbaleah are the last two of the four great sects. The former has for its author a certain Shafe, and has only a limited influence over the sea-coast of the Indian Peninsula ; the latter has been founded by Hanbal, and is nowhere very much followed. For more particulars respecting these sects, see Sale's Prel. Disc.

to Ali, and were called Shiites. Both professed to follow the Koran; but the former added to it, by way of interpretation, the Sonna, which was a certain law they considered to have been received, by oral tradition, from the prophet, but which the Shiites rejected. Among the Sonnites are to be classed the Turks, Tartars, Arabians, Africans, and nearly the whole of the Indian Mohammedans; while the followers of Ali are confined to the Persians and subjects of the Grand Mogul. The Shiites, however, it must be remembered, have also tradition. These two sections have been the cause of a great deal of bloodshed. The Persians, who are the representatives of the Shiites, have always termed the other party "infidels." They have, however, mitigated their religious-prejudices. "They [the Sonnites] are believers," they say, "because they recognise the holy mission of Mohammed, and worship God; but they have forfeited their claim to be denominated faithful, by their adoption of those who refused allegiance, and acted with cruelty towards the cousin, the daughter, and the lineal descendants of the holy prophet." The Sonnites are not equally charitable; very few of their doctors have acknowledged the followers of Ali to be Mohammedans.\* "So far is this hatred carried, that the Mufties and chief doctors of the law, have more than once unanimously declared, 'to slay a Persian Shiah is more acceptable to God than to slay seventy Christians, or idolaters.'"† The

\* See Mills, and the authorities there given.

† Taylor's History of Mohammedanism, p. 289.

Sonnites, we have seen, are divided into four principal sects, which have again many subdivisions. The Shiites are neither quite agreed among themselves, but have a variety of smaller sects.

One of the Shiite sections effected such a political revolution in Africa, that I must notice it here, and my information on this subject shall be drawn from direct Arabic sources, but chiefly from Ibn Wadrān. In the year 770 \* Africa was under the jurisdiction of the Caliphs of Bagdad, and Mamoon was then "the prince of the faithful." He appointed Ibrahim, the son of Aghlab,† to the rule of his African dominions, and the first act of this man, on his arrival at the seat of government, was to build the city of Kazar. The palace, which was to the south of the large mosque at Cairwan, or Kairwan, he pulled down, and built another in his newly founded city, which became the seat of government. His reign was short and tranquil, and when he died the caliph Mamoon appointed his son Abo Abas in his stead.

Abo Abas, son of Aghlab, reigned in Africa two

\* The original has the Mohammedan era, which I have altered for the Christian.

† This governor became the founder of a dynasty of regular kings. The Aghlabites ruled afterwards also in Spain. Their motto forms the chief inscription on the walls of the Alhambra. On every tablet and tile of ~~that~~ magnificent relic of Arab dominion in Spain, I saw the words **وَلَا غَالِبَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ**, *i.e.* "There is no *ghaleb* [or conqueror, for such is the signification of the word] but [with] God." Aghlab, or Aghleb, is the comparative of Ghaleb, derived from the verb **غَلَبَ**, *ghalaba*, to be victorious, to conquer.

years, when Manzur Tabandi, one of his generals, conspired against him, and kept him, for some time, besieged. Affairs remained in an unsettled state twelve years, when all was arranged in favour of Abo Abas. He died at Cairwan, and was buried in the grave of his father; and Saidat Allah, his son, succeeded him in the government, in the year 785.

Saidat Allah was a very good prince; his seat of government was at Cairwan, where he rebuilt the walls, and repaired the great mosque. The historian Rashid says: "Saidat Allah sent an expedition by sea against the king of Sicily; the expedition, consisting of 20,000 men, embarked at Susa. On their arrival in Sicily, they attacked the king's army of 150,000 men, and defeated it. The expedition, which was headed by Asad Ben Furat, took possession of many of the infidel places, marched to Syracuse, and laid siege to it, in which noble undertaking Furat died." The faithful, however, were not discouraged at the death of their leader; they took possession of the whole island,\* which remained in the hands of the Moslems till the year 1123, when the infidels reconquered it. Saidat Allah, it is recorded, used to say, "I fear not the day of judgment; I did four good actions; I have built the mosque of Cairwan, and have expended on it 1,200*l*. I dug a well at the gate Rabbiah; I built the suburbs of Susa, and have appointed Ahmed Ben Mehres as Kadi." This Kadi was a learned hermit; he died in 806, soon after which the death

\* The governors of Sicily received their appointment from Africa.

of Saidat Allah took place also, and Abu Okal, his brother, succeeded him.

During Okal's reign, which lasted only two years and nine months, nothing important occurred. At his death the government fell to his brother Abo Abas Abd Allah.

Abo Abas, like his brother Okal, obtained his government from the Caliph Moatasam, who had succeeded Mamoon. Abo Abas was an excellent man; in his reign Sahnoon, the priest, refused to allow the capricious dissenters to enter the mosque, for they used to hold discussions in this holy place, on their differences of opinion. The principal sects at the time were the Abadites, Sanadakites, and the Harigites. In 827 Abo Abas died, and his son Abo Ibrahim succeeded him.

In the reign of this prince the inhabitants of Tunis revolted; he therefore marched against them with a considerable army, and succeeded in subduing them; and, as is usual in such cases, made many prisoners, especially women. Sahnoon, the priest, insisted upon sending these unfortunate creatures back, in which he was opposed, especially by the officers who had captured a great number. He therefore entered the houses of the chiefs, and officers, by force, and liberated all the women. When this came to the ears of the prince, he sent orders to Sahnoon to restore them again to the respective persons, which Sahnoon refused to do, telling the messenger—"Go and tell to thy master, As long as Sahnoon holds his present office, he will not comply with wicked orders." When the governor

heard this, he left Sahnoun to act in the affair according to his pleasure.

Abo Ibrahim died in 834, after having held the government under four Caliphs; viz. under Muntasar, Mutawakil, Mustain, and Moatasam; and was succeeded by his brother Abo Mohammed, but he died after a reign of only twelve months, and the government of Africa devolved upon his nephew, Abo Abd Allah Mohammed.

In his times the people of Barka rebelled against Tulun, who, with an army from Egypt, after several bloody battles, subdued them. Barka formerly belonged to Africa \*

The duration of this prince's reign was ten years and five months. The kingdom of Africa was then conferred upon his brother Ibrahim, by the Caliph Mohammed.

Ibrahim was an intelligent and very generous prince. He lived mostly in Tunis, where he occupied himself in erecting new and fine buildings. He also laid the foundation of the city Rackada in the year 846, and finished it in the following year. To this place he transported the seat of government. He went to Sicily, and left his son Abo Abas Ahmed † in charge of Africa. In Sicily he made many glorious conquests.

\* By Africa, my historian, Wadran, means *Africa Propria*.

† Dr. Nicholson makes out that Abo Abas succeeded Ibrahim, and was slain by Ziadat Allah, who, he says, was his son. But Abo Abas, according to Ibn Wadran, died in Sicily, and was succeeded by Abd Allah, his son, who had that end which the Doctor ascribes to Abo Abas. When Ibrahim went to Sicily, my author says, *وخلف على افرقية ولده ابا العباس احمد*, "he left Abo

He fought the infidels in the name and strength of God, till he was called by the Lord to enter "the life of glory" for his many good actions. He died in Sicily, in the month Alkadi (January), 817, and his remains were brought to Cairwan. He reigned twenty-five years, and was succeeded by his son Abd Allah.

The qualities of this prince were of a very superior kind; he was an example to all his subjects, for which he was esteemed and beloved. He chose Tunis for his residence, to which place he also removed the seat of government.

His son Ziadat Allah was a reprobate character. One day complaints were brought of his having drunk wine, for which Abd Allah had him imprisoned. This had such an effect on Ziadat Allah, that he determined upon vengeance. Accordingly he bribed three Slavonian\* freedmen to kill his father; in which

Abas Ahmed, (or more properly Abo l'Abas Ahmed,) his son, in charge of Africa. But this Abo l'Abas did not succeed to the throne; what became of him, my historian does not mention; but he does say, after giving an account of Ibrahim's death, **وتولي بعده ولده عبد الله**, "and his son Abd Allah reigned after him."

\* Conde is certainly wrong, who, as Dr. Nicholson (in his account of the Fatemite dynasty in Africa, being the annals of that province for thirty years, extracted from an ancient Arabic MS. ascribed to El Mas'ûdi, belonging to the Ducal Library of Saxe-Gotha,) justly remarks, must have mistaken **الصقالبة** for **صقلية**, and makes the three slaves Sicilians instead of Slavonians. But the Doctor's author (whoever he be) is not less wrong in making the murderers of Abd Allah *two* slaves. Besides Abulfeda, Conde, and Cardonne, Ibn Wadran says, **واتفق مع ثلاثة من موالي ابيه الصقالبة علي قتل ابيه**, "And he plotted with *three* Slavonian freedmen of his father upon his father's death."

these wretches but too well succeeded, and brought him the head of his father to the prison. No sooner did Ziadat Allah see it, than he left his confinement and mounted the throne. This horrible parricide took place in 879. The remains of Abd Allah were interred in Tunis.

Ziadat Allah's character has been sufficiently demonstrated in the tragical event which brought him to the throne. But now finding himself perfect master of the kingdom, he gave himself up to a most vicious life: he neglected the affairs of government; and, instead of looking to his own interests, and those of his subjects, he was constantly either at his wine, or in the company of musicians, actors, and buffoons.

The three Slavonians, who were the wicked instruments in his coming to the throne, he killed, and likewise slew all those of his family who, he thought, might prove a hindrance to his reign. Amongst these were his uncles. Many of the ministers and officers, and some of the most noble of the citizens, shared their fate.

Abo Abd Allah, the Shiite, who pretended to be a descendant of the family of Mohammed, and who had made some attempts to become master of Africa, had already been successful in Kitamah, now thought the conduct of Ziadat Allah afforded him an opportunity for carrying out his plan. Ziadat Allah saw the necessity of sending a force of 40,000 men, commanded by Ibrahim Ibn Aghlab, to expel the Shiite from his territories. The two armies met at Sabebah,

where an engagement took place, in which Abd Allah was victorious. No sooner did Ziadat Allah hear of the defeat of his troops, than he gathered all his treasures, and with his family, and many of his officers, fled to Cairo. This took place in the Caliphate of Mukhtadar Billahi, and when Nashar was governor of Egypt. From Cairo he went to Rackah, where he received orders from the Caliph to return to his country, and, with the assistance of Noshar, to expel Abo Abd Allah. The fugitive sovereign returned to Cairo, where Noshar advised him to go to Hamamet, promising to send him assistance to that place. Ziadat Allah did as he was advised, but years passed away and the promised assistance never came. Here one evil befel him after another: his friends forsook him, his constitution was ruined, and in spite of all this, he continued to be a slave to vice. Disappointed by Noshar, he determined upon travelling to Jerusalem, and proceeded as far as Ramleh, where God smote him with a sickness of which he died.\*

Thus, after 112 years, terminated the dynasty of Aghlab in Africa. Mukhtadar was also the last Caliph of the dynasty of Abas who had dominion in Africa. Prayers were now offered for the house of Obeid the Shiite, who became complete master of the country.

Thus much from Ibn Wadran.

Abo Abd Allah had made himself master of the kingdom of Ziadat Allah, but not for himself. Obeid Allah, or Obeidallah, was destined to reap the glory of

\* According to Mas'ûdi, Ziadat Allah was buried in Jerusalem.

his conquest. The circumstances which led to this I shall briefly relate.

Amongst the other sects of the Shiites, there was one formed, A.D. 770, by Ismael, son of Giafer Sadik, the seventh Shiite Imaam; and its adherents were called, from their founder, Ismaelians. This sect is also known under the name of Assassins. The Assassins, or Hassassins, (who were so called from their founder, Hassan,) were originally a distinct sect, but for some political motive joined the Ismaelians, and adopted both their name and tenets. One of their peculiar tenets was, to conform to all parties and religions, as long as they gained their aim and object by so doing. They had also certain mysteries, which they only communicated to those whose fidelity they had tried for a considerable time. Upon the whole, their religion resembled, in a great many things, the Druzes of Mount Lebanon. As they increased, they augmented their number of Missionaries, who, initiated in all the mysteries of the sect, did their utmost to promote its object, which in reality was of a political nature. Amongst other traditions of the Mahommedans there was one, which some shrewd leaders amongst the Ismaelians thought might well answer their object. It was the reappearance of the first of the twelve Imaams, Ali, under the title of Mohdi, or "Director." This tradition was, and still is firmly believed, not only by the Shiites, but by the Sonnites also. The prophet is said to have predicted his reappearance about the end of the year Hejira 300, and his seat was to be in the West. This tradition was

the very thing for the Ismaelians, as the place where the Mohdi was to appear was a good distance from the Caliphs, who could not interfere to subvert their gigantic plans. The coming of the Mohdi, therefore, they began to preach—a doctrine so suited to the general expectation of all parties. To Africa they sent some of the most eminent of their Missionaries, and Abo Abd Allah at the head of them. This man was, in every respect, suited to carry out their project. He soon succeeded in ingratiating himself into the favour of the Katamians, who willingly embraced his doctrines, and offered themselves as instruments to subjugate the neighbouring kingdoms. His progress, however, was but slow during the reigns of Ibrahim and Abd Allah; and, had it not been for the debauched conduct of Ziadat Allah, the Ismaelite Missionary would not have succeeded so easily in preparing a throne for Obeidallah, (a descendant of the founder of this remarkable sect,) whom his party appointed to personify the Mohdi.

No sooner did Abo Abd Allah perceive the character of Ziadat Allah, than he made sure of success. He, therefore, sent for Obeidallah to Salamia, and advised him to repair to the scene of action. The Mohdi obeyed, but was imprisoned at Segilmasa by order of the Caliph, where he remained till Abo Abd Allah came to liberate him, which he did after the flight of Ziadat Allah, and after his triumphal entry into Cairwan. To liberate the Mohdi, Abo Abd Allah surrounded Segilmasa with his troops; and after an attack of a few hours,

the town yielded, and the Ismaelite entered it victorious. When he saw Obeidallah, Mas'ûdi (according to his translator) tells us—"He went on foot to him, and bowed himself before him, and wept for excess of joy. Then he went before him on foot to his tent, and delivered up the authority into his hands, and said to those present, 'This is my Lord and your Lord. God has fulfilled his promise to him, restored him his right, and made his cause triumphant.' Then his soldiers plundered Segilmasa, and the town was burned."

The entrance of the Mohdi to Rakada was most magnificent. He took possession of the government of Africa, and made several changes both in the civil and ecclesiastical affairs. He was looked upon by many as the Imaam and the Messiah, whilst the poets went even so far as to put him on a level with the Almighty, as the reader may see from the following lines:—

"The Messiah entered into Ragguada (Rakada); Adam and Noah entered in there.

"Ahmel el Mustaffa entered in there; the ram and the victim entered in there.

"Allah the Almighty entered in there; and everything beside him is wind."\*

But the majority were offended, and considered it the greatest blasphemy. The author of these lines was Mohammed el Badil, and Mas'ûdi, after quoting them, indignantly exclaims, "Allah confound him, and re-

\* See "The Fatemite Dynasty in Africa," p. 115. Those who desire to have a fuller account of the establishment of this dynasty are referred to this work.

ward both the poet and his theme according to their deserts!" In Obeidallah were now combined both ecclesiastical and civil powers. Abo Abd Allah now began to change his mind with regard to the Mohdi, and went even so far as to attempt a conspiracy against him. But the Imaam was now too firm on his throne, and Abo Abd Allah's attempts to shake him cost him his life. He was slain, together with his accomplice, Abu Elabas, by several persons, who lay in ambush for them at the instigation of Obeidallah.

Such were the circumstances which led to the subversion of the Aghlabite dynasty in Africa. Fez and Tangiers had already been wrested from the Caliphs of Bagdad by some of the real, or pretended, posterity of Ali's, but Obeidallah put an entire end to their authority, and made himself master of the northern territories of Africa, from the Straits of Gibraltar to Egypt. As soon as the country was tranquillised, he founded a new city, which he called by his name, Mehediah,\* near the ancient Thapsus, which he made the place of his residence.

Moad, or, as some call him, Muad, grandson to Mohdi, and his successor, subjugated Egypt, and proclaimed himself Caliph of that country. Having established the united dynasty of Fatima and Ali, and quelled every opposition to his throne, he founded the

\* "The city of Mehediah (or, as it is also called, El Media, has been founded in our days, by Mehedi, the first of the Kairwan Pontifics. It is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, and is well fortified with castles and forts, and has an excellent port, which is very much frequented."—*Leo*, p. 222.

city of Grand Cairo,\* and bestowed the government of Africa upon Yoseph Ibn Zeni, one of his generals, to be holden as a fief of the Caliph of Egypt. This took place about the year 980. .

By the time I took leave of my friends at the palace, the shades of night had clad all things in their sable livery. The "twilight grey" is in these latitudes of very brief duration, indeed, the transition from light to darkness is, sometimes, surprisingly sudden. I hurried to the encampment, and when I reached the outer circle of tents, I was challenged by the sentry, who, though he recognised me, would not permit me to pass without the order from Sidy Skander, the *aga*, or general. This was, however, speedily procured, and I was allowed to pass the *bab-elmohalla*, "the gate of the encampment." My tent looked inviting and cheerful. It was decorated with palm-branches, the table was covered with a clean cloth, two wax candles were burning upon it, and a small vase with roses, and other flowers, was placed between them. My servants invariably took great pleasure in putting everything in exquisite order during my absence. Indeed, I may here add that it was their constant study to please me in all things.

At half-past ten—when every inmate of my establish-

\* D'Anville's "Mémoire sur l'Egypte," p. 132. Moad might have repaired this city, which this author ascribes to him as being its founder. Ibn Wadrān, as we have seen, mentions Ziadat Allah to have been at that place.

ment had retired to rest—the tranquillity, the universal stillness, and balmy atmosphere seemed to invite me to leave my tent again. All was serene and calm without, and everything appeared to inspire the mind with serious and sober reflection—

“Nature was hush’d, as if her works adored,  
Still’d by the presence of her living Lord!”

The sultry heat of the day had now ceased, and a cool northerly breeze gently waved the branches of the stately palm-trees. The darkness gradually vanished before the bright rays of the moon, whose silvery light streamed through the forest, and, in a few minutes, she rode high above the loftiest of its countless trees, and, by her splendour and brilliancy, so illuminated every object around, that day appeared again perfectly restored. And the stars, too—

“Those quenchless stars ! so eloquently bright,  
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,”—

vied with each other in lustre, to contribute to the magnificence of this majestic scene—to add dazzling refulgence to the prodigious theatre exhibited for the admiration of wondering man !

Here we have our white canvas city, and a little beyond it the sombre buildings of Tozar. Here again is the thick forest of graceful palms, with their clusters of “fruits of gold,” pending beneath their feathery branches. The rippling brook flows on in its eccentric course, bearing on its surface the reflection of the host of stars in the firmament. All nature—animate and inanimate—

as far as my vision could embrace, not only declared the omnipotence and benevolence of the great Eternal, but seemed to proclaim universal peace and safety—

“ ’Twas a fair scene—a land more bright  
Never did mortal eye behold ! ”

And yet, was it possible for me to divest myself of the well-grounded conviction, that, at no great distance from the spot where I then stood, fierce and growling monsters had forsaken their dens, and were then pacing the desert ? “ Death is in their jaws, while, stung with hunger and athirst for blood, they roam their nightly rounds. Unfortunate the traveller who is overtaken by the night in these dismal wilds ! ” This kind of danger was then invisible to me, and yet it unquestionably existed.

Similar, in many respects, is our moral existence. Much of an enticing, and enchanting, character allures man, which makes him fancy that, with him, all is perfect peace and safety ; whereas he is ever surrounded by hosts of enemies, eager for his destruction, from which the love and mercy of God alone preserves him. Incessant watchfulness kept the beasts of the forest, and of the desert, from us ; and care, and watchfulness, will alone keep our spiritual enemies at a distance, so as not to cause our eternal ruin. How guarded, then, ought we to be, lest transitory enjoyments deprive us of immortal happiness !

The grandeur of the exquisite panorama absorbed my

attention for some time. Wherever I looked, I found much to admire. Everything displayed the wonderful greatness of Jehovah, and all things distinctly proclaimed, "The Lord is our God: He hath made us, and not we ourselves." Words may assist the imagination in recalling forms with which it is already familiar; but no description, however clear and precise, can give the mind a strong, and distinct, impression of images, and objects, which are altogether foreign to it. All that is rich and resplendent in the visible creation, has been called in to aid our conceptions, and elevate our ideas, and that by inspired men; yet no tongue can fully utter, no pen can amply describe, no fancy adequately imagine, what God, of his unbounded munificence, has prepared for them that love him.

"O God! O Good beyond compare!  
If thus thy meaner works are fair,  
How glorious must the temple be,  
Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!"

The stately host of palms, in this extraordinary illumination, particularly riveted my attention. The lofty growth, the longevity and great fecundity, the permanency, and perpetual flourishing of their leaves, and their form, resembling the solar rays, make them, Parkhurst justly says, "a very proper emblem of the natural, and thence of the divine, light;" and, therefore, we find this tree was engraven in the holy place of the sanctuary, on the walls and doors, between the coupled cherubim. Pagans, no doubt, regarded it in a

similar manner; and hence we find it on the medals which bear the inscriptions, *Delenda est Carthago*, and *Judea Capta*, by which emblem the victors desired to convey the lesson, that vengeance was executed by them as mere instruments in the hand of the Almighty.

The only sound audible, besides that of the sentries, and the rippling stream close by, was the voice of a *dervish*, "saint," who was entertaining the inmates of a tent, pitched a short distance from mine, with some extraordinary Mecca legends. I was on the point of re-entering my tent when one of the party, attracted by the scene without, called upon his companions to behold the wonderful works of God. All obeyed, and my thin texture partition enabled me to listen to their repeated acclamations of *Allah Kabeer*, "God is great!" Thus the Moslem, like the Christian, was led, from a survey of the stupendous works of nature, to contemplate nature's omnipotent God!

17th.—Since my last evening's entry in my notebook, we have had a very sudden change of temperature. The great heat has been succeeded by extreme cold. My thermometer has abruptly fallen from 100 to 64 degrees, which, though above temperate, is felt most keenly in the desert. The wind blows northerly, and is accompanied by incessant rain, which commenced in the morning, and gives everything a gloomy and miserable aspect. My treble tent and thick blankets are no protection to me. Everything is saturated, and looks as if steeped in water. I had actually to sit in my tent with an umbrella over me.

5 P.M.—The rain ceased, so that I was able to take a stroll through the encampment. The peculiar appearance of a strange tent induced me to direct my course towards it. Upon inquiry, I found that it belonged to a party just arrived from Kanó, and was made of elephant's hide. The inmates found it of eminent service during the drenching rain, it being a perfect waterproof.

In days of yore, the ancient inhabitants of this country, no doubt, made similar use of the external covering of the elephant, which animal must have been very common in this part of Africa; but now it is quite extinct. We read of the numbers of elephants which the Carthaginians trained for war purposes, and of the dread with which the enemy regarded them. In after days, when Romans fought for mastery on African soil, we are informed by Hirtius of the following contrivance, which Scipio made use of, for training and disciplining those animals :—

“ He drew up two parties in order of battle ; one of slingers, who were to act as enemies, and discharge small stones against the elephants ; and, fronting them, the elephants themselves, in one line, with his whole army behind them in battle array ; that when the enemy, by their discharge of stones, had frightened the elephants, and forced them to turn on their own men, ~~they~~ they might again be made to face the enemy, by the volleys of stones from the army behind them. The work, however, went on but slowly, because

these animals, after many years' teaching, are often no less prejudicial to those who bring them into the field, than to the enemy against whom they are directed."

On the other hand, Cæsar's soldiers were terror-struck by the number and size of the elephants. To remedy this, he brought some of these animals over from Italy, "that his men," says Hirtius, "might be accustomed to the sight of them, know their strength and courage, and in what part of the body they were most likely to be wounded; for, as the elephants were covered with trappings and ornaments, it was necessary to inform them what parts of the body remained naked, that they might direct their darts thither. It was likewise needful to familiarise his horses to the cry, smell, and figure of these animals, in all which he succeeded to a wonder; for the soldiers quickly came to touch them with their hands, and to be sensible of their tardiness; and the cavalry attacked them with blunted darts, and, by degrees, brought their horses to endure their presence."

The elephant, possessed of such a surprising degree of sagacity, that it is fully entitled to the rank of

"Wisest of brutes, with gentle might endow'd;  
Though powerful, not destructive"—

is no more to be met with in these parts, but is to be found near all the rivers of Western Africa, from Senegal to the Cape of Good Hope. It is smaller than

the Asiatic, has a rounded head, and a convex instead of a concave front. Its ears, also, are much larger, and it has only three nails on each hind-foot, instead of four. .

The remainder of this day's notes are embodied in the following Chapter.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE DESERT MERCHANT—HIS TOUR TO KANÓ—GHADAMES—THE PALACE OF DEMONS—THE CITY OF GHAT—TRAVELLING IN THE SAHRA—DISTRICT OF AYR OR AHEER—DAMARGO AND ITS SALKI OR SULTAN—THE KOHLAAN AND FELLAAN OF SOUDAAN—CONQUESTS OF THE FELLAAN—STRUGGLES OF THE KAHLAAN LAMMALI—THE CAPITAL OF THE FELLAAN—THE CITY OF KANÓ—THE MOOR'S ACCOUNT OF SOUDAAN—SLAVERY—CLIMATE OF KANÓ—THE YAMYAM CANNIBALS—HAMED'S INVITATION.

IN the evening I proceeded to the palace, and on my way thither, a servant of His Excellency, the Minister of Finance, came running towards me, bringing me the *habar m'leech*, "the good news" of the arrival "of a Neftawee, from Soudaan," and of His Excellency's detaining him in order to my forming his acquaintance. I at once increased my speed, and as soon as I entered Sidy Haidar's apartment, he said, "Here Arfi Davis, (pointing to an Arab seated on the ground) is the man who can tell you much which will help you to swell the size of your book; he has just come from Soudaan."

This remark of the minister shows the improved state of civilization, compared with the natives of these parts, from whom I have repeatedly heard the observation, "the *Romi*, or Nazarene, is sent here to describe our country, so that his people may see whether it is worth subjugating, and thus to extirpate the true religion."

I thanked Sidy Haidar, and, through His Excellency,

Sidy Ali Essasi, the Kadi of Nefta, for his kindness in sending this merchant of the desert to me. The good-natured Kadi had given this man a very high character, assuring me, when at Nefta, that I might fully rely upon the correctness of whatever Hamed Essagheer (the name of the merchant) might communicate to me, as he has the character for the greatest integrity and veracity. After a few general remarks about his dreary marches in the Sahra, I invited the *tajer* (merchant) to spend the evening with me in my own tent, to which he at once consented.

Hamed Essagheer became an inmate of my tent from this evening, and often, in the course of my conversations with him, expressed his great regret that he had "not kept a book to note down all occurrences;" he also more than once deplored his ignorance, when unable to reply to certain questions I put to him. On those occasions, he would say—"If I had only been a *taleb* (student) I might have gratified your curiosity on all these points."

How much truth there is in this short sentence, and what a sound lesson ought it to convey to the civilized world! By nature, Hamed was fitted to brave the dangers of the terrific deserts, and a little instruction would have fully qualified him for the task of exploring the mysterious regions of Central Africa. Hamed serves as an illustration of the theory advocated in a previous chapter, and as such I proceed to pen down the information I obtained from him, and which will be found embodied in what now follows.

Hamed Essagheer, the veteran merchant of the Sahra, had been in the habit of trading between Tunis and Ghadames for a considerable number of years, but has, of late, performed several journeys to Kanó, where he exchanged his goods, consisting principally of coarse silk, linen, cloth, ornaments for women, and other



articles, for elephants' tusks, ostrich feathers, gold dust, skins of lions and other animals, &c. &c M. Arab friend (for such we became) left Nefta, in company with a few other merchants, and travelling in a S.E. direction, they reached Ghadames in fifteen days. They only found water in one place, a well named *Beer Ejjadeed*, situated five days from Nefta,

where they had to take a supply in leather bags, or skins, to last them all the way to Ghadames.

The people of Ghadames believe that Nimrod was the founder of their city, and as all non-Mohammedans are *infidels*, and as the various names of the different existing religious systems, according to the opinion of the *faithful*, are only names to designate so many sections of unbelievers, or infidels, they have no hesitation in asserting that the mighty hunter "was a *Christian*." But the Ghadamese may not at all allude to "the mighty hunter;" for, it should be remembered, that the Arabs, in this part, almost generally designate the Christian by the term رومي *Romi*, literally *Roman*, (a term not unfrequently used for mere Pagan,) and not, as in other parts where the Arabic is spoken, by نصراني *Nazarene*. When, therefore, the people of Ghadames speak of Nimrod the Roman, they may do so, not with reference to his religion, but his nationality; and thus, perhaps, only traditionally proclaim the corrupted name of the Roman founder of their city, which, in common with the neighbouring places, was attached to the *Africa Propria* of the Romans. The term *Roman* is now employed to point out the religion of an individual Christian, regardless of the country where he comes from; thus, the Arab speaks of a "French *Romi*," and an "English *Romi*." But when the community at large is spoken of, or when more than one Christian is mentioned, then the term *Nassara*, or Nazarenes, is used instead of *Romans*. Accordingly the inhabitants of Ghadames show, about half a mile from the wall of

their city, the *قصر الأنصرا*, "the fortification of the Nazarenes;" piles of Roman ruins greatly mutilated by a son of Yosuf Basha, of Tripoli, who visited this district, and either to amuse himself, or as an act of devotion, or, perhaps, to frighten the demon, blew up a large portion of the ruins with gunpowder. Previously the ruins were much more perfect and imposing. This Kassar-El-Ensara, together with the bas-relief, and the Latin inscription, copied by a Moor from a tombstone, beginning with the words, "*Dus-Manibus*," are more than sufficient evidence to prove that Ghadames was "colonized," as it was called, by the Romans, and probably earlier, by the Greeks and Carthaginians. The same Moorish prince who blew up the ruins, carried also away to Tripoli the tombstone, from which a Moor copied the inscription, and which transcript Richardson brought with him from Ghadames. "The copyist of this inscription says, he affixed the Arabic letters, in order that the Mussulman might compare them with the Christian letters, and find out their sense, but he, himself, did not know what was their meaning." \*

Mr. Richardson also found in the vicinity of Ghadames, a slab on which were represented the figures of what appear to be, a Roman soldier and a horse in *bas-relief*. A native, a friend of the traveller, on observing it said to him, "That's your grandfather's [ancestor's]; see, isn't it wonderful? Ah, that's your grandfather's, of the time of Sidi [Lord] Nimrod."

\* Travels in the Great Desert, vol. i. p. 356.

Ghadames now acknowledges the authority of the Porte, and its governor, a Turk, is in subjection to the Basha of Tripoli. Here merchants from various parts of Africa meet, either to exchange their goods, or to form themselves into large caravans, to continue their journey further south, under the protection of the Twareg, "*the lords of the Sahara*," respecting whom we ventured some conjecture in another part of this work. The city, including its suburbs, contains probably 4,000 inhabitants, who, owing to the constant influx of strangers, are pretty well off. The houses are built like those of Tozar and Nefta, of bricks baked in the sun, mud, and the palm-tree wood. The public buildings offer nothing remarkable. The streets, which are narrow, scarcely admitting two camels to walk abreast, are all covered in to keep them cool, and the light is admitted by openings at certain intervals.

Having completed the necessary arrangements, Hammed joined a large caravan, and proceeded on his way to Ghaat, which place they reached in twenty-five days. His description of the journey is summed up in words like these: "You traverse sandy plains, cross over rocky and barren mountains, wind your way among ravines, and seldom meet with anything that administers comfort to your weary frame."

A day's journey this side of Ghaat, the caravan passed the *Jebel Jenoon*, or, as it is also called, the *Kassan Jenoon*, "*the wild and demon-like mountains*," or "*the palace of demons*"—an assemblage of hills and rocks thus named on account of their extraordinary and

fantastical appearance. My late, and much lamented friend, Richardson, had a narrow escape here, when on his first tour in the desert. Curiosity induced him to explore these far-famed rocks of the Sahra, in accomplishing which, he at the same time thought of giving a salutary lesson to his superstitious fellow-travellers, none of whom would venture to accompany him. Having supplied himself with some geological specimens, and wandered about for some time, without meeting any of the gentry believed to have their abode here, he determined upon returning to his companions, who, he imagined, were only a short distance off. He started on his return, as carelessly as he had come, but soon found that his speed must be redoubled, if he intended to reach his caravan before sunset. Every instant he expected to get a peep of the tents from some of the heights, but in this he was disappointed. "The sun was now gone, and," to use his own words, "following hard upon his heels were lurid fleecy clouds of red, the last attendants of his daily march through the desert heavens. I now looked a little further, and said to myself, 'There they are!' I went to 'There they are,' and found no encampment. I continued still further, and said, 'Ah, there they are!' and went to 'Ah, there they are!' and found no encampment. I now made a turn to the south, and saw them quietly encamped under 'various mounds,' and went to 'various mounds,' but the encampment sank under the earth, for they 'were not.' All was right, and 'never mind,' I should soon see their fires, and was extremely glad to

notice all the light of day quenched in the paling light of a rising crescent, some five or six days old. I thus continued cheerfully my search another quarter of an hour, when all at once, as if struck by an electric shock, it flashed across my mind, 'Peradventure, I might be lost for the night!' and be obliged to make my bed in open desert.

"I have seen, in my lifetime, people strike a dead wall, as a convenient butt against which to vent their ill-disguised rage. I now must have a victim for my vexation. It was not wanting. I felt something heavy and dragging in my pocket. The half-hour's running about had reminded me of some, until now, unnoticed heavy weight; and this was the stones, and these were my grand specimens of geology. I quietly took out all the stones from my pocket, and threw them deliberately but savagely away,—certainly a very proper punishment for leading me such 'a wild-goose chase,' such 'a dance' over the desert.

"In my wrath I was not disheartened. Now, as it was dark, I began to ascend the highest mounds of desert, from whose top I might descry the fires of our encampment. I wandered round and round, and on, now over sand and sand-hills, now climbed up trees, now upon eminences of sand or earth-banks, seeking the highest mounds of the vast plain, to see if any lights were visible, looking earnestly every way. No light showed itself as a beacon to the lost desert-traveller,—no sound saluted his ear with the welcome cry, 'Here we are.' Felt so weary that I was now obliged to lie

down to rest a little. But, soon refreshed, I determined to return to the Palace, and find the place which I had visited. The fear and thought of being lost in the desert now mastered every other consideration, and I started, unappalled, to the Black Rock, without ever thinking of the myriads of spirits which at the time were keeping their midnight revels within its mysterious caverns. Got near the Rock, but I saw no place which I had seen before. The mountain had now at night assumed other shapes, other forms, other colours. Probably the demons were dancing all over it, or fluttering round it like clouds of bats and crows, preventing me from seeing its real shape and proportions. Be it as it may, I could not recognise the place which I had so recently visited. I now climbed up some detached pieces of rock, to look for lights. I sprang up with the elastic step of the roe, over huge broken fragments of rock, aided by a sort of supernatural strength, the stones rolling down, and smashing with strange noises as I was springing over them. From these crumbling heights I looked eastward, and every way, but no friendly light, watch-fire, or supper-fire, was visible. I descended, much heated, in a flowing perspiration, feeling also the cold chill of the higher atmosphere. I began to have thirst, the worst enemy of the Saharan traveller, and fatigue was violently attacking me. I considered (which afterwards I found quite correct) I had got too far north. I could not recognise at all the processes of detached rock over which I had been scrambling. I must be several miles too high up.

I went down along the sides of the immense Rock, looking at every new shape it assumed, to find the place where so quietly I picked up the stones, and geologized, a few hours before. All was vain. Fatigue was overpowering me, and my senses began to reel like those of a drunken man. Now was the time to see the visions and mysteries of this dread abode, and unconsciously to utter sounds of unknown tongues. Now, indeed, I fancied I heard people call me; now I saw lights; now I saw a camel, with a person mounted, in search of me, to whom I called. And, what is strange, these sights and sounds were all about the natural, and not the supernatural. For instance, I did not see the visage of a grinning goblin just within a little chink of the Rock, as I ought to have seen. I did not see 'faëry elves' dancing in the moonlit beams, as I ought to have seen. Then boldly I took a direct course from the mountain over the plain, where was neither camel, nor encampment, nor object, nor light, nor any moving thing. I then proceeded north, thinking I had got too far south again. Here I found a group of sand-hills, a new region, in which I painfully wandered and wandered up and down. I knew the encampment could not be here. To get clear of this horrible predicament, I made another set at the Palace Rock, as if to implore the mercy and forgiveness of the genii. In an hour I found myself again under its dark shadows. I walked up and down by its doleful, dismal sides, thinking if any people were sent in pursuit of me I might find them. All was the silence of the dead;

no form flitted by except those which filled my disturbed imagination.

“I once more returned eastward to the plain; but my head was now swimming, my legs shrank from under me, and I fell exhausted upon the sand. There I lay some time to rest. My brain, hot and bewildered, was crowded with all sorts of fancies, but my courage did not sink. I was seeing, every moment, people in pursuit of me. I heard them repeatedly call ‘Yâkob.’ Somewhat composed, I determined upon giving up the search for the encampment till day-light, and went about to find a tree under which to sleep, if I could. I went to one, but did not like it, being low and straggling on the ground, exposed to the first chance intruder. I sought another, which I had before observed, for in this state I was forced to pick out the objects of the plain. I found my tree, which, in passing before by it, I thought would make me a good bed. I could not find the encampment, but the tree observed before I could find. It was placed on a very high mound of earth, which was covered with a large bushy lethel-tree. Happy tree! I have always loved thy name since. Under this I crept; but, finding the top of the mound of a sugar-loaf form, I scooped out on its sides, digging away with my hands earth and dried leaves, a long, narrow cell, literally a grave, determining, if I should perish hereabouts, this should be my grave. I found it very snug, for the wind now got up east, and moaned in the lethel-tree above my head. I drove the spear in the earth, near ‘the

bolster,' and took off the dagger from my arm. Had on my cloak, which I rolled fast round me, and got warm.

"My first object was to lie and rest my senses, so that I should recover a little of my bodily strength, as well as have my thoughts about me. Of wild beasts I could not be afraid; I knew there were none. Of the wilder animals still, the desert banditti, I also had every reason to believe there were none. But, from my elevated position, I could see their approach, or that of friends, nearly all around me. My only fear was to perish of thirst, for it attacked me now severely. Thus I lay for an hour or so, and then got up to watch the objects of the desert. All things were deformed in the shadowy moonlight, and most things looked double, with the reeling of my poor senses. Several times I imagined I saw a camel coming, actually passing by a few paces from the base of the mound. Frightened at these illusions of the brain, I determined to try to sleep; my thirst still increased, and prevented me. As fatigue left me, my head became clearer, and more serious thoughts occupied the mind. The moon, however, I watched, wheeling her 'pale course,' for I knew she finished now her shadowy reign a few hours before morning. It is impossible to give any outline of the thoughts which now rapidly and in wild succession passed my mind; suffice to say, I committed my spirit to the Creator who gave it. I repeated mechanically to myself aloud, 'Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.'"

The stray and bewildered traveller contemplated various schemes to extricate himself from the perilous position into which his curiosity had plunged him ; but all, he found, were connected with insurmountable difficulties. At length, he continues, "descending from the mound to the level of the plain, I looked back upon my bed and grave, 'as if loth to leave it. As soon as there was light enough to see objects somewhat distinctly, I prayed to God for deliverance, and sallied forth with an unshrinking mind.

" I was amazed at the illusions of the desert, for it was now day ; the night might have its deceptions and phantasmagoria. Every tuft of grass, every bush, every little mound of earth, shaped itself into a camel, a man, a sheep, a something living and moving. Before the day was hardly begun, I sprang over again to the base of the Rocky Palace, and saw now the detached pieces which during the night I had ascended ; but, for the life of me, I could not find the place I visited first, and made geological discoveries, never, never to be divulged. I continued to pace up and down, north and south, for an hour, until weariness began anew to attack me. I sighed, and said to myself aloud, 'So soon tired !' I now returned to the plain, and made another straight cut. Although the day was pretty well developed, I was staggered at the deceptions and phantasms of the desert. Every moment a camel loomed in sight, which was no camel. There was also a hideous sameness ; the reason, indeed, I was lost. For there were no distinguishing marks ; the mounds

followed shrubs, the shrubs mounds, then a little plain, then sands, then again the mounds, and shrubs, plain and sand, and always the same—an eternal sameness! Now falling into the track of a caravan, I was determined to pursue it; but it was with great difficulty I could follow out the traces. For at long intervals the hard ground received no impressions of men or camels' feet, and I repeatedly lost the track, going a hundred or more yards before I could get into it again. I continued north. I saw the camels' feet, the sheep's feet, and the prints of the camel-drivers; and sometimes I thought I saw my own foot-marks. But the slaves! Where were the impressions of the naked feet of some fifty slaves? Now I groaned with the anguish of disappointment. I must abandon the track in despair. I had already pursued it painfully over sand, and rock, and pebbles, and shrubs, and every sort of desert-ground.

“All this was fast wasting away my little remaining strength. I now mounted two very high mounds. Nothing lived or moved but myself in the unbroken silence, and undisturbed solitude! I observed my being too far north; I must return south. Another camel appeared. Yes, it was a small black bush, on the top of a little hillock, shaping itself into a camel. Now a marvel—life I was sure I saw. Two beautiful antelopes, light as air, bounded by me with amazing agility, and were lost in a moment among the shrubs and mounds of the desert-plain. I fell to musing on natural history, and accounted for the gazelles by the

presence of the well. I then recollected the Targhee hunter. For an instant I forgot my situation. But where was I? . What was I doing? Was I to return to Ghaat, or perish in the desert? My strength was failing me fast. I could not pursue for ever this wild chase at the base of the rock of the Jenoon. Under their baleful influence, I shall wander and wander till I drop and perish! I must make up my mind. The sun was not yet high up. I could walk till noon on the journey back, and then sleep a few hours and rest. The chill of the morning had taken away my thirst. I wrapped a handkerchief on my mouth, and took all the precaution I could against the approaching thirst at noonday. The lance was heavy. Shall I throw it away? Could it not afford me a moment's protection in meeting a single bandit, which class of men mostly go alone? I keep my lance, but determine to sit down to rest. Previous to departing for Ghaat, I had often noticed the Arabs make a straight cut of route by raising up the right arm, and putting under it the left hand to support it, and then waving up and down the right and left arms together. After my sort, I mimicked them. Mimickry is instinctive in us. I singled out for myself a distant hill on the plain, lying south in the route by which we had come here. Now then, I took the first step towards Ghaat. I continued an hour; but oh! how weary I had become. Nature seemed ready to sink, and I dropped suddenly on the side of a small sand mound. . . . . What shall I do? . . . . Shall I shed tears to relieve me? . . . .

No, I have long given up shedding tears. And now, I must keep up at the peril of my life. My heart renews its courage. I again get up and begin to walk, limping along. The small hill was before me—but should I ever reach even that? . . . . My strength of body was now gone, though the mind would not yield. . . . . In the last moment of human extremity . . . . . death itself . . . . . comes deliverance! I continue my route to Ghaat. I have just strength to raise my lance from the sand it pierces. I turn an instant round to the right hand, and a white figure passes by. . . . . What is that? A friend or an enemy? I continue on. Is this one of our people, or of strangers? Shall I take him for a guide? Before I can think of it, I espy something in advance. But I fear an illusion, another deception. No! it is the head of a camel! I spring on with my little remaining staggering strength. To my joy unspeakable, I find myself upon my own camel—my own little encampment!”

The circumstances of Mr. Richardson’s adventures in the *Kassar Jenoon*, it would appear, made but little impression upon his companions in his subsequent tour. Men seldom profit by the experience of others, and hence we find Dr. Barth, as well as the lamented Dr. Overweg, trying their hands at the dreaded Kassar, the former of whom nearly lost his life in his bold attempt. The particulars of this are thus recorded in the “Mission to Central Africa,” under the date of 15th July, 1850:—

“ The Germans had determined to go and examine the Kassar, and were about to start just as I came out of my tent. They had had some altercation with Hateetah, because, partly for, superstitious reasons, he would not give them a guide, and they had made up their minds to undertake the exploration alone. I saw Dr. Barth going off somewhat stiffly by himself; Dr. Overweg came to where I was standing, and asked Amaukee, my Soudan servant, about the well near the Kassar, and then also went off. He said to me, ‘I shall boil the water on the highest point, and then go along the top to the other end.’ He was taking some points of the Kassar with the compass, when I observed to him, ‘Take the eastern point.’ Then he started. Yusuf called out after him, ‘Take a camel with you; it is very distant.’ Distressed at seeing them go alone, I told Amaukee, that if he would follow, I would give him a present. He agreed, upon the condition that he should not be expected to ascend the Kassar, for he feared the Janoon. We then gave him dates, biscuits, and a skin of water, and he started after Dr. Overweg. I confess I had my fears about them.

“ At last, about five o’clock P.M., Dr. Overweg appeared. He had experienced great thirst and fatigue; but, having the assistance of Amaukee, he got back safe. He at once confessed his fears for Dr. Barth. I began to think this gentleman must either have gone to Ghât, or that some accident had befallen him. Soon, indeed, we began to have gloomy apprehensions,

and to talk seriously of a search. The Tuaricks were not very civil, and Hateetah threw all the responsibility of the safety of my fellow-travellers on me. Dr. Overweg and several people went out in search of Dr. Barth, just before sunset.

“Night closed in; no appearance of our friend. I hoisted a lamp on the top of the Ethel, and made large fires, as the sun went down, in hopes that their glare might be seen at a distance from the Kassar. Our servants returned without Dr. Overweg. He had promised to be back by sunset, and I began to fear some accident had befallen him likewise.

“The evening grew late, and Hateetah came to me, in a very nervous state, to inquire after the Germans. I endeavoured to compose him by telling him the responsibility was on us, and not on him. Dr. Overweg returned at midnight. He had thrown into the desert various pieces of paper, on which was written the direction of our encampment from the Kassar. We were very uneasy, and slept little, as may be imagined; but before we retired for the night, Hateetah arranged a general search for the morning. •

“Next morning, accordingly, at daybreak (16th), the search was commenced by two camels scouring the environs of the desert. Dr. Overweg went with one of the parties, but returned at noon, bringing no news of Dr. Barth. Amaukee, with his party, had, however, seen his footsteps towards the north. This was most important, as it directed our attention that way, and we thought no more of his having gone to Ghât. We

now calculated, that our companion had been twenty-four hours without a drop of water, a gale of hot wind blowing all the time! Dr. Overweg proposed to me, that we should offer a considerable reward, as the last effort. He mentioned twenty, but I increased the sum to fifty dollars. This set them all to work, and a Tuarick [Twareg], with a Maharee, volunteered to search. I found it necessary, however, to give him two dollars for going, besides the proffered reward: he left at 2 P.M., and all the people went, sent off by Hateetah, a couple of hours after him. &

“ This was a dreadfully exciting day. I confess, that as the afternoon wore on, I had given up nearly all hope, and continued the search merely as a matter of duty. Few will be able to imagine the anguish of losing a friend, under such circumstances, in the wide desert, where you may for ever remain uncertain how he came by his death, whether by the spear of a bandit, the claws of a wild beast, or, by that still more deadly enemy, thirst. Just before sunset, I was preparing fresh fires as a last resort, when I saw one of our blacks, the little Mahadee, running eagerly towards the encampment. Good news was in his very step. I hastened to meet him. He brought the joyful intelligence that Dr. Barth had been found, still alive, and even able to speak! The Tuarick, whom I had despatched, in scouring the country with his Maharee, had found him about eight miles from the camp, lying on the ground, unable to move. For twenty-four hours he had remained in the same position, perfectly exhausted with

heat and fatigue. Our fires had not been unmarked by him, but they only served to show that we were doing our best to find him. He could not move a step towards them. On seeing his deliverers, he could just muster strength to say, 'Water, water!' He had finished the small supply he had taken with him, the day before at noon, and had, from that time, suffered the most horrible tortures from thirst. He had even drunk his own blood. Twenty-eight hours without water in the Sahara! Our people could scarcely, at first, credit that he was alive; for their saying is, that no one can live more than twelve hours, when lost in the desert, during the heats of summer.

"Dr. Barth was now brought back to the camp. He had still a supply of biscuits and dates with him; but eating only aggravates the torture of thirst. Moist food is fitter to carry on such occasions. We found rum very useful in restoring his health."

Hamed, who met Mr. Richardson at Ghat, describes this town as being very small, built on a hill, and having about 1,500 stationary inhabitants. The houses resemble those of Nefta, and are composed of the same materials. Ghat has a wall, which is partly formed by the backs of the houses, and three large gates, besides one small one. To the west of the town, is the chain of mountains called Taveli. The Sultan Haj Hamed, or, more properly, the governor, lives in a palace a short distance from Ghat, and is dependant on Shaffai, who leads a Nomadic life, and is considered the greatest of the Sultans of the Twareg.

The majority of the merchants trading with the interior, bring their goods to the annual fair, which is held at Ghat every autumn, where they sell, or exchange, them for the articles brought from Soudaan.

When the fair is over, they return to their respective countries on the coast, and a portion only proceed to "the land of the blacks." After making the necessary arrangements at Ghat, Hamed and his party, amounting to between two and three hundred, left for their long, weary, and dreary journey. Hitherto, they had passed what may still be called the paradise of the desert; but now they had to encounter numberless difficulties. Although the journey from Ghadames to Ghat presented obstacles, yet they are nothing, compared to those which the traveller meets with on his way to Damargo, a distance of about fifty-one days' journey. To know these and not be terrified, but launch oneself forth into the boundless desert, requires a courage and fortitude of no ordinary kind. He who can do it, must be a *hero indeed*; and such is my friend, Hamed Saghecr, in every sense of the word: he has, moreover, what is so essentially necessary, a robust constitution, and being a native of the borders of Sahra, he never knew what we call comforts, and, therefore, never missed them during his pilgrimages. Through such persons, and *such only*, shall we be able to explore the interior of Africa, and obtain that information which we so eagerly desire. But in order to make them such instruments, their minds must undergo a thorough change. That hatred to education and civilization,

which is so deeply rooted in their hearts, must be eradicated.

When education shall have made even partial progress, we shall have no difficulty in finding men like my friend, not to carry merchandise only to the heart of the desert, and bring in return its productions, but they will take with them knowledge, and disseminate it amongst those who stand so much in need of it, and furnish us with the information which we require.

Leaving Ghat, they travel five days over a hilly country, during which, they find no water till they reach Jebel Maghyawin, which is a very high mountain. Here they take a supply of water in their *kirbas*, or leather bags, to last them till Filazlaz, which is six days' journey from the last place. Their road lay over immense plains of sand, and Filazlaz is the name of a fountain bubbling up in the midst of one of these. The water they take here must last them six days, when they find again some near a mountain, the name of which Hamed forgot. The next watering-place is near a chain of mountains called Tajert, which they reach in three days. The water they get here is to last them seven days, during which they cross an immense plain, which, from its colour, has the appearance of sea, when they reach Assio, where a great number of springs are found. These are partly claimed by the Twareg of Ghat, and partly by those of the district of Ayr, or Aheer; or, as it is also called, Asbenowa. The road, or more correctly, the track over the plain, was rather stony,

but from Assio it lies across mountains, dotted over with the beautiful ethel-trees. It takes them four days to cross the mountains, when they arrive at Taghjeet, where they find, during all seasons of the year, rain-water in the bed of a river, which goes by no particular name, and which is formed by the abundance of water rushing into it, during the rainy season, from the neighbouring heights. Four more days bring them into the district of Ayr, the first place of which is called Tedik. This is the first inhabited town the travellers had seen since they left Ghat, and must, therefore, very naturally, have been delighted to approach it. Tedik is a very small place, containing about 200 inhabitants, whose chief property consists in goats. They live in small huts, constructed of branches of trees, and thatched with straw.

Many of the people of Tedik join the caravan, and take salt to Soudaan. From here they proceed to Slofeet. The distance is about one day, and the road very mountainous. Tintaghoda, which is not much larger than Tedik, and has houses built of solid stone, is two hours from Slofeet. The next place they come to is Assodi, which is two days' journey from the last. And now they find numberless villages on each side of the road. As they proceed the caravan is gradually swelled, so that by the time they pass through the district of Asbenowa, or Ayr, it is so large, that it would take one more than an hour to traverse the encampment. "If you miss any of your friends here," Hamed said, "you may be two, or three, days before you can find

them again." The merchandise from the coast forms the best part of the caravan. The majority of the camels, amounting to about 20,000, are loaded with salt, which the Twareg of this district brings from Bilma, eight or nine days' journey east from Ayr. Whether salt is brought from lakes, or mines, Hamed could not tell me. He was, however, informed that the country, lying between the two plains, is very barren. The traders cannot even find tufts of grass for their camels. The plan they are constrained to adopt, is to leave at certain stations on their way to Bilma, a supply of food for man and beast, to last them on their return.

It seems very strange, that these merchants of the desert are able to do this with such safety. No one is stationed to guard their dépôt, and yet they regularly find all in the way they left it. A few years ago, the people of Bornou, with whom the Twareg have constant disputes, cut off these supplies, and reduced the caravan to the greatest extremities. Hundreds of camels perished through this hostile and diabolical act. Ayr, or Aaheer, the capital of the district in which we now are, contains a very large population. A few of the houses are built of bricks, and the rest are all of straw. A fence of prostrate trees and branches surrounds the city. Its present governor, or as he is called, *Salki*, or Sultan, is very much liked. His name is Majowski.

The following particulars relating to this district are taken from the translation of the Arabic MS. which

Clapperton obtained, and which is attached to his work.

“Adjoining this province (Bornou) on the south side, is that of Aaheer, which is spacious, and contains extensive plains. It is inhabited by the Tawarek, and by some remnants of the Sonhajá and the Soodan. This province was formerly in the hands of the Soodan inhabitants of Ghoober (in Hoossa); but five tribes of the Tawarek, called 'Amakeetan, Tamkak, Sendal, Agdalar, Ajdara-neen, came out of Aowjal, and took it from them; and, after having settled themselves, they agreed to nominate a prince to rule over them, in order to render justice to the weak against the powerful. They appointed a person of the family of Ansatfen: but they soon quarrelled among themselves, and dismissed him. They then nominated another, and continued upon this system; viz. whenever a prince displeased them, they dethroned him, and appointed a different one. These Tawareks were of the remnants of the Barber,\* who spread themselves over Africa at the time of its conquest.

“The Barbers are a nation, descendants of Abraham; though it is stated that they descended from Yafet; and others say, from Gog and Magog, whom the Two-horned Alexander immured. It is also said, that they were the people who slew the prophets Zachariah and Eliah; and that, after leaving Palestine, they proceeded westward, till they arrived at Waleeba and Morakeba,—two towns in the interior, west of Egypt, where the Nile does not

\* See the author's opinion respecting the Berber, chap. xvii. vol. ii. p. 81; and the Twareg, chap. v. vol. i. p. 115.

reach, but the inhabitants drink the rain water,—where they fixed their residence for some time. They then divided themselves into different tribes, and proceeded westward in Africa. The tribes of Zedata and Maghyala first entered the Gharb, and inhabited the mountains. These were followed by that of Lawata, who inhabited the country of Enttablos (Tarablos, Tripoli), which is Barka. They afterwards spread themselves over the interior of the Gharb, till they reached the country of Soossa, where the tribe of Hawarna took possession of the city of Lebda, and the tribe of Nafoosea entered the city of Ssabra, and expelled the *Room* [Christians] who then ruled there.

“ It is again stated, that they descended from Farek, son of Yonssar, son of Ham ; and that when Yonssar conquered Africa, they spread themselves over the Gharb, and first inhabited Tunis. Thence they proceeded in tribes towards the southern part of the Gharb, which communicates with the country of Soodan, where they settled at Aowjal, Fazaran, Ghadamess, and Ghata. Thus they came in five tribes from Aowjal, as before mentioned, and conquered this province (Aaheer), as before stated.”

From Aheer, or Assodi, the caravan proceeds to Kallagh, which it reaches in two days, and in two days more they come to a village, the name of which escaped Hamed's memory. The road to it lies over mountains and through wild forests. Four days' travelling brings the caravan to a territory called Ghiljeewan, where they find rain water ; Agdes, a place containing about ten thousand inhabitants (and which is the last town be-

longing to the Twareg, with the exception of Lelewa in the Soudaan district, which they claim) they leave at a short distance to the west. Hamed visited it on his return, and describes it, in its general aspect, as similar to that of Tozar, in Gereed. The houses are also built of a small sun-dried brick, but the fanciful projecting designs found on many of the Tozar houses are there wanting. It has a wall, but which is in very bad condition. The governor's name is Abd El Kader.

The travellers have now repeatedly to take leave of every appearance of vegetable productions, and traverse an immense sand plain, which it takes them six days in accomplishing, when they arrive at Damargo, the first town of the Soudaan district. The plain which is known by the name of Azawa, is the resort of wild animals, and owing to the quicksands which cover the track, the traveller is in constant danger of going astray. Clusters of immense trees are dispersed over the Azawa, amongst which the lion has his habitation.

It is customary for each caravan to bring presents to the rulers of the various cities in Soudaan. A deputation is chosen among the merchants, who hand it to the Salki himself. Hamed Sagheer, Bilbahi, Abobacre Elwashi from Ghadames, were selected to discharge this honourable office.

The Salki deigned to receive them in a very courteous and even friendly manner, putting various questions to them respecting the condition of their native countries, the difficulties of their dreary journey, and as to their opinion of the appearance of things at Damargo.

The deputation informed his majesty of the estimation in which he is held "all over the world,"—how his fame had reached the uttermost parts of the earth. Their praise of Damargo was unqualified. The old gentleman was highly flattered, and so thoroughly was he charmed by the tactics of these *natural diplomatists*, that scarcely had they left the Salki than he sent them such quantities of provisions, that Hamed says, "they were ten times more valuable than the skull-caps, cloth, and silks which they had given him."

Damargo belongs to the Bornou territory, and is a large city containing about fifty thousand inhabitants. The houses are constructed in the same manner as those of Ayr, or Aheer.

Having recruited themselves here, and renovated their spirits, they started for Lelewa, which is only one day from Damargo, and belongs to the Twareg. It is a very small place, but there are many villages in the neighbourhood dependant on it. It shows the strength and influence of the Twareg, when they are able to retain a large extent of territory in the midst of a powerful empire like that of Bornou. Efforts have often been made to expel the intruders, but these have hitherto proved unsuccessful.

Leaving Lelewa, the travellers continue their route towards Zindar, another large place with about 20,000 inhabitants, belonging to Bornou, which is three days' distance. There is a great sameness in the appearance of the country over which they wind their way. Seldom is the traveller's eye refreshed by anything in the

shape of a mountain, or a green plain. One sea of sand succeeds another; and were it not for an occasional mirage which for a time diverts them, or for the circumstance that the glaring sun and floating particles of sand compels them often for hours to wrap their faces in the bornoose (cloak) so that they are able to dream of the fantastic groups of date-trees, and the gentle rivulets winding their course among them, in their native land, their journey, through such parts of the desert, would be intolerable and the most dreary that could possibly be imagined. These alleviations, or "comforts" (as my friend calls them), are, of course, only imaginary, and are rather calculated to vex the heart of the inexperienced traveller; those, however, who have been in the habit of crossing the sandy ocean from their infancy, and to whom every spot on its surface is familiar,—are diverted, and even cheered, with such delusions.—"It is a change for them," says Hamed Sagheer, "and any change in a monotonous life is agreeable."

Leaving the Bornou empire, the traveller gets into the territory belonging to the Kohlaan, and their first large city is Erdejee, four days from Zindar. The Kohlaan, who are negroes, as their name indicates, were formerly the most powerful, and the Fellaan or the Tellatahs, a people of a lighter colour, were subject, or rather in a kind of *Russian slavery* to them. "The former," to use Hamed's own words, "were considered the nobility, and the latter the peasantry." But in the course of time matters changed. The Fellaan became discontented,

and upon a trial of strength, which was the cause of a series of revolutions, they succeeded in making themselves masters of their oppressors, which they have now been for a considerable number of years. Very few are the possessions of the Kohlaans; all the wealth and riches of Soudaan are in the hands of the Fellaan. Erdejee, which may be considered the Kohlaan capital, is but very poor. The condition of the Fellaan, or Fellatahs, previous to their becoming the masters of Soudaan, is thus related by Captain Clapperton, who collected his information on the spot:—

“ They did not live in towns, but were scattered over the greater part of Soudaan, attending to their herds and flocks, living in temporary huts, generally in the midst of unfrequented woods, and seldom visiting the towns. This business they left to the women, who attended the markets, and sold the produce of their cattle. The men were reported to live a religious and harmless life, spending a great part of their time in reading the Koran and other religious books. Now and then a few of their learned men would come forth and engage themselves for a few years with the Mahometan sultans and governors, until they had collected a little money, with which they purchased a few cattle, and then returned to the woods to their countrymen, who moved about from one province to another, according to the seasons, and the nature and quantity of pasture and water; contented with building temporary huts of straw and rushes, and to be left in peace. No one, indeed, thought of disturbing them, or of inter-

fering with their pursuits, they being probably considered as too contemptible, and insignificant, to excite any fear. Thus dispersed, no one but themselves knew, or could guess at their numbers. Melli, or the petty kingdoms of Foota-Torra, Foota-Bondoo, and Foota-Jallo, were the places whence they spread themselves eastward, until they became very considerable, in point of numbers, in all the countries between the above-mentioned places and Waday. Many of them had performed their pilgrimage to Mecca, and others had visited the empires of Turkey and Morocco, as also Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, bringing back with them all the Arabic books they were able to beg or buy."

Such was the condition and occupation of these people, when, towards the close of the last century, a bold and intrepid countryman of theirs effected one of the greatest revolutions recorded in Sahran annals, and made them the masters of Central Africa. This remarkable individual, named Sheikh Othman Danfodio, was highly esteemed by his own people on account of his theological learning, and enjoyed the reputation of being a prophet and a saint. He came originally from the woods of Ader, or Tadela, and having settled in Ghoober, built a town, where the Fellatahs soon began to gather round him. Owing, however, to his interference with affairs of state, he became obnoxious to the Sultan of that country, and was ordered to quit the territory. Upon his refusing to obey the order of ejectment, the natives of Ghoober rose and drove him out with all his people. He now again settled in Ader,

not in the woods, however, but built himself a town. Fellatahs, soon, from all quarters, flocked to his standard, whom he divided under different chiefs, and giving to each leader a white flag, he bade them go and conquer in the name of God and the prophet, as heaven had given to the Fellatahs, the only true believers, the lands, and riches, of all the Kaffir nations. Every Fellatah was to wear a white tobe, and the war-cry was to be Allah Akbar. The heathen tribes of Soudaan, lulled into a fatal security, were ill-prepared to resist the impetuous attacks of an enemy united by confidence in their leader, and animated at once by the lust of plunder and the ardour of fanaticism. Kanó submitted without a blow. The people of Ghoober, having taken the alarm, assaulted Danfodio in his town, in Ader, but were repulsed; and the wily old chief attacking them in his turn, killed their Sultan and overran their country. After this, the whole of Houssa, with Cubbé, Youri, and part of Nyffee, fell under his dominion. The whole of the interior, from east to west, was terror-struck. Bornou was attacked with success, as was also Youriba; but, in the latter country, the Fellatahs met with more resistance than anywhere else. The Youribanies, being confirmed *kaffirs*, could not be brought to acknowledge the mission of the Sheikh; and, on being invaded, they put to death all Moslems, whether natives or travelling merchants. The Fellatahs, however, took Rakah, Elora (or Affaga), and a great number of other towns, extending their inroads as far as the coast.

They once entered Eyeo, the capital, the greater part of which they burned, giving liberty to all the Mohammedan slaves, and encouraging others to kill their Pagan masters and join them,

No sooner had the Fellatahs firmly established themselves, than Arabs, from both the east and the west, came to congratulate Danfodio on his newly-acquired territory. To those of Tripoli and Fezzan, he made large presents of slaves and camels, sending none away empty-handed. The fame of his conquests was thus spread in all directions. Numbers of Fellatahs from the west came to settle in Houssa; these, the Sheikh located principally in Zegzeg, giving them the lands of the negro tribes, who had fled to the mountains lying to the south of that province.

Sheikh Othman died in A.H. 1232 (A.D. 1816), when his son, Mohammed Bello, succeeded to the government of Houssa; but the conquered territories to the westward of Houssa, were given to his nephew, Mohammed Ben Abdallah. The death of Danfodio was the signal for an attempt on the part of the conquered provinces to throw off the yoke; and all the Fellatahs that could be seized, were put to death. Since then, Sultan Bello has retaken the greater part of Ghoober and Nyffee; and Zamfra, Guari, and Cubbé have, in part, submitted, on condition of being ruled by their native chiefs, without the interference of the Fellatahs.\*

Till within the last few years the Kohlaan were

\* Clapperton, pp. 203—207.

struggling to regain their former position, under Lammali, whose acts of bravery and heroism are the theme of the poets of his own people, and even of those of his enemies. There is not a Negro, even on the African coast, who is not acquainted with that far-famed name, or who does not know some song about Lammali. I had a black woman in my service whilst at Tunis, to whom I no sooner mentioned that hero's name, than up she jumped, snapped her fingers, and whirled about in a most lively manner, singing a song with reference to Lammali's noble and generous deeds. There are few heroes, even in the civilized world, more admired and more beloved. He was a great general and a statesman, and in both discharged the arduous functions of his office, to the satisfaction of his countrymen. His bravery was free from cruelty. Even his enemies were constrained to admire his great generosity, and unbounded magnanimity. Lammali endeavoured to do more by means of reasoning, on points of difference, than by wholesale bloodshed—Europe's common mode of deciding misunderstandings; and hence he endeavoured to persuade the Fellaan of their injustice in forcibly alienating territories, which, for centuries, had belonged to his people: but his efforts proved unsuccessful. All the inhabitants of Soudaan deeply lamented the death of this truly great man, who was not in "battle slain," but, to use Hamed's own words, "died of grief of heart, because he could do no more for his country than he had done, and because his efforts were not crowned with the success he looked

for." With his death the Kohlaan have partly given up their claims, and matters are in *statu quo*.

As the caravan now advances, it gradually, and almost imperceptibly, decreases. Many merchants remained in the Bornou empire, many in that of the Kohlaan; and now a good number settle in every town of the Fellaan, in order to trade, till the time for returning comes.

The first large city of the Fellaan is Kazouri, four days from Erdejee. Here the houses are built of brick, and the population, it is asserted, is equal to that of Tunis, viz. about 200,000. The city is surrounded by a wall of the same material as the houses. Three days more bring the caravan to Kanó, the largest and best market in Soudaan. Sickato, which is about twelve days' journey from it, is situated to the south-west. It is much larger than Kanó, and is the residence of the Salki, or Sultan; but, in point of commerce, it is not to be compared with the ancient pride of the Kohlaan, the Frankfort of Central Africa.

Siccato, or Soccato, is the capital of the Fellaan, and was built by them after their conquest of Ghoober, and Zamfra, about the year 1805. In the annals of African exploration it is remarkable as the place in which Clapperton breathed his last. The Salki, or Sultan Bello, the son and successor of Sheikh Othman, gave directions that the body of Abdallah Clapperton might be interred at Jungavie, a small village situated about five miles to the south-east of the capital.

The city of Kanó has a very large population. Its

houses are built of brick, and a wall of the same material, in very good condition, surrounds it. Neither this, nor any of the cities of Soudaan, possess large public buildings which deserve any particular attention. Even the residence of the Salki is only distinguished from the rest by its occupying a greater space. In point of construction and ornament, it is as rude as the dwellings of the rest of the inhabitants.

Before I proceed with Hamed Sagheer's additional particulars respecting Central Africa, it may not be amiss to lay before the reader an abridged account of the capital of the province of Kanó, in the words of Major Denham.

"Kanó," says that intrepid traveller, "is situated in latitude  $12^{\circ} 0' 19''$  N., and longitude  $9^{\circ} 20'$  E. (by dead reckoning, carried on from a lunar observation at Konka.) It may contain from 30,000 to 40,000 resident inhabitants, of whom more than one-half are slaves. This number is exclusive of strangers, who come here in crowds, during the dry months, from all parts of Africa; from the Mediterranean, from the Mountains of the Moon, from Sennaar, and from Ashantee. . . . The city is of an irregular oval shape, about fifteen miles in circumference, and surrounded with a clay wall thirty feet high, with a dry ditch along the inside, and another on the outside. There are fifteen gates, including one lately built up. The gates are of wood, covered with sheet-iron, and are regularly opened and shut at sunrise and sunset. . . .

"The *soug*, [sook,] or market, is well supplied

with every necessary and luxury in request among the people of the interior. It is held, as I have mentioned, on a neck of land, between two swamps; and as this site is covered with water during the rainy season, the holding it here is consequently limited to the dry months, when it is numerously frequented, as well by strangers as by the inhabitants; indeed, there is no market in Africa so well regulated. The Sheikh of the soug lets the stalls at so much a month, and the rent forms a part of the revenues of the governor. The Sheikh of the soug also fixes the price of all wares, for which he is entitled to a small commission, at the rate of fifty cowries on every sale amounting to four dollars, or 8,000 cowries, according to the standard exchange between silver money and this shell currency. . . .

“ The interior of the market is filled with stalls of bamboo, laid out in regular streets; here the more costly wares are sold, and articles of dress, and other little matters of use or ornament, are made and repaired. Bands of musicians parade up and down to attract purchasers to particular booths. Here are displayed coarse writing paper, of French manufacture, brought from Barbary; scissors and knives of native workmanship; crude antimony and tin, both the produce of the country; unwrought silk of a red colour, which they make into belts and slings, or weave in stripes into the finest cotton tobes; armlets and bracelets of brass; beads of glass, coral, and amber; finger-rings of pewter, and a few silver trinkets, but none of gold; tobes, tinkadees, and turban shawls; coarse

woollen cloths of all colours; coarse calico; Moorish dresses; the cast-off gaudy garbs of the Mamelukes of Barbary; pieces of Egyptian linen, checked or striped with gold; sword-blades from Malta, &c. &c. The market is crowded from sunrise to sunset every day, not excepting their sabbath, which is kept on Friday. . . .

“ The slave-market is held in two long sheds, one for males, the other for females, where they are seated in rows, and carefully decked out for the exhibition; the owner, or one of his trusty slaves, sitting near them. Young or old, plump or withered, beautiful or ugly, are sold without distinction; but, in other respects, the buyer inspects them with the utmost attention, and somewhat in the same manner as a volunteer scaman is examined by a surgeon on entering the navy; he looks at the tongue, teeth, eyes, and limbs, and endeavours to detect rupture by a forced cough. If they are afterwards found to be faulty or unsound, or even without any specific objections, they may be returned within three days. When taken home they are stripped of their finery, which is sent back to their former owner. Slavery is here so common, or the minds of slaves is so constituted, that they always appeared much happier than their masters; the women, especially, singing with the greatest glee all the time they are at work. People become slaves by birth, or by capture in war. The Felatahs frequently manumit slaves at the death of their master, or on the occasion of some religious festival. The letter of manumission

must be signed before the Cadi, and attested by two witnesses ; and the mark of a cross is used by the illiterate among them, just as with us. The male slaves are employed in the various trades of building, working in iron, weaving, making shoes or clothes, and in traffic ; the female slaves in spinning, baking, and selling water in the streets. . . .”

My informant, like all his countrymen, equally ignorant and equally prejudiced, told me that “Soudaan is peopled not only with Mohammedans, but also with Christians and Jews.” But when I came to examine him more closely on the subject, I found that he only meant to convey the fact, that besides his co-religionists, there were also to be found in Central Africa those who rejected the authority of the Koran.

The Moors' great contempt for every other religion has been the cause of their confounding the terms *Nassara*, Christians, and *Yehood*, Jews, with those of *Giohala*, heathen, and *Koffaar*, infidels, and regarding them as synonymous. Hence they declared, (and the Europeans residing in the various states of the African coast, have believed them,) that the interior of Africa was peopled by *Mussulmeen*, *Nassara*, and *Yehood*, Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews, instead of saying Mohammedans and Pagans. Their obstinate determination to remain in ignorance respecting the religion of other nations, prevented their making further inquiries. Multitudes of Africans disbelieve the pretensions of the prophet ; it matters, therefore, but little to the Moor how they are designated. A non-Moham-

medan may, according to them, be Jew or Pagan, Christian or infidel.

The Mohammedans of this part of Central Africa are generally extremely ignorant. They have no translation of the Koran in the vernacular dialects; and as even the priests scarcely ever know much more than how to read the original of what they believe to be a divinely-inspired book, it is no wonder that they are only acquainted with a few of the forms, and with much of the hatred towards others, which the religion of the Arabian prophet either sanctions, or even inculcates.

Polygamy is common in Soudaan; but besides the four wives allowed according to the Koran, the rich have as many as ten, and even twenty, concubines. During Hamed's stay of two months and twelve days at Kanó, he has often seen a father ride out with his "hundred, and even hundred and fifty children!" In the cities the people are dressed in tobes or large frocks of blue or white linen, and trowsers; but in the villages they generally go naked, except the married women, who wear a covering from the waist downwards.

The blessings of peace, even according to the Neftawee's account, are but seldom enjoyed by these sons of the desert. If war is not waged between nation and nation, then one city does so against another. What chiefly instigates them to hostilities is the temptation held out to them by the white men, either from one, or another part of the coast. Slavery is the cause of all the miseries and misfortunes of Africa. If the slave trade could be stopped,—if that awful traffic

could be abolished, murder and wholesale bloodshed would soon be supplanted by prosperity, peace and tranquillity; Africans would beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.

Pecuniary embarrassments, cupidity, and not unfrequently revenge, induce the chiefs and governors of one city to fall upon a neighbouring one, and enslave its often unoffending and innocent inhabitants. So-called Christians, on the southern and western coast, and the Moors from the other shores of Africa, are ever ready with goods, and money, to barter for the miserable captives.

Whilst Mr. Richardson was at Zindar, the Salki, or chief of that province, indulged in a *razzia*, for the simple reason, because he was pestered by his numerous creditors. The traveller witnessed the fruits of the *razzia* entering the city, and says, "There cannot be in the world—there cannot be in the whole world—a more appalling spectacle than this. My head swam as I gazed. A single horseman rode first, showing the way, and the wretched captives followed him, as if they had been used to this condition all their lives. Here were naked little boys running alone, perhaps thinking themselves upon a holiday; near at hand dragged mothers with babes at their breasts; girls of various ages, some almost ripened into womanhood, others still infantine in form and appearance; old men bent double with age, their trembling chins verging towards the ground, their poor old heads covered with white wool; aged women tottering along, leaning upon long

staffs, mere living skeletons ;—such was the miscellaneous crowd that came first ; and then followed the stout young men, ironed neck to neck ! This was the first instalment of the black bullion of Central Africa ; and as the wretched procession huddled through the gateways into the town, the creditors of the Sarkee [Salki] looked gloatingly on through their lazy eyes, and calculated on speedy payment.” . . . Between two and three thousand were brought in during the day, and Mr. R. was told “positively that the poor old creatures brought in with the other captives, will not fetch a shilling a-head in the slave-market. It is, therefore, a refinement of cruelty not to let them die in their native homes,—to tear them away to a foreign soil, and subject them to the fatigues of the journey, and the insults of a rude populace, and ruder and crueller slave-dealers. Many die on the road during the two, or three, days’ march.”

At the time Hamed was at Kanó, Tunis had not entirely freed its slave population. A decree, prohibiting the introduction of slaves, was then only in force, and yet the effect of this was *seriously felt* at the great fair of Central Africa. The trade was perceptibly affected by it. Only five hundred were brought by the caravan, with which the Neftawee returned, and those were all taken to the Tripoli market. If the abolition of slavery in one state on the African coast produced such an impression, what would the result be if other states could be induced to imitate the example of Tunis !

Slaves are procured in Soudaan, either in exchange

for the manufactures brought by the Moors, or they buy them with a small shell, called on the coast *wodra*, and in Soudaan kordi, or kory. They often give as many as 100,000 shells for one slave, when a good one ! The *wodra* circulates in Central Africa, like gold and silver coins with us. Camel loads are annually introduced by the slave-dealers, and other merchants, for which they not only obtain slaves, but elephants' tusks, gold dust, water bags of leather, skins of all descriptions, and native manufactures, Kanó dyed cloth, &c. &c. The chief business, however, is done by exchanging the manufactures of the coast for the productions, and manufactures, of Soudaan.

My friend did not find the climate of Soudaan, and particularly that of Kanó, so oppressive and insupportable, as one would imagine. This is the more to be wondered at, when we remember that there are swamps of some extent in the vicinity of this city, and that the dead are generally buried under the floor of the houses in which they lived. Major Denham mentions this circumstance also, and adds—" Among the commonality, the house continues occupied as usual ; but among the great, there is more refinement, and it is ever after abandoned. The corpse being washed, the first chapter of the Koran is read over it, and the interment takes place the same day. The bodies of slaves are dragged out of town, and left a prey to vultures, and wild beasts. In Kanó, they do not even take the trouble to convey them beyond the walls, but throw the corpse into the mcrass, or nearest pool of water."

Although the heat during six months of the year is very great, yet the remaining six are pleasant and agreeable. The rain during these is plentiful, and the country has a delightful, if not a charming aspect.

Hamed considers Kanó a very healthy place. On their journey several of the party died ; and death also carried off some of their animals. Hamed alone lost no less than eleven camels ! On the whole there is, for those professing the Mohammedan religion, more danger on the way to Soudaan from the climate, than from the natives. These are easily pacified by a few presents to the chiefs and Salkies.

From Damargo the country is pretty well cultivated. Rice and *drough* are found in great abundance, but wheat and barley very seldom.

The zoology and ornithology is very varied, but as my informant never made Natural History his study, he could furnish me with no details.

The Salki of each province, or district, has a standing army of infantry and cavalry, who are supplied with spears as well as bows and arrows, in the use of which they are very expert. The cavalry is mounted on good horses, which are plentiful in Soudaan.

Whilst at Kanó, Hamed was told that a tribe, which inhabits a district called Yamyam, are cannibals. A fellow-traveller assured him that he saw them devour a human body ; and he himself knew a boy of that tribe at Kanó, whose name was Barki, who confirmed the same. The boy was constantly longing for the

time when he would return to his native country, and feast again upon the flesh of his fellow-creatures !

I am here reminded of an instance of the basest kind of cannibalism, recorded by Shaw, and my reason for alluding to it, is to show the improvement, in spite of all obstacles, which has taken place in Mohammedan governments on the African coast, since the days of that learned traveller.

“In the neighbourhood of Tiffesh is the country of the Henneishah, who are not only a powerful and war-like, but a genteel and comely tribe. To them and their gallant commander, Sultan Booazeer, the Algerines, in their late war with Tunis, have been often indebted for a complete victory, or an honourable retreat. This gallant though unfortunate prince, in the late revolutions at Tunis, was, by the perfidiousness of his own father-in-law, Aly Bashaw, the present dey, most villainously betrayed and inhumanly murdered. And, what is more extraordinary, his body was afterwards given to his drunken Janizaries, to be made into cabab, and eaten ; which was accordingly done with great festivity and rejoicing.”

The journey to Kanó occupied Hamed nearly eighteen months. He went in six months, and remained about seventy days there, to accomplish his mercantile negotiations. In returning, the *kafila*, or caravan, employed nine months, owing to the numerous stoppages they made in various parts.

As in coming from Ghadames to Kanó, the *kafila* travelled almost all the way due south, so now in

returning they had to travel due north. The journey was but slightly varied. Instead of going to Kazowri, they proceeded to Kashna, which is three days from Kanó, and thence in four days they reached Tasawa, which is again four days from Selawa. From this place they continued the regular route.

My informant has, since my return, visited me several times at Tunis, and the following invitation, which he frequently pressed upon me, is literally his own :—

Wouldst thou, oh Nazarene, our land explore,  
 And Afric's burning desert traverse o'er?  
 I will conduct thee o'er its sandy main,  
 And bring thee safely to thy home again.  
 Fear not the Arab tribes' marauding band,  
 But trust thy safety to Mohammed's \* hand;  
 And, by the prophet, whose blest name I bear,  
 Hear me in sacred truth and honour swear—  
 No evil shall befall thee on thy way  
 From barb'rous men or rav'ning beasts of prey;  
 (But from the shafts of over-ruling fate  
 Who can defend? Yet truly God is great!)  
 Oft have I cross'd the desert's trackless wild,  
 And proved its dangers even from a child.  
 Yearly across its arid wastes I bear  
 A precious store of gums and perfumes rare:  
 Laden with ivory, a goodly spoil,  
 And dust of gold from Guinea's sandy soil,  
 My patient camels slowly plod along,  
 Their drivers carolling some Arab song.  
 Thus, month by month, in careless ease we stray  
 Along the same unbeaten lonely way.  
 No desert sons, so daring or so bold,  
 Lured by inordinary thirst of gold,  
 Have e'er my caravan by force assail'd,  
 And 'gainst Mohammed's powerful arm prevail'd.

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\* Mohammed is indiscriminately used for Hamed.

Fear not to range the Sahara with me,  
And in its native solitude be free,  
Far from the busy haunts of social life,  
Far from the crowded city's clamorous strife—  
Unburden'd from a load of vexing care,  
Thou'lt breathe a freer and a nobler air.  
Beneath thy tent at scorching heat of day,  
How sweet to while the tedious hours away !  
Or if, by unaccustom'd heat oppress'd,  
Thy wearied frame require a needful rest,  
No sound should break thy slumber's calm repose,  
No noisy tread the silent desert knows.  
E'en the low tinkling of the camel-bells  
Can start to life the timid wild gazelles,  
Whose slender limbs in matchless fleetness bound,  
Scarce touching in their course the yielding ground.  
From crag to crag they spring with easy grace,  
Or o'er the plain lead on the breathless chase :  
Fleet, fleet must be the goodly Arab steed  
That overtakes their swift, their lightning speed.  
Dost thou delight to join the huntsman's train,  
With buoyant heart to scour the boundless plain ?  
If so, a desert life can never be  
A dreary sad monotony to thee.  
Or, thou mayst be to contemplation given,  
And lov'st to read the starry vault of heaven ;  
None will disturb thy meditative mood  
In the lone desert's quiet solitude.  
There thou mayst view the glorious sun arise,  
Without a cloud to veil him from thine eyes,  
As when ascending from his ocean bed,  
His radiant light in rosy tints is shed.  
If in our wanderings evil should assail—  
If parch'd with drought our stock of water fail,  
Beneath the desert's dry and thirsty ground,  
Like glittering gems fresh crystal springs abound.  
Should these the anxious traveller's search evade,  
As the mirage his glowing hopes must fade,  
Onward in dire dismay he presses still,  
And silently resigns to fate his will.

When oft as every hope of life seems fled,  
His weary, wandering steps, by chance are led  
To where a little fountain, bright and clear,  
Beneath a shelving rock is rippling near.  
"Allah be thank'd !" he cries in wild amaze,  
As the fresh brook his parching thirst allays.  
Then onward wends his way renew'd in strength,  
And gains a green oasis spot at length,  
Where the light feathery palm her shelter lends,  
Whose golden fruit in richest clusters bends.  
Orange, and citron groves, perfume the air,  
And bright acacia sheds her odours rare.  
Yes, there it smiles beneath the moon's soft light—  
No false mirage deceives his gladden'd sight—  
Forgetful of the dangers of the past,  
He rests beneath a leafy shade at last.  
Close at his feet a murmuring streamlet flows,  
Lulling the weary wanderer to repose ;  
And, as the gentle winds his temples kiss,  
He dreams of Eden, and its bowers of bliss.  
Yes, God is great ! and by his power can bless  
The way-worn children of the wilderness.  
But, stranger, if thou'lt link thy lot to mine,  
No parching madd'ning drought can e'er be thine,  
For well thy proffer'd guide each fountain knows,  
From whose full eye the gushing water flows.  
Then, fear not thou to cross the trackless sand,  
But trust thy safety to Mohammed's hand—  
The desert's son shall guide thee o'er its plain,  
And bring thee safely to thy home again.

## CHAPTER XXII.

PREPARATIONS FOR LEAVING TOZAR—MY MOSLEM FRIENDS—A QUASI LORD MAYOR'S SHOW—PATRIARCHAL MIGRATION—ADVENTURE WITH BANDITS—THE PRINCE'S QUESTION—LIONS—BANDITS CAPTURED—A NARROW ESCAPE—A LILLIPUTIAN WELL-WISHER—BLIND ZEAL—THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA, AND MOSLEM FEASTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the love and attachment the Tozarians have for this charming oasis—and that it has much of beauty, and loveliness, about it, I readily bear testimony—still I was rejoiced to hear that we were to “strike tents” early the following morning (the 19th), and commence retracing our steps towards the coast.

“Paggy hawk'd nosegays about the streets,  
Till she hated the smell of roses;”

and, hence, no wonder, that I am satiated with the beauties of Tozar.

The intelligence of our approaching departure quickly spread throughout the town, and throughout the encampment, so that we were overrun with fastidious, as well as with agreeable visitors, who called to take leave of us. In the evening I had an interview with my amiable and ever-smiling friend, the Cadi of Nefta,

who, among other things, desired to know the manner in which Christian public worship was conducted.

“Do you pray towards any given point—do you have many prostrations?” he asked.

“Christians are not agreed upon such things, since *Saidua Aisa*, ‘our Lord Jesus,’ has left us no positive directions, for our regulation, upon matters relating to external forms.”

“Then, I suppose,” the Cadi said, “you have no uniformity in your public services: and does this not lead to contentions among you?”

“It certainly does among weak-headed people.”

“We have a *canoan*, (canon,)” resumed the Moslem teacher, “relating to the manner in which, and the direction towards which, prayer is to be offered, as also about our bowings and prostrations; and some of our people think certainly more of these, and are more zealous about them, than about *kalb safee*, the pure heart, which, after all, God principally regards. Verily I agree with you that weak-headed people will alone cavil about such things. I was pleased with the words in the *Angeel*, Testament, that things which go into the body do not defile men.”

It was most pleasing to hear the Cadi speak so sensibly. He thankfully accepted a present of several Arabic religious, geographical and historical, publications, printed some years ago at the Church Missionary Society’s press, at Malta. These he promised carefully to peruse, and likewise offered to transmit any books, or pamphlets, on religious or scientific subjects, to any

part of the desert. Pressing my hand, he said, with strong emphasis, "You know how well I am known, and I will gladly employ all my influence in your favour, and assist you in enlightening my countrymen."

Owing to the flight of Ibrahim Ben Aoon, the Cadi is *de facto* the governor of Nefta, although Sidy Saleem has nominally obtained the title of provisional Caid, or Kaid, of Tozar, Wodiān and Nefta. They are to act in concert in administering the affairs of these districts.

Before my amiable friend left me, his coadjutor, Sidy Saleem, joined us. He likewise came to bid me adieu, and to remind me of the present of books I had promised him. For these two men I have formed a real friendship, and they invariably supplied me with proof that it was reciprocal. The last words of the Cadi (who gives naturally vent more readily to his feeling than Sidy Saleem) I shall ever remember, as they are so characteristic of the man. "I know not what it is," he said, "Moslems and Nazarenes are not wont to harmonize: their friendship is more that of the cat and the mouse, or of the lion and the lamb; but we seem knit together, yea, one soul appears to inhabit our two bodies. I feel, O my friend, that I could do anything for you; yea, I could even die for you!"

"Verily, my Lord Cadi," exclaimed Sidy Saleem, "you have expressed the very sentiments which animate my own heart. But," the governor continued, "let us not indulge in this, lest we should be found giving vent to our feelings after the manner of women.

Look at this, my friend," [here he pulled out of his pocket a bundle of Arabic papers and handed them to me,] "which is a proof of the success of your exertions on behalf of the negro race. This will be more acceptable to you than our professions of sincere friendship, of which, I know, you entertain no doubt."

I opened the papers, and, on examination, found them to be thirty-two *Atkaas*, "tickets of freedom," or deeds of manumission, for as many slaves, just signed and sealed by the Prince.

19<sup>th</sup>. By nine o'clock this morning, our portable city had disappeared, and its inhabitants, gay and cheerful, were again on the move. The better portion were mounted on their reposed and well-fed horses, and dressed in their best garments. In passing through Tozar, these exhibited their equestrian feats, and showed off, to the best advantage, their richly embroidered *caftans*, polished weapons, elegant saddles, and the expertness of their fleet horses, which were constantly prancing, neighing, and rearing, before the admiring congregated population of the Oasis. With the exception of the gaudy carriages, which were certainly wanting, and other local pageantry, the Tozarians had this day as great a treat, as the Londoners have on a Lord Mayor's\* show; for, amidst the bustle and confusion, we had here, also, a pompous, grave, and solemn procession, consisting of the Prince, his ministers,

\* A friend lately directed my attention to the etymology of this name, and I certainly agree with him as to its probable derivation from *Ameer* "prince" The letter *a* being dropped, the affinity is obvious enough.

and the aristocracy in his suite. The air, too, was rent by the shouts and acclamations of an admiring mob, by the *exquisite* music, accompanied by "the mysterious blast"—by an incessant discharge of musketry, and by the shrill and piercing warblings of the lo-lo-lo-los of the *fair sex*.

But all this only continued for about one mile. As we came upon the heavy sands, the immense crowds gradually decreased, their shouts became more faint, and, in the course of a very short time, they all fell back, their noises ceased, and our march assumed its accustomed aspect.

The day was truly lovely, and though the sun shone in all his brilliancy and effulgence, we were not inconvenienced by the heat. The weather was so delightful, that, after a few miles' ride, one of my fellow-travellers and myself dismounted near a few palms—the outskirts of the forest—in order to watch the march of the vast body of the expedition. As we lay upon the fibres of the date-tree, we had behind us Tozar's

" —Valleys and their fruits of gold,  
Basking in heaven's serenest light;—  
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending  
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads;"—

and before us, a vast panorama of costumes, and characters, which forcibly reminded us of the account of the wanderings of the Children of Israel in the Wilderness, of the armies of the Saracens, and of the martial expeditions of Abdallah, Okba, and other

emissaries of Mohammed. But small detachments of our camp had a particularly picturesque appearance.



As they passed before us, they seemed like dioramic representations of the journeyings of the Patriarchs of old; and, no doubt, such must have been their manner of wandering, for Abraham and the other Patriarchs "had sheep, and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels," and when they "removed their tents," thus was their mode of journeying to another place, where their "dwellings" were pitched again.

On reaching H'sheshena, which is three hours' distance from Tozar, we found our tents already pitched.

In the evening, Hamed Sagheer, the Arab from Soudaan, arrived. He has a number of camels laden with merchandize from Kanó, which he takes to the

Tunis market. I again invited him to make my tent his home during the journey, which invitation he thankfully accepted. But after leaving me for a short time, to look after his camels, he returned to inform me, that his younger brother had just arrived to inform him, that one of his family, respecting whose safety he had entertained very serious doubts, had at length reached Nefta, with gold dust, elephants' tusks, and ostrich feathers, the disposal of which required his immediate presence at his native town. He begged me to transfer my kind offer to his brother, who takes charge of the goods intended for Tunis, which I readily did. His brother is a fine tall Arab, and, though only twenty-five years of age, has performed three journeys to Kanó. Hamed Sagheer left at once for Tozar.

20th. Seven hours' ride brought us again to Corbata, where we encamped, near the "bitter river," but with a good supply of fresh water from H'sheshena, which was brought here upon horses.

I learnt that a number of stragglers, belonging to the camp, were yesterday attacked, robbed, and stripped, by a band of robbers, who appear to be following in our track. Sidy Ismaain, in chasing some gazelles, was accidentally separated from the rest of the sportsmen, and in his attempt to rejoin them, he had to cross a mountain not far from us. On the summit, within a hollow, he suddenly discovered a party of about twenty Arabs, armed to the teeth. These attempted to rush upon him, but he drew his pistols, which made them desist. The fear that the report of

the pistols might lead to their discovery and apprehension, was probably their motive for allowing my friend to depart unhurt. They were so placed, Sidy Ismaain told me, that whilst they could observe all our movements in this plain, we cannot see theirs. They have a number of loose stones placed upon one another, and through their chinks they survey the whole district, and thus select their prey.

The Prince did not think it prudent to take immediate measures to secure these bandits; but he has a plan which will, undoubtedly, lead to their capture.

Wherever the Arab is to be found, he appears to be the same, whether in his lawful or unlawful occupations. When Sidy Ismaain had finished the account of his adventure, I told him that something very similar had occurred to me, during my travels in Palestine.

"Well, let us hear your adventure," he replied; and, as all present insisted upon my relating it, I had no alternative but to gratify them, and here it is:—

"I formed the tenth of a party travelling in the inland parts of the Holy Land, winding our way, amidst the hills, towards the sea-coast. The day was exceedingly sultry, and we were all anxious to inhale the refreshing breeze of the sea. We pushed on as fast as several very poor horsemen would permit, in whose company I was obliged to keep for mutual protection, owing to the insecurity of the road. But as soon as we caught, from an eminence, the first peep of the '*great water*,' tired and fatigued, owing to our slow and wearisome progress, I separated from my party, and galloped off, thinking

we had passed all danger. But, about half an hour from the coast, I observed a green hill, which had such a lovely appearance that I was tempted to ride up to its summit, hoping to enjoy from thence a charming prospect. I rode up, and, to my great surprise, I found there, within a regular artificial cavity, about ten Arabs, whose aspect was most terrific, and all about them plainly indicated their base profession. Their guns, pistols, swords, and yatagans, lay beside them; and their horses, though ready saddled, were tethered, and their heads were fastened low down, so as to prevent their being seen by the unwary traveller below.

“I must confess, I was alarmed at this sight; but I at once resolved not to manifest any symptoms of fear, and put on a careless and very friendly exterior. My mottled grey was certainly very fleet; but fleetness in a steep descent, you know, is of very little avail, so I put my confidence in God, and awaited the result.

“No sooner did they perceive me than, as if by instinct, several grasped hold of their arms, but continued to remain in their lounging posture on the ground.

“‘What do you want here, you Nazarene dog?’ growled out one of the bandits.

“I feigned not to hear him, but gave them the Salaam in full. ‘Peace be with you!’ I said; and added, ‘Peace be upon all those who follow the true direction!’

"They looked at each other, and all in turn stared at me, as if quite bewildered by my apparent indifference, and ignorance of their profession; and then one, and another, and another responded, *Assalaam*, 'Peace.'

" 'This is a lovely spot you have selected for your repose,' I remarked, at the same time carelessly patting my horse.

" 'It is,' replied one, as he rose to approach me; 'it is a fine spot,' he repeated, at the same time laying hold of the bridle of my horse, which he examined with a degree of curiosity.

" Without betraying any symptoms of fear, I put my hand on his shoulder; and, asking his name, I addressed him,—

" 'My friend, how long do you think it will take me to reach the sea from this spot?'

" He had scarcely uttered 'Half an hour,' when another of the fraternity vociferated, 'Nazarene! you speak the African dialect; have you been in Africa?'

" 'I have, my friend,' I replied.

" 'And are you not afraid to find yourself in our midst?' he continued.

" 'Are you not Moslem Arabs?' rejoined I; 'and wherefore should I fear you?'

" 'Then, if you are not afraid, I advise you to depart in peace;' and several exclaimed, *Bissalameh*, 'in peace!'

" I gladly took the advice, and, when I reached the

open road, I met my party, whom I expected to entertain with my own adventure ; but, poor creatures ! their agitated appearance indicated, too plainly, some mishap of their own. Three of the gang had met them, who gave several signals to the body of the troop on the hill ; but as these were left unheeded, (no doubt, in consequence of their being occupied with me,) the bandits allowed them to pass on unmolested. When I related my story to my friends, they suddenly became excellent horsemen ; and increased their speed to such a degree, that we were able to pitch our tents in a couple of hours near the walls of Tyre, which, under other circumstances, we could not have accomplished in double that time."

" Well, *Arfi Davis*," exclaimed *Sidy Ismaain*, as soon as I had finished, "you know the character of the Arab, and this knowledge probably saved your life."

My audience fully concurred in the opinion expressed by my friend.

The company gradually dispersed, and I remained standing at the "*door*" of my tent, from whence I perceived the Prince walking towards me, holding a large piece of stone in his hand. I went forward to meet him ; and, as I approached him, his Highness said,—

" *Arfi Davis*, I come to ask you a question. Here is a mass of stone which I broke off from yonder high mountain. In the stone I see embedded a variety of shells, which, of course, are natives of the sea. I have seen there many a good deal larger. Now, is this not

a proof that the desert, or at least portions of it, have formerly been sea; and may not the Neftaweens be right in their belief, that the ark of Saidna Noach [our lord Noah] rested, after the waters of the deluge had subsided, on the site where their present city is built?"

"There are very learned Christians," I replied, "who quite concur in your Highness's opinion, that portions of the Sahra may formerly have been sea; and, if we survey even the expanse of country over which we travelled to-day, does it not look very much like an enormous bed of the great deep? It is, therefore, very probable that, in addition to the great rains, an elevation of the bed of the 'Sahran sea' took place, and, consequently, a clearance of its waters followed. This was probably effected by submarine convulsions, produced by volcanic agency. Of such action we have sufficient proof in the remaining volcanoes of Truzza, &c. Hence it is that we find shells, fish, and zoophytes, embedded in the rocks on the summit of mountains, which in the course of ages have become perfect petrifications. The waters, thus cleared from ancient seas, have contributed to submerging all inhabited districts, and thus was brought about the destruction of the impious antediluvians. But, whilst I may be inclined to agree with your Highness on this point, I must confess I see no proof even for the probability of the Neftaween tradition."

"God is great!" exclaimed the Prince. "What you say," he added, "is reasonable. What proofs we have

of the truth of the teaching of the prophets and apostles of God ! There is neither power, nor might, but with the Omnipotent."

The hour for administering justice having arrived, the Prince had to leave me.

On the 21st, we encamped at Cafsa, and on the 22d, at Sweenyah ; and, every one of these days, numbers of the stragglers of our party were attacked and plundered by the band of robbers which is dogging our track. But to-morrow, it is confidently hoped, they will be taken in the trap prepared for them.

23d.—After seven hours' ride, we encamped at Beer-elhafai. Our sportsmen came in laden with sixteen gazelles, which they shot to-day. Soon after, a party of Farasheesh Arabs arrived with a present, for the Prince, of three beautiful young lions. Apparently they were only whelps, of about four months old, but they exhibited the ferocious instinct of full-grown animals. They were brought in rudely constructed wooden cages, fastened upon mules. In removing the cages, the Arabs had the precaution of running a long pole through, the ends of which gave them a safe hold, and enabled them, without danger, to place the lions before the tent of the two ministers. They now proceeded, apparently in a most clumsy manner, to fasten thick chains round the cubs' necks, in which operation they likewise, to my great astonishment, succeeded, without the least accident happening to any of the Arabs engaged. As soon as the ends of the chains were fastened to long iron bars run into the ground, the cages were broken, and the lions

were freed from their confinement. And now they commenced bounding, leaping, and roaring, which greatly terrified the spectators ; but, on discovering that their efforts for liberty were fruitless, the noble young animals relinquished all further attempts, and, after a few minutes' exertion, submitted to their fate. They crouched down, but eyed their captors, and the other spectators, fiercely, now and then lashing their sides with their tails. This they occasionally did with velocity, accompanied by a roar expressive of their indignation at the humiliating position in which they found themselves.

One of the Farasheesh addressed me,—

“ Have you lions in your country ? ”

“ The lion,” I replied, “ is not a native of my country, but we import some few for exhibition.”

This surprised him so much, that he laughed heartily, and turning to his companions, he exclaimed—

“ *Ma andhom sayoda fe bladho !*—There are no lions in his country.”

All expressed their astonishment on hearing of a country in which there were no lions !

I was amused at their simplicity, and after listening to their repeated ejaculations of Allah ! Allah ! ( “ God ! God ! ” ) in amazement, I asked them in return,—

“ How did you take these lions ? ”

“ We watched the gold-coloured \* parents,” replied one of the party of huntsmen, a sturdy young Farasheesh of about twenty-five ; “ and, having succeeded in shortening their days, by means of a few bullets, we dug a

\* One of the numerous names the Arabs have for the lion.

deep pit in the vicinity of the den, which we covered with a mat, carefully strewed over with sand. Upon this we placed a large piece of lamb, which is regarded a dainty dish with the Sultan of the Sahara. These *sweet creatures* were successively attracted by the bait, and scarcely were their teeth in contact with it, than they found themselves within the trap. They were then easily secured by means of nets, ropes, and long poles. This is the way in which we take lions."

"Do you ever tame lions?" I asked again.

"No, we never do," he rejoined, "as the chief pleasure and amusement is in killing them."

At Tunis, near the stables of the reigning Basha, I have seen, within a large place expressly built for the purpose, some of the finest specimens of lions. They were certainly not well attended to, and, hence, they scarcely ever completed a year's confinement. The den was but seldom cleaned; and, on expostulating, on one occasion, on this subject, with the keeper, he replied:—

"What! will you have these unbelievers better attended to than they are? Go and see the prisons of the faithful, and tell me whether these Jews, these infidels,—cursed be the father of their grandfather!—are not kept as princes compared to them. These dogs,—these pigs—have meat and water daily, and that is more than most of the true believers have! It is a sin to feed them at all!"

In vain did I attempt to convince *the true believer* of his mistake. My efforts to instil into him the principles of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals,

he only scorned. I greatly regretted this, and that chiefly on account of one, a most majestic animal. When he raised himself, he stood fully four feet high, and it certainly was the most noble creature I ever saw. Though in the midst of filth, when he shook his shaggy mane, he appeared to express his superiority, not only over the brute creation, but even over the *true believer*, who, with his iron bar, now and then, vented his fury and rage upon his royal captive. As I pleaded for my favourite, I inadvertently approached too near the iron grating of his den, when he suddenly bounded forward and uttered a most terrific roar, making at the same time an attempt to place his enormous paw on my shoulder. I was startled, and so was the Arab. "Do you now see," the keeper exclaimed, "the faith of this pig, this Jew, this unbeliever! *Istaghfar Allah!* Pardon O! God. Will you still trust an infidel, and plead on his behalf? I trow not." As he uttered these last words, he commenced goading the lion with his bar, which all my entreaties failed to check. I left this disgusting scene, and a few weeks after I heard that that noble brute was dead!

In "A Letter in Answer to divers curious Questions" concerning Africa, written nearly two hundred years ago, we find the following about lions.

"Having obtained from the Arabs a couple of whelps, a male and female, they, after two or three years' keeping, were so tame, the writer says, "that they went up and down our Douane, or the Christian's Warehouse, amongst our antelopes, and such other

creatures. The male lion was so familiar, though a great one, that he often came and lay with me; and once did me very good service: for, on a moonshine night, some Arabs who lay within the enclosure of the Douane, came up into my chamber, with a design to have robbed me; but as soon as they saw a lion lying by me, they ran away, crying out one to another, *Endhu Seba*, 'There is a lion.' This my landlord, Mr. Amabricq, told me, who accidentally was out of his chamber, and seeing my door open, and hearing the Arabs say this, he came in, wakened me, and told me what had happened. The male lion was very affable, but the lioness was mischievous. Once she hurt a little Moor, and complaint was presently made to the governor, who took them away from me, and put them between four walls, but not long after, there fell great rains, which flung down the walls, made only of mud, and in the night time the lions got out, went into a stable which was open, over against the king's palace, and being almost famished, they made great slaughter amongst the horses and mules. This made so great a noise that the whole town was alarmed, every one ran to his arms, and thus my poor lions were killed. Once, as we were hunting the wild boar, four or five leagues from Safy, we were all surprised that our horses made a stand on the sudden, and the dogs crept under the horses' legs. We presently cried out one to the other, 'Certainly there is a lion hereabouts,' and, in truth, we were not a little affrighted to see one pass by us within fifteen or twenty paces of us. He stood still

to view us, and seeing we stirred not, he walked on very stately. He was higher than any of our horses, and marched with a most majestic gravity, swinging about in a most terrible manner his great tufted tail. We knew the nature of a lion is not to suffer any either to fly from him, or to attack him, for whoever doth, in three leaps he most assuredly seizes upon him, wherefore we durst not shoot at him, and to fly from him was impossible, for the most courageous horses tremble like a leaf at the sight of a lion." The Farasheesh Arabs told me that nothing so terrifies the lion as the voice of a woman. "Let a woman begin to scream, and the lion is instantly off," are the words of my informant; but the writer of this letter heard from other Arabs, that whenever they met with lions in the fields, coming towards them, "they took their turban, which is a stripe of cotton or woollen cloth, about three or four ells long, and shaking it, turned it about in the air like a snake, and presently the lions run away, for a snake or viper is the only creature the lion is afraid of."

Here is a piece in perfect keeping with Gordon Cumming's Nimrodian exploits:—

"Mr. Anthony Caliron, of Montpelier, and Mr. Abraham Vauhybergen, of Rouen, both of whom were passionately fond of hunting, being informed that there was a pond, half a league from the sea-side, in the vicinity of which lions and wild boars used to lurk in the day-time, and in the night came out and went to drink at the pond; they agreed to go in the day-time and build a hut with the stones which lay near the

pond, and to lie therein all night, and kill these creatures as fast as they came to drink. This design succeeded so well, that they destroyed fourteen lions and wild boars, and flayed the greatest, and brought the skin of it into this city."

The writer concludes with the following extraordinary account :—

" I cannot leave off this discourse of lions till I have told you ~~one~~ story, which was related to me in that country by very credible persons.

" About the year 1614, or 1615, two Christian slaves at Morocco resolving to make their escape, they agreed to do it by night, and to travel all the night, and in the day-time to hide themselves in the tops of trees, that they might not be discovered by the Arabs, who would certainly have brought them back into slavery. They knew that the coast of the sea where Masagan is, lay from them just north, and that journeying northerly, they might in eight or ten days get thither, and that it would not be very difficult for them to carry, or find out, provisions for so short a time. According to their design, they escaped by night, and having travelled till day-break, they then climbed up into the top of a tree, where they passed the day but melancholy, being much troubled and afflicted to see the Arabs pass so frequently by them ; besides, as soon as it was known in Morocco that two slaves were run away, presently several horsemen went out in search of them. But, when night came, the two slaves continued on their journey till the next morning, and then, seek-

ing out for a tree to hide them in, they were astonished to see a great lion just by them, which walked on when they walked, and stood still when they stood still; observing which, they concluded that this was a safe-conduct sent them by God; and then they took courage, and travelled in the daytime in company with the lion; but the horsemen who went in pursuit of them, overtook them, and would have seized on them, but the lion interposed himself, which made the horsemen stand still, and, being astonished with admiration, let them pass on, as likewise did several others; for every day these poor fugitives met with some or other who attempted to seize them, till at last they got safe to Masagan, where the lion left them, and returned back, and the two poor slaves went into the town, relating this miracle, which was confirmed at Morocco by the Arabs, who returned from pursuing them; and the news of this was dispersed everywhere as a great and constant truth."

Our minds were still full of excitement about lions, and the Farasheesh huntsmen had not yet quitted my tent, when I observed some thirty or forty of our mounted troops enter the encampment, leading a number of prisoners, handcuffed, and secured to one long chain.

"Here is the band of robbers!" exclaimed one of my companions; "the villains have at last been taken; the Bey's plan has proved successful."

In a very few minutes we found this statement confirmed, and this is the way in which they were secured:—

As these ruffians were regularly lurking in our rear, and only attacked those who, from some cause or other, were unable to keep up with the main body of the expedition, the Prince ordered about forty soldiers, well mounted and armed, to secrete themselves in the dead of the night behind a hillock in the vicinity of the encampment, with instructions only to leave their post two hours after our departure. They were further ordered to march slowly, in one long line, so as to sweep the whole expanse of country over which we travelled, and, as they moved on, to keep a good look-out. To these orders the men strictly adhered, and the result was, that they caught fourteen of the brigands in the very act of plundering, and stripping, a small detachment of the camp. They made a desperate resistance, and, in the scuffle, about ten made their escape.

The prisoners, soon after their arrival, were ordered, without any preliminary trial, to receive the "introductory punishment," which, on the present occasion, consisted of 200 lashes each. They had then the iron collars fastened round their necks, and were attached to the rest of the criminals in our moveable jail, to be taken to Tunis for their final sentence.

Multitudes of the countrymen of these bandits came flocking into the encampment, among whom was also their Sheikh, who offered 10,000 piastres (about 300*l.*) for their release. But the Prince would listen to no such overtures, and dismissed the applicant with scorn and contempt. On the other hand, several officials proposed to his Highness to have one, or two, of the

offenders decapitated on the spot, as an example to the crowd of Arabs now in the encampment; which proposal was likewise rejected.

Towards evening the strangers were ordered to leave "the gate of our city." The form of expulsion (which consists of three or four *hambas* crying out, at the top of their voices, the words "*Barraneah barrah ! Strangers, absent yourselves !*") is daily proclaimed soon after sunset; but, on the present occasion, this ceremony was performed with greater vigour, and with one or two additional repetitions, followed by a rigorous search, to ascertain whether any cunning Arab had contrived to secrete himself in the tents. As none were discovered, the sentinels were ordered to their posts, with peremptory injunctions to be particularly watchful during the night.

Soon after the completion of this precautionary act, I visited the prisoners, and expressed to them my regret to see men apprehended for so base a crime; but they all protested their innocence, and entreated me to intercede on their behalf. Some even shed tears; but the index of the human heart—the countenance—too plainly indicated the nature of their profession; they were evidently accustomed to predatory excursions. There is truth in the aphorism—

"Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villany is not without such rheum."

No doubt exists of their culpability. Their guilt is clearly established, upon evidence so conclusive, that

they only aggravate their case by such base falsehoods ; besides, any attempt to get them off would be sure to prove unsuccessful. I spoke to them of the wickedness, and of the sinfulness, of their career ; but, when they found that I was not inclined to take their part, they met every one of my remarks by the summary of the prophet's doctrine of fate, "*Maktoob*,—It is so pre-ordained." Two of the freebooters were old men, being between sixty and seventy years of age !

On returning to my tent I narrowly escaped a serious accident, having nearly (owing to the intense darkness) walked into the midst of our juvenile lion party. I was only a few paces from them, when an under-growl from one of the cubs warned me of the danger.

24th.—Started this morning at six A.M., and encamped at Gilma at two P.M.

The morning was lovely, but, by ten o'clock, the weather became intensely hot. The time, however, passed away so pleasantly, that I scarcely noticed the heat. I found myself surrounded by a number of my migratory fellow-citizens, all of whom were strict Moslems, and manifested great zeal, and anxiety, to convince me of the truth of their faith. We were deeply engaged in discussing one of the dogmas of the prophet of Mecca, when a peculiarly shrill and squeaky voice chimed unexpectedly in, uttering these words :—

"Good morrow, Nazarene ; may you die in the true faith !"

"Thank you, my friend," I replied ; "may your words be verified !"

And the whole company repeated in chorus, "*Amen!*"

I looked round in search of my well-wisher, and found him amidst the crowd behind us, mounted on a short-legged, long-bodied little horse. The rider was as remarkable as his steed. Haj Abdallah—such was his name—was only about four feet in height; his features were peculiarly small, and on his chin and upper lip he had an apology for beard and moustaches. His head was surmounted by a conical felt cap, which gave him a most ludicrous appearance.



"Where do you come from, my friend?" I asked the Lilliputian stranger, at the same time reining in my horse, to enable him to come up to my side.

"I am from Tugurt, O Nazarene, and with the help of God I purpose visiting the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, agreeably to the injunction of the prophet; may the peace of God rest on him!"

"You have a tedious and long journey before you," I remarked.

"Yes," he rejoined, "but what ought not a man to do to ensure his everlasting happiness? With the help of God we can overcome all difficulties. Why, O Nazarene, do you not believe in our prophet?"

My reply to this question (which it is unnecessary to repeat here, having already given it elsewhere,) led to a prolonged religious discussion. Being so well protected, I was able to speak openly, and freely, on what I considered the errors of Mohammedanism. But though even thus situated, it is absolutely necessary to—

"Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes  
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.  
Why should I feel another man's mistakes  
More than his sickness or his poverty?  
In love I should; but anger is not love,  
Nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.

"Calmness is great advantage; he that lets  
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,  
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets;  
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire;  
Truth dwells not in the clouds; the bow that's there  
Doth often aim at, never hit, the sphere."

Mohammedans invariably provoke religious controversy, but are generally irritated when the issue is unfavourable to their creed. On one occasion I was

stopped by several Moslems, in a street, in one of the cities on the coast, who desired me to answer, "why I did not believe in Mohammed's divine mission?" A number of *true believers* were attracted to the spot, where I replied to the question without reserve, when a fanatical Dervish rushed forward, placed a loaded pistol to my breast, and furiously exclaimed—

"Dog! infidel! how dare you thus speak of the prophet of God? If I kill you, I know I shall forfeit my own life; but what does it matter? I shall reap a rich reward for having taken vengeance on an enemy of God, a hater of the prophet, and a despiser of the Koran. Beardless Caafer [unbeliever], do you thus revile our holy religion? By the head and beard of the prophet! if I slay you. . . ."

Providentially an Arab friend happened to be near, who snatched the pistol out of the frantic enthusiast's hand, and thus relieved me from my unpleasant position.

This incident reminds me forcibly of the following circumstance, recorded by Lord de Joinville, in his *Memoirs of St. Louis*:—

"The holy king," says Joinville, "told me, that during a great disputation at the monastery of Clugny, between the monks and Jews, an ancient knight happened to be present, who requested the Abbot of the monastery to allow him to say a few words, which, with difficulty, was granted him. The old knight, raising himself on his crutches, desired the most learned clerk and the first Rabbi of the Jews to come near him, which being done, the knight put the following question

to the Rabbi, 'Do you believe in the Virgin Mary, who bore our Saviour Jesus Christ in her womb, and then in her arms; that she was a virgin when delivered, and is now the Mother of God?'

"The Jew replied, that he did not believe one word of all this. The knight said, 'Very stupidly hast thou answered, and fool-hardy art thou; when, disbelieving all I have asked, thou hast entered the monastery and house of God, for which, truly, thou shalt now pay;' and lifting up his crutch, he smote the Jew such a blow on the ear, as felled him to the ground. The other Jews, seeing their Rabbi wounded, fled away, and thus ended the disputation between the monks and the Jews. The Abbot advanced to the knight, and said, 'Sir knight, you have done a foolish thing, in thus striking the Jew.' But the knight answered, 'You have committed a much greater folly, in permitting such an assembly, and suffering such a disputation of errors, for here are numbers of very good Christians, who might have gone away unbelievers, in consequence of the arguments of the Jews.' 'I therefore tell you,' continued the king, 'that no one, however learned or perfect a theologian he may be, ought to dispute with the Jews; but the layman, whenever he hears the Christian faith contemned, should defend it, not only by words, but with a sharp-edged sword, with which he should strike the scandalisers and unbelievers, until it enter their bodies as far as the hilt.'"

The diminutive pilgrim continued riding by my side,

and entertained me with a variety of particulars relating to the privileges he has in prospect.

The prophet, according to El Ghazali, said, that he who dies without performing this pilgrimage,\* may as well die a Christian or a Jew. The faithful, therefore, who have their health, and can afford it, try, at least once in their lifetime, to visit the holy place.

The Mohammedans have only three festivals, and one of these—the *Ed Elkabeer*, “the great feast”—is celebrated in honour of the pilgrimage to Mecca. The *real* pilgrimage commences two days before the feast, during which the pilgrims are obliged to go barefoot, and with only a blanket around them. On the second day they go to Mount Arafat, where they pray till evening, when they return in procession to Mecca. Arafat, the Mohammedans believe to be the spot where Adam found his wife, after having been in search of her for a considerable time. Their doctors teach, that when our first parents, and our great enemy, were expelled

\* There are “*four gates*,” as they are called, to Mecca, or places where the pilgrims meet, from whence they start, in a body, for safety's sake, to visit the Caaba, a building which the Mohammedans believe to have been erected first by Adam, and rebuilt, after the deluge, by Abraham and Ismael, in order to offer their devotions. The European and Asiatic pilgrims meet at Damascus; those from Africa at Cairo; the Persians and Chaldeans, and those from Mogul Tartary, at Bagdad; and those from Arabia and the islands of Iria meet at Zebid. Besides the spiritual benefits these poor deluded people fancy they receive for this trouble, they obtain the honourable title of Hadje, or pilgrim. The Hadjes wear red turbans, in order to be distinguished from the rest of the people.

from paradise, Adam fell on the island of Ceylon, Eve near Jodda, the port of Mecca, and Satan, as the reader will remember, on Mount Waslaat. After a search of 200 years, Adam found Eve on Arafat. This circumstance makes the mount holy.

On the first day of the feast the pilgrims, having changed their garb, proceed in a body to the valley Minan, where they sacrifice a great quantity of sheep, in commemoration of Abraham's offering up his son Isaac; or, as some of their commentators will have it, Ismael. After this feast, which lasts four days, all leave Mecca for their respective homes.

The sacrificing of sheep is not confined to Minan. It is practised by the Mohammedans all over the world. On the Ed Elkabeer, every house in Tunis had the appearance of a butcher's shop. Some families sacrificed as many as ten, and even twenty. The meat is distributed amongst the poor, no part, not even the skin, being allowed to be sold. They may eat it themselves, present it to their friends, or distribute it amongst the poor. Many hundreds, I may say thousands, were distributed by the Bey, besides a small sum of money, to each pauper. The Bey himself is present whilst the animals are being slain.

The Ed Elkabeer is also kept in commemoration of a few verses of the Koran, which Gabriel is said to have brought to Mohammed on this day. They commence with these words, and are found in the fifth Sura, and the fifth verse: "This day have I perfected your religion for you, and have completed my mercy upon

you, and I have chosen for you the Islâm to be your religion," &c. Commentators maintain that after this no positive, nor negative, precepts were given.

Whilst at Tangier,\* M. de Martino, the Neapolitan Consul, informed me of a peculiar custom, connected with this annual sacrifice, among the bigoted Mohammedans of that place. The victim *par excellence* is slain within a small mosque, near the town; "and no sooner," said my friend, "has the priest cut the throat of the animal, than a man is ready to throw it over his shoulders, and scamper off with it as hard as he can, in order to reach the great mosque before life is extinct. The road, from the place of sacrifice to his destination, is lined with spectators, who, with shouts and screams, sticks and stones, hurry the poor man on. In case he is prevented by a fall, or by some other accident, from accomplishing his mission, another is instantly prepared to take the charge from him, and submits to the same painful treatment. If he reaches the mosque before the death of the animal, a happy and prosperous year is looked forward to, by the whole population: but if life is extinct, some calamity is expected to befall them."

And here I may as well notice the other great Moslem festival, as I find the following account of the same in my *Tunis Notes*, relating to the year 1848:—

\* To Tangier the author was accompanied by his friend, Mr. A. Hall, of Camden Town, and to this gentleman's artistic skill, he is indebted for several illustrations.

The discharge of several cannons the night previous, informed us that the *Ramdhan* was finished, and that *Bairam* had commenced,—that the Moslems' fast was over, and that the feast had taken its place. This morning the faces of the "true followers" of the Arabian prophet assumed quite a different appearance; all was joy, good humour and affability. What a contrast to what they have been during the concluding days of this *holy* month! A cheerful countenance could not be found amongst them.

This festa, or the *Bairam*, (as it is also called,) commenced by a salute from all the batteries and forts. The gates of Bardo—the St. James's palace of the regency of Tunis—were then thrown open for the grandees of the country, to pay their respects to his Highness, for the representatives of the various governments, and for other distinguished visitors. The road to the palace was almost lined with officers and other officials, in their richly embroidered uniforms, which had a very imposing aspect, especially so as the morning was remarkably clear and beautiful. As we entered the gates, we found every lane crowded with people. Here was the serious Moor, the fierce Bedouin, the stately minister, and the grave Mufti; the Mohammedan, the Jew, and the Christian; the Turk and the European; the hat, the turban, and the skull-cap, all in confusion. Some were going in, and others coming out. Through this confusion we made our way, and then passing through several squares, we came to one larger than the rest, and beautifully paved with marble, decorated in the middle with a handsome

fountain. We were then shown into a waiting-room, the furniture of which was rather plain. Here we were given to understand, that owing to the indisposition of the sovereign he could not attend to all the ceremonies generally practised on such an occasion. He, therefore, only received the visits from the Consuls, and a few others, and that almost in a private way.

Had the Prince been well, he would have been seated on his throne, in state, surrounded by his principal ministers and officers, who, with the Caid and other authorities, would have been honoured with kissing their ruler's hand. An ancient custom of wrestling is also practised on this occasion. All this, besides some other ceremonies, were dispensed with, which caused very great disappointment to many.

This feast, which is called *Ed Essaghir*, or the small feast, (in contradistinction to *Ed Elkabeer*, the great feast, which takes place two months after,) is a recompense for the mortifications of *Ramdhan*.

It may seem very strange, that a religion like that of Mohammed should, after all, have a whole month of such mortification. What could have induced the prophet, who had no bounds to the gratifications of his own licentious desires, to impose such a heavy burden upon his followers? For although the rich are able to turn night into day, and so are less inconvenienced by the fast, yet the poor are serious sufferers, for they are obliged to get their living by the sweat of their brow, without mitigation or refreshment, and to bear the extreme heat of the sun, as in the revolution of

the lunar course it happens that the fast falls also in the midst of summer. They are not even allowed to take snuff. The fast commences as soon as the moon of the month Ramdhan is observed, which is welcomed and made known by the discharge of a cannon. They may eat all night, "till," the law says, "they are able to distinguish between a white and a black thread," when they must abstain from all food. At sunset a signal is given, either by hoisting a flag on the principal mosque, by discharging a piece of artillery, or by the cry of the Moadsan, or clerk, when nature may again resume her rights. Mohammed has only a very few words on this subject. He says: "O true believers, a fast is ordained you, that you may fear God; the month of Ramdhan shall ye fast, in which the Koran was sent down from heaven. Therefore, let him among you who shall be at home in this month fast the same month; but he who shall be sick, or on a journey, shall fast the like number of other days." (Koran, cap. 11.)

Such is Mohammed's reason for imposing so heavy a task on his followers; but, I think, it is more likely that, finding his religion ridiculed by the Koreish, the Jews, and the Christians, for allowing so many liberties without any restriction, for having so many privileges without mortifications, he came upon the expedient of *obtaining* from Gabriel a fast to stop the mouths of all gainsayers: and such he certainly secured, as we have already seen. The rigour with which this injunction of Mohammed is observed ought certainly to make Chris-

tians blush for the laxity with which they observe a religion which has its origin, not from man, but from the eternal Creator of heaven and earth. An open violator of this command of the prophet would be punished with instant death.

During the *Bairam*, or Ed Essagheer, very little business is done. The majority of the shops are closed, and the people are seen parading through the streets in their holiday clothes, which they continue to do for three or four days.

Thus much for Moslem fasts and festivals.

My newly acquired friend, and well-wisher, favoured me with this list of names of villages, which are comprised in his native oasis of Tughurt, or Tugurt:—Nizla, Sidy-Bo-J'naan, Sidy-Mohammed-Ben-Yehye, Ben Yeswed, Sidy-Bo-Azeez, Tisbust, Sidy-Ben-J'neo, Zowya, Bo-Aloj, Sidy-Baba-Sasy, and Libhad. "In this last place," he added, "resides our Sultan; may God prolong his days!" He moreover informed me, that at a place called Ghardayah, in the oasis of M'zaab, or, as it is usually written, Mczab, three days' journey S. W. from Tugurt, there are several hundred houses inhabited by Jews, whom he reported as being rather opulent.

On reaching the encampment at Gilma, the little pilgrim left me, having been invited to take up his abode in the tent of a silly dervish. His last benediction, like his first, was, "May you die in the true faith!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

A DISAPPOINTMENT — GILMA, OR THE ANCIENT CILMA — FAILURE OF SMEDA'S NAORA — VETERAN MOSLIM — HAMMAM TRUZZA — AN ADVENTURE — THE BATH — AFFRAY WITH SLAVE WOMEN — ARAB AMAZONS — A RUSSIAN TRAVELLER — PRIMITIVE MODE OF THRASHING — PECULIAR ARAB PHRASEOLOGY — WILD BOARS — ARRIVAL AT TUNIS — THE CITY OF TUNIS — CONDITION OF THE ARTS — MOSQUES, COLLEGES, AND SCHOOLS

MY French fellow-travellers had agreed with me to leave the expedition at Beer Elhafai, and proceed by Howsh-Elhaima and Howsh-Hamda to view the extensive ruins of Cassarcen, to the north-west of the first-named place. We then purposed to pass Howsh-Belawora, revisit Spaitla, and join the camp again at Truzza. But the Prince dissuaded us from carrying this plan into execution.

It appears that the fourteen robbers belong to the Farasheesh tribe; and it is asserted that "vast numbers" of that formidable and desperate clan are following in our wake, in the hope of rescuing their companions, not by means of force, (for that is utterly impossible,) but by stratagem. It is, therefore, believed that it would be dangerous for us to leave the expedition, as they might follow us, carry off one of our party, keep him prisoner, and release him only upon condition of having their countrymen restored to liberty. Thus, through this unfortunate affair, we are prevented from gratifying our curiosity to visit the extensive remains of the *Colonia*

*Scillitana*, called Cassareen by the Arabs, and memorable for the martyrdom of its citizens. We had no other alternative but to abandon our cherished project.

25th.—We encamped yesterday, as I mentioned in the preceding Chapter, in the district of Gilma, so named after the ancient Cilma, or Oppidum Chilmanense, the ruins of which we passed half an hour after our usual time of starting. In my manuscript geography, I find this notice of it :—

“Here are the ruins of a very large town, built on the side of a hill, at the foot of which are several square towers, pretty high but narrow; and the tops of them are covered, with doors to enter in. Within each tower, on the floor, there is a large square stone, about four feet high, and as many square, with a round hole about six inches in diameter on the top. The opening downwards widens considerably. The interior is ornamented by four statues; one with a lance, and the others with bow and arrows, and such like weapons. Here is also a rivulet of fresh water.”

The towers are still standing, and, no doubt, served to protect wells, or cisterns, which the inhabitants required, as the course of the rivulet might easily have been turned off in a different direction by an enemy. The statues have now disappeared. Besides these towers, there are here heaps of other ruins, as well as the area of a temple.

Here the Dreed tribe left the expedition; and Sidy Smeeda, who is likewise the Caid of the Farasheesh, made a last effort to obtain the release of the brigands. This zealous and pious Moslem is complete master of Arab intrigue. His head (to borrow the phraseology of

the country) is “a complete *Naora* ;” a metaphor taken from the ingenious machinery for raising the water, and applied to shrewd and clever actions, as well as to crafty and cunning plotting. Thus, a good diplomatist is said to be full of *Naoras*, by which is meant that he has no particular scruples to tell a falsehood, if his aim cannot be attained by plain and honest truth; or, that he possesses the qualification of making falsehood appear as truth. It is likewise applied to all those who persevere in getting money, honestly if they can, but by all means “get money.” In no case, however, is the *Naora* despised. On the contrary, it is considered complimentary to tell a man that he is perfect master of the art; and if any one had told my friend, the ruler of the Dreed and Farashcesh tribes, that no one has more *Naoras* (even in the worse sense of the phrase) than he had, he would have considered himself highly flattered.

Now, no one would, under other circumstances, have rejoiced more than Smeeda, had the Prince taken the advice of those who were for hanging the whole batch of marauders, the moment they reached our encampment, since some of his own kinsmen had been massacred by them. But Smeeda loved money, and honour too; and he was, moreover, exceedingly unpopular with the Farasheesh, having degraded the tribe by getting their own Caid deposed, and having his own son—a mere child—invested with that dignity. Hence, to ingratiate himself into their favour, he not only employed entreaties, and all possible tact, but offered large sums of money, to obtain the liberation of a band of robbers who have been a scourge to the country. All his efforts, however, proved unsuccessful, and the politic chieftain had to leave without having his desire gratified.

We continued our course, and pitched tents, after a ride of five hours, at *Ageb Elayoon*, or, as the spot is also called, *Swosena*, within the territory of the Slass tribe.

26th.—The Prince readily granted me an escort to visit the *Hammam Truzza*,—the hot vapour bath at the summit of Mount Truzza. Being out of reach of the Farasheesh, his Highness considered three men sufficient for my protection; but furnished me with a letter of introduction to the Caid of the Slass, to supply me with an expert guide, and to furnish me with everything I might stand in need of.

Before the encampment was broken up, I was already on my way to Truzza, which is thus described in my old MS. geography:—

“It is a very high mountain, having on the top a large opening, whence ascend hot vapours. It is used as a *bagnio* [bath], by placing wood over the hole, and a mat upon it. The bather places himself upon the mat, being well wrapped up. At the foot of the mountain there is a grotto. Some goats once entered it; and, when they came out, every one was surprised to find that their hair had turned completely yellow. Ali Bey ordered some people to explore this grotto, but they reported that it was interminable.”

We travelled in a north-north-westerly direction from Swosena, the country in some parts presenting a most beautiful appearance. We crossed over several dry beds of rivulets, and soon after the shallow *Waad Maalek*, or river Maalek. In three hours we came into the road which leads from Cairwan to *Blad Majer*, the territory of the Majer tribe, with whose character and governor the reader is already acquainted. We now kept in this

road, which lay amidst ravines; and, in a very short time, we reached the encampment of the Slass, in a lovely little dell, so sheltered by high mountains which surround it, that the sun's rays only tip these tents about mid-day.

Every eye of the inmates of the twenty-one Slass tents was fixed on me, as soon as I made my appearance in this lovely and secluded nook, the summer retreat of their governor. The tents were pitched in the form of a square, having that of the Caid—one considerably larger than the rest—in the middle. At "the door" of this tent we presented ourselves, and Belkasem, one of my men, dismounted, and handed to a rather morose looking old man the Prince's order, who, upon perusal of the same, desired me to dismount. I entered the governor's residence, and was informed by one of the attendants that his Excellency had gone to pay his respects to Sidy Mohammed Bey, but that the aged gentleman, his father, was ready to do all that the Caid himself could possibly have done for me. The *venerable* patriarch then desired me to be seated by his side, which I had no sooner done than he increased the speed with which he pronounced his *Allah Kabeer*, "God is great," and a host of other attributes of the Deity, whilst the beads on his rosary fell upon each, by his peculiar manipulation, in most rapid succession. His garments he likewise carefully tucked round him, so as not to be polluted by coming in contact with "an unbeliever." In short, he exhibited every symptom of labouring under the most morbid and dangerous complaint of fanaticism and bigotry.

The shrewdness of the old Moslem enabled him to discover, by my peculiar look, that his tactics were

both noticed and understood by me. He appeared a little embarrassed at this, from which, however, I soon relieved him, by breaking the silence with this remark :—

“ It is a great mercy that God has not left the judgment of his creatures to man. If you, my Lord Caid,” (so called by way of courtesy,) “ had to decide my fate, would it not be, ‘ Believe in *my* religion, or else die for your obstinate refusal?’ You are prevented from carrying out the inclination of your heart : but the Eternal One is omnipotent ; and yet, see how He spares us all, though it is palpably evident that all of us cannot be worshipping Him agreeably to his desire, since there is such a wide difference between us in religious matters. Does this not teach us that we ought to exercise forbearance towards each other, and never degrade ourselves by employing physical force to convince our fellow-creatures of the truth of our religious opinions ?”

The old man smiled ; and, turning to the Arabs standing by, he observed,—

“ By the beard of my father ! the Nazarene reasons well. Surely he is a *taleb Elm*, a student of science. But, Christian,” addressing himself to me, “ why do you not believe in our prophet ?”

“ And why do you not believe the religion I profess ?” I rejoined. “ I have read your Koran, as well as the books which form the basis of my creed ; but you have only read the Koran. You are a Moslem by accident, and not from conviction. Had your father been a Pagan, you would now have been as zealous for the adoring of images as you are for Islamism.”

Several of the bystanders laughed ; and Belkasem

put a stop to these polemics by telling the veteran Moslem, that every one who had attempted to convince me of the religion of the prophet, had been silenced by me. "Give us some food, my Lord," he added; "and let this my Arfi [master], who fears God, worship Him in his own way."

• But old Haj Mohammed Esboe was reluctant to be influenced by the advice of Belkasem; and, therefore, addressing me again, he said,—

"Nazarene, you want food; but what can I set before you, seeing we Moslems eat no *Chaloof*? and a meal without pig is not acceptable to you. Oh, what a sin to eat *Chaloof*!"

He, however, ordered coffee, dates, large dishes of milk, and small cakes. Whilst these were being arranged, I asked the old man how he could be sure, in a locality like this, of the right direction of Mecca, towards which "the faithful" are obliged to pray.

But, instead of answering, he put the question to me, "And how can you know it?"

"Very easily," I replied; and, taking out my pocket compass, I drew a line on the sand, and said, "Here, this is the direction of your *Cubla*."

The astonishment this produced is beyond all conception. "Verily," exclaimed the aged Slass, "ye Nazarencs are wise in all that relates to this world, which, indeed, is your Paradise; but, blessed be God, we have a jinnah [a Paradise] to come!"

Every one now crowded round me, and all were highly amused at the "obstinacy of the needle" in ever pointing to the north. A regular examination ensued. "Where is Cairwan?" "Where Gilma?" "Where Spaitla?" &c. was asked in rapid succession; and such

like questions were repeated, in order to be convinced that it was not mere conjuring, or guess-work, on my part.

Old Haj Mohammed Esboe,—the Slass patriarch, who, if he only dared, would gladly have employed the *arguments* of “blows and knocks,” to convince me of the orthodoxy of his faith—told me, the Slass tribe amounts to 20,000 souls. Sections of the tribe pitch their tents along the slopes of the numerous hills of the territory they claim as their peculiar heritage, being always careful to have a sufficient supply of water in the vicinity. The twenty tents, round that of the Caid, belong to his immediate relatives, and to the nobility of the clan, who are privileged to participate in the luxuries of this lovely, and secluded, retreat, where they have access to a most delicious spring of water.

Soon after I had partaken of the collation prepared for me, my guide made his appearance before the tent, mounted on a beautiful young bay mare, whose mane and tail were closely cropped. We joined him at once, and proceeding to the south extremity of Truzza, we hugged the mountain's base till we reached the N.E., where we came upon the path which leads to the *hammam*. About 150 feet we were enabled to ascend on horseback, but here I left the escort, and dismounted, making my way, with the guide, to “the mouth,” (which was about 100 feet higher up,) over heaps of loose stones. The opening was amidst immense bushes of prickly pears, and the heat which issued, as we approached these, was intense.

Before entering, however, I took a survey of the magnificent panorama stretched out before me, and though but little cultivation could really be espied, yet,

wherever I looked, the mountains, hills, valleys, and dales, presented a most charming and luxuriant appearance. To the N.E. we had the red-tinted and extensive plain of Elkera Elhamra, at the extremity of which rises the eccentric chain of the Waslaat Mountains; to the N.W., the Jebel Essarj (so called from its saddle shape), also the Jebel Kesra; and in the distant horizon loomed the lofty Jebel Barbaro, the inhabitants of which have, perhaps, given the name *Barbary* to the whole coast of North, and a portion of West, Africa. Three or four villages of *B'yoot Eshshaar*, "goat-hair tents," of detachments of the Slass tribe—varying from thirty to sixty in number—were likewise discerned from this eminence.

"God is great!" exclaimed my guide; "you Nazarenes can see much, and admire much, where we Arabs can see nothing. You have come to view the *hammam*, and here you spend your time in gazing at the bare country; why do you not enter into the bath?"

I obeyed, and entering by the rent in the rock, I commenced a most terrific descent, feeling my footing in the dark, at every step I took; and at every pace, I found the sulphur fumes, and intense heat, more oppressive. I was forced to hold a firm grasp by the numerous crevices, to prevent my slipping and tumbling into the burning regions below. What with fatigue, fear, and the effects of the suffocating atmosphere, I was on the point of retracing my steps, when a sound from beneath, like the roar of thunder, reached my ears, uttering, distinctly enough, the word *Merchababik*, "Welcome!" I remained motionless, except now and then painfully panting for breath, and, in order to brighten my vision, I closed my eyes. In this posture

I remained a few seconds, when the same voice, but in a much lower key, again addressed me.

"Nazarene," it said, "I see I have frightened you; but your sudden, and unexpected, intrusion has not less startled me. I sooner expected to see a *jin* [a demon] in this place than you, with your straw hat and tight pantaloons. Ha-ha-ha-ha! the idea of a Nazarene entering the bath of Truzza, and that without a guide! Ha-ha-ha-ha! Who brought you here?"

On opening my eyes, I could now faintly trace the outlines of the gigantic extinguisher in which I found myself, as well as the figure of an athletic Arab, stretched upon a platform, covered with straw, only three or four feet lower down.

"What sons of dogs!" he exclaimed, on hearing that my escort, and guide, had remained outside; and, shaking his head and clenched fist, he repeated the words, with the addition, "Cursed be the religion of the devil! they ought not to have suffered you to come down here alone."

A rumbling noise above our heads notified the approach of some party. We listened, and could hear an interchange of angry words, and at last, my name was called out, in a tone so loud, that it reechoed in the numerous fiery passages beneath, and was rebounded by the rocks above. But my reply instantaneously changed the altercations into a merry laugh.

By this time I could see more distinctly, and became also more accustomed to the heated and sulphur atmosphere. When the men neared us, I recognised them as my guide and Ali Ben Dādi Risky, a most amiable and agreeable soldier of my escort. This individual observing, from the place where I had left him

with his companions, an Arab strutting up and down before the entrance of the *hammam*, suspected some treachery, and, therefore, taking up his gun, he made his way to the spot. "But how surprised was I," the poor man said, with a degree of intense feeling, "to find that the Arab turned out to be no other than the guide. I expostulated with him on his act of imprudence, in allowing you to enter this dreadful place by yourself, but the simple fellow's reply was, that his instructions were, only to bring you to the *hammam*, and not to lead you down; however, I am glad to find you all safe." Here the guide chimed in, "I told you, you madman, (addressing himself to Risky,) that there was no fear of an accident befalling a Nazarene. Take him to *jehenem* [the lower regions], and he will find his way out even thence. I was once out with a number of huntsmen, in the vicinity of Susa, bent upon the destruction of wild boars, which committed great ravages in the gardens. In our party we had a Nazarene, who personated the daring and boldness of a dozen true believers. We were only out a short time, when we started two huge boars, whose appearance too plainly indicated that they had fed upon the fat of the land—upon the plunder of the faithful. In an instant we were at close quarters with them, but scarcely had we planned our mode of attack, when one of our horses was killed, and the rider nearly fell a prey to the rage of the gigantic brute, which was only diverted from its murderous purpose by a shot from the Nazarene. But the monstrous animal was only wounded, and now, with redoubled fury, turned upon his antagonist, who, being on foot, was unable to make his escape. His gun being unloaded, he threw it down,

and received the blow with a pistol in hand, the contents of which he quickly lodged in him, but was, almost the same moment, prostrated to the ground. The animal made several attempts to rip him with his ivory tusks, as he stood over the Christian, but staggered from the wounds and loss of blood, and, finally, fell upon him.

“A very similar combat took place in the same field, and at the same moment, between the other boar and a Moslem, but with very different results. We feared to fire at the boar with which the Christian was struggling, lest we should lodge a ball in the man’s head, and which might have implicated us in a charge of murder. But from the relatives of the Moslem we had no such fears, and therefore we fired at the animal, which was digging its tusks into him in a most frightful manner. We succeeded in drawing his rage in a different direction, and, almost immediately after, in killing him too. But, marvellous to relate, when we removed the gigantic boar from the Nazarene, he jumped up, and only complained of a slight bruise on his left arm, which he had received in his fall; but on approaching the Moslem, we were shocked to find that the infidel hog (cursed be the father of his grandfather!) had completely ripped his life out of him. Strange are the ways of Rūbby [the Lord]! the unbeliever, who appeared to be in the greatest danger, was unhurt, and one who confessed that ‘there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet,’ was killed!

“Leave Nazarenes, I tell you, O true believers! to themselves; there is no fear of accidents befalling them.”

The loquacious, but simple, guide was on the point of

illustrating his conduct by another example, to which, however, I declined listening, owing to the oppressive heat and incessant sulphur puffs. I made another attempt, and descended about ten feet lower, but here I could only remain a few seconds; and, in retracing my steps, when I came to the platform on which lay the good-natured Arab, who had given me such a roaring welcome, I was surprised to find the place now quite chilly, and felt almost reluctant to venture into the open air. But the copious perspiration to which I had been subjected produced such a raging thirst, that I was constrained to hurry out in search of water.

The bath is a luxury in which the inhabitants of the cities indulge very much. There are both public and private baths; these may differ in their ornaments and dimensions, but do not vary in their models and structure.

The bath consists of three apartments; the first is a large hall, where the people dress and undress; the second is a well-heated room, where the bather, after remaining a few minutes, gets into a very great perspiration, and so prepares himself for the third, which is the real bathing-room. The bath itself is a large stone, or marble cistern, big enough to receive a man lying in it at his full length. Of these cisterns, in public establishments, there are more or less. They are supplied with water by several pipes, conducted through the walls. The bath-men or women, according to the sex of the bathers, attend, wash, rub, and dry them with surprising dexterity and art, suppling and stretching the joints in such a manner, that one who undergoes this operation for the first time would fancy that his bones are being dislocated. The bather is supplied

with bathing-clothes, which are usually of blue and white checked cotton. When finished, he returns to the first room, where he reposes himself upon a divan, partakes of a cup of coffee or lemonade, and then makes room for new bathers.

It was now about eleven o'clock, and though my thermometer in this elevated spot stood at 100 degrees Fahrenheit, I was shivering with cold, and therefore ran whenever this was practicable, in order to keep myself warm. When we reached our horses, I desired two of my men to make all possible speed, and procure a supply of either water or milk. They at once leaped into their saddles, and started. Risky likewise mounted his horse, and led mine by the bridle, whilst I continued my way down into the plain on foot, shivering from cold, and parched with thirst.

On reaching the base of Truzza I mounted my horse, and was rejoiced to find a Slass encampment at a short distance from us, and my two men already within it. I hastened towards the tents, overjoyed in prospect of speedily slaking my feverish thirst in a copious supply of goats' milk. But the sudden striking of several of the dark tents, and the handling, in a threatening attitude, of poles, pitchforks, &c., greatly damped my spirits, for hostility was too apparent. I urged my horse on, and when I approached the encampment I was surrounded by a number of women, children, and a few old men, who ordered me instantly to depart. I was amazed at this conduct, and addressed my assailants thus:—

“Are ye Arabs—and is this a specimen of the proverbial Arab hospitality? I send for a little milk or water, and am ready and willing to give you more than

the equivalent in money, and is this the reply you give to us? Could you have given a worse reception to your openly declared enemies? I will go hence, and relate your conduct to neighbouring tribes, which will constitute you as a base monument of Arab degeneracy! Let us depart!”

I turned my horse's head, at which my messengers appeared remarkably glad, and galloped off in very high glee, whilst Risky and myself followed at a mere walking pace, the latter whispering into my ear, “You perceive, I can see, that there is *cheela* [treachery] at the bottom of this affair.” But scarcely was I able to notice this remark, when my horse was surrounded by some thirty, or forty women, some of whom grasped my bridle, and others, holding my legs, shouted as loud as they could—“You shall not leave a Slass Dowaar [village] with such impressions.” And one dame, more zealous for the honour and dignity of the clan, thus expostulated with me:—

“Cursed be the religion of the devil! No, O *choya* [brother], may God spare you! Depart not hence with such sentiments of the Slass. Do you want milk? say so, and you shall have enough to bathe in it. Do you want food? the fattest kid shall instantly be slain, to satisfy your hunger. Do you wish to stay here? the best of our tents shall at once be prepared for you. We will supply you with the best gifts of Rubbi [the Lord]. These base scoundrels asked neither for milk nor for water, but attempted to extort money from us, pretending that you, my master—a friend of the Prince, (may God lengthen his days!) had commissioned them to do so. But from what you have said, it is apparent that a lie proceeded from their mouth.”

Before the woman had quite finished the defence of the Slass tribe, the two soldiers returned, and were assailed by a succession of volleys of abuse. Every opprobrious term, found in the voluminous Arab vocabulary, was heaped upon their heads. The air was rent by shouts, and curses, from the lips of the daughters of the Slass.

Tranquillity being at length restored, large bowls of excellent milk were brought, for which they would accept no remuneration.

An attack from Arab Amazons is not so easily repulsed as some of my readers may feel inclined to believe. On the present occasion my intercession had the desired effect of mitigating their vehement rage, else, I verily believe, the two soldiers, on their return, would have met with a worse reception. I speak from experience. When, as a mere lad, I first landed on the North African coast, every turban, camel, and tent possessed a wonderful degree of romance for me. A camel had previously always been associated in my mind with the Zoological Gardens, and turbans, and tents, with the patriarchs, and the wanderings of the children of Israel through the wilderness. The stage of A.D. 1838 seemed to me metamorphosed into A.M. 2000; and things I had previously regarded as a kind of romance—belonging to a very different period—were here real life, and in daily practice.

A day or two after my landing, I rode out to view the surrounding country, and was rejoiced to espy, a mile from the town, a few Arab tents. To these I shaped my course, and on reaching them, I was quickly surrounded by a number of Arab women, and a score or two of urchins, quite unencumbered by gar-

ments. They roared out a host of sentences quite unintelligible to me, (as I was then quite ignorant of the Arabic language,) but their pantomime soon explained the nature of their demands. The little money I had in my pocket was quickly distributed. I made signs that such was the case, but this by no means checked their importunities. On the contrary, being addicted to telling falsehoods from their very infancy—and that even for purposes where their object might easier be secured by honest truth—they form the same estimate of others. The gibberish, which their accompanying gestures at first explained as being of an imploring character, now changed into shouts and menaces. Their vociferations were explained by grinning, clenched fists, by arming themselves with sticks, and rushing in every direction for a supply of stones. In vain did I employ all possible efforts, by most expressive gestures, to convince them of the truth that I had given them all the money I had with me. They insisted upon having more, and one old hag actually threatened to hurl an immense stone at my head, so that I was obliged to have recourse to a very peculiar contrivance, to extricate myself from this critical situation. My horse had a strange knack of rearing and kicking when touched on his back, just behind the saddle, and though by no means a very agreeable sensation, and not without considerable danger to the rider, I found this the only means of escape. I gave the magic touch, and in an instant the animal plunged, and went through his wild antics. The women rushed to their tents, and I escaped.

But the occurrence at the foot of Mount Truzza serves as an illustration of the necessity there is for a

traveller to be conversant in the language of the country he visits. Who can tell how many an African explorer has lost his life through the greedy, and pilfering disposition, of his unprincipled protectors! Accustomed to plunder and to oppress, the wily Moslem employs the authority with which he is invested for his own rapacious purposes, and exposes the innocent traveller to the rage, fury, and revenge of the natives.

An incident happened at Tunis, some few years ago, which tends to exhibit the ridiculous situation to which a man is exposed through ignorance of the language.

A Russian gentleman landed at that city, with the intention of making certain scientific researches in the vicinity of Zowan, or Zoghwan, and applied to his consul for a guide and protector. A confidential *hamba* was placed at his disposal, with whom he started for his destination. About half-way the guide informed the gentleman that there were two roads now before them, both leading to Zowan, one of which was the longest, but perfectly free from danger, and the other much shorter, but frequently infested by a set of cut-throats. He, therefore, proposed taking the longest way. The subject of the Czar, not having studied the language of his guide, could not comprehend the explanation. The Arab repeated what he had said in a much louder tone, and with greater emphasis, but the Russian shrugged his shoulders, and told him in good French that he did not understand him. The *hamba* had now recourse to the only remaining mode of communication—pantomimes—in which orientals are remarkably expert. He pulled out his purse, and drew his dagger across his throat, to show that in taking the short road they were exposed

to being robbed and murdered. The Russian appeared terrified and motionless; and the Arab, thinking he had finally succeeded in making himself understood, now wished to strike the iron while hot, and leave no doubt on the Nazarene's mind as to the terribleness of the other road. He, therefore, levelled his gun at him, and, imitating the robbers in tone of voice and gesture, roared out in good Arabic, "*They will say when they meet us, 'Give us your money, you dogs, or we shall shoot you !'*"

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the brave Russian, thinking his life in danger, drew his revolver, and, by the aid of gestures and French, peremptorily ordered the innocent guide to march back to Tunis. He had no alternative but to obey, since all his efforts at explanation not only proved vain, but increased the awkward predicament in which his over-carefulness had placed him. Indeed, every time the poor fellow looked round, or attempted to speak, the revolver was instantly pointed at him.

Towards evening they reached Tunis, and made their appearance before the representative of the Czar, followed by a crowd, attracted by the peculiar attitude of the two. In vehement language did the Russian now bring a charge of an attempt at murder against the Arab. But the explanation only produced a roar of laughter from all the by-standers!

Immediately upon quitting the Slass portable and temporary village, we passed several of the threshing-floors—the *Libyæ areæ* of Horace—of the tribe, which is now in this vicinity till their harvest is over. The corn, which is sown in autumn, is gathered about the end of April, or the beginning of May. It is then

carried in sheaves, and laid in order on the threshing-floor, which is only a hard level spot in the field. The threshing is performed after a very primitive manner. A number of sheaves are dispersed over the floor, upon which is placed a thick plank, about four feet by two and a half, made rough at the bottom, by letting in pieces of iron, flints, and nails. To this they harness mules, or horses, (but generally the latter,) and drive them over the corn in a circle; the Arab guiding them stands upon the plank, and one or more husbandmen, within the ring, are engaged in turning up, and replacing, the sheaves as the machine passes over. In some parts the threshing is still performed by oxen, and this practice is thus described by Homer :—

“As with autumnal harvest cover’d o’er,  
And thick bestrewn lies Ceres’ sacred floor,  
When round and round, with never-wearied pain,  
The trampling steers beat out th’ unnumber’d grain.” \*

When this operation is completed, they commence winnowing. The whole is cast up with wooden forks against the wind, which throwing back the chopped straw into one heap, the corn, and the ears not completely threshed, make another. Sieves are then employed for separating all impurities.

The straw is generally very finely chopped by this process, and forms the principal fodder for their horses and cattle.

The day was now rapidly drawing to a close, so that we had to hasten to our tented home, which we found at Sherashera. We passed by the ruins of two Roman cities, which I was unable to examine. One of these

\* Pope.

goes by the name Ain Ghraab, and is only about an hour's distance from the encampment.

27th. Early this morning one of our youthful lions deserted our ranks. No information could be obtained as to the manner in which he secured his freedom, nor as to the direction which the royal fugitive\* took.

Whilst listening to the conjectures of various circles who were discussing this desertion, in the vicinity of *the café*, the minister of finance approached me to shake hands, and to apologize for not having been able to see me last night, agreeably to my wish. He now desired me to tell him what my request was. I informed his Excellency that I was very anxious to obtain the promotion of Risky, with whose conduct I had such cause to be highly pleased, and wished him to manage the affair.

"Let me have the man's name in full," answered the minister, "and if he merits your taking such an interest in him, may he be successful in his aim; otherwise, if the son of a dog has only, through *naora*, 'cunning,' contrived to charm you into his web, may his plan fail, and his efforts be frustrated! By the head of the prophet! I shall do what I can."

Having finished his speech, the minister took the slip of paper on which I had written the name of my *protégé*, and passed on.

Arabs frequently express themselves conditionally, after the manner of his Excellency, and their object in so doing, is to be sure to hit the right nail on the head. The peculiar, and emphatic, language often employed

\* The other two we brought safely to Tunis, where they were presented to the Earl of Derby; Mr. Fraser, his lordship's naturalist, taking charge of them.

for this purpose, will be seen from the following anecdote:—

A friend of mine was once watering some flowers in a window, and accidentally filled the pots too profusely, so that a quantity of water happened to fall upon an Arab, who was below basking in the sun. The man started up, shook his clothes, and thus gave vent to his feelings respecting the offender.

“If it is an old man who has done this, I despise him ;

If it is an old woman, I forgive her ;

If it is a young man, I curse him ;

But if it is a young woman, I thank her.”

The young Frenchman, who had managed to keep out of sight, laughed heartily on hearing the malediction that fell to his share for his carelessness. In the Arab's gradation, the reader will not fail to be struck by his tone of gallantry, a qualification for which the “true believers” are not remarkably notorious.

We are now coming more frequently in contact with cultivation. During our seven hours' ride into the district of Sidy Farchaat, we passed many fine fields of corn, in excellent condition, and quite in a state of readiness for the reapers to commence their work. We also passed extensive plantations of the prickly-pear, or the Indian fig, and found here and there, near Arab encampments, fields of melons of a large size. No wonder that such localities should be the constant resort of wild boars, which are committing great ravages during their nightly visitations. The Prince shot three of the finest I ever saw, during one hour, whilst we were passing immense bushes of the Indian fig. The carcasses of the “father,” or rather “the

possessor of tusks," were thrown across three mules, and carried off in triumph to the encampment.

Our tents were pitched close to some Roman ruins. Here are a number of small turrets, and an enclosed fountain, with about fifty stone steps leading down to the water.

The people were greatly surprised at the Prince's "inclination to the religion of the Nazarenes;" for his Highness sent over to ask me whether I felt inclined to eat any portion of the *chaloof*,—boar. I fixed upon the liver, and the cook received immediate orders to prepare it for me.

In the course of the afternoon, the minister of finance sent me the documents I desired, for Risky, and I had the gratification of handing them to the poor grateful fellow.

38th. Pitched at Kaeyah, after a ride of six hours. About half way, we crossed the river Damoon, over a Roman bridge, still in excellent preservation.

39th. Reached Fom Elcharoob.

30th. A half-hour's ride brought us to the remains of a Roman city, of considerable extent. The place goes now by the name of *Hansheer Elkasboa*. From its position, with reference to Zoghwan, or Zowan, I take it to be the ancient Zungar, whose waters were led by an aqueduct to Carthage. Here are still extensive remains of a temple of the Corinthian order, a triumphal arch, and other buildings; cornices, columns, &c. are lying about in every direction. Having a ride of fifty miles before us, I could spare no time for minute inspection of these ruins.

Reached Tunis the same day.

The city of Tunis is the capital of the regency of the same name, and is situated upon a rising ground along the western bank of a lake, in full prospect of the site

of the ancient Carthage. It is about five miles in circumference, but is very little more than half a mile in breadth, and has two suburbs, at each end, attached to it. The city is surrounded by a wall, varying in height from fifteen to nearly thirty feet; and has seven gates, respectively called Bab-Manara, Bab-Ezzaira, Bab-Jedeed, Bab-Bachar, Bab-Carthagena, Bab-es-Swcka, Bab Benaat. Besides these, there are several gates in the suburbs. The population is estimated at 200,000, of whom 130,000 are Moors, 30,000 Jews, 10,000 Christians, and the rest Turks and Negroes.

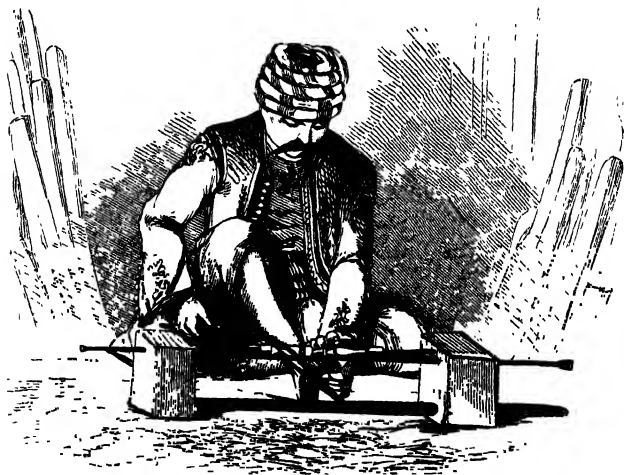
The streets of Tunis are narrow, filthy, and irregular. When first I arrived here, I found my way from one place to another by observing one street to be more crooked than the other, and the ruins of one house greater than those of another. The finest buildings in the town are the former Bey's Gothic palace, the new British Consulate, and a few houses erected by some Italians. The houses of Tunis, as in all Eastern countries, have flat roofs, and are supplied with cisterns to collect the rain water, which is by far superior to the water of *Beer-el-Klab*, a well about half a mile from town, dug by the Spaniards, and therefore the grateful "believers" denominated it *the well of the dogs!*

The Gjama\* Assaitona, and Gjama Sidy Ben-Aroos, are very richly endowed, and are the principal mosques in Tunis. The Gjama called Assahab-Ettaba, built by the famous Sahab-Ettaba Yosof, who was strangled by order of Hamuda Basha for his political intrigues, is a very fine edifice. He brought pillars and marble, at a great expense, from Cassareen, and other ruins, some of which he had polished in Italy, to adorn the interior of this mosque, which is situated in the suburbs

\* Giama, the Arabic for mosque.

of Bab-es-Sweka, and is to this day called by his name. The spiritual chief is the Bash-Mufti, whose influence is very great.

A stranger visiting a city like Tunis, cannot but be struck with the various peculiarities, which present themselves to his view, wherever he turns. In their government, mercantile pursuits, professions and trades, the Tunisians are centuries behind. But, with all their disadvantages, the traveller, in traversing their crowded *sooks* (market places) and serpentine streets, finds numerous illustrations of the proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention." In every workshop some tool, or implement, presents itself, which is as curious in its



formation as it is strange to see the peculiar use for which it is intended, and the manner in which it is employed. I may illustrate this by one sketch, of a turner.

The extraordinary ingenuity here exhibited by the

remarkable use which the artisan makes of his feet and toes, as well as of his hands, cannot fail to attract attention; and the display of his lathe and tools is equally curious.

From such a condition of the arts, the reader will not anticipate a flourishing state of literature.

Tunis has a number of Moslem schools, in which the children are instructed in writing and reading Arabic, as well as in reciting the Koran. The school is an open place like a shop; the bustle and noise in the streets do not annoy the scholars, who sit upon the ground, before a small desk, and read their lessons aloud, balancing themselves constantly. There are no girls in the schools.

The first effort of Mohammedan education is, to root deep in the mind of their children a high contempt for all other religions; from babes, they are carefully taught to distinguish non-Mohammedans by the opprobrious name Kafer, or infidel. This habit becomes so forcible, by the time they are men, that they can use no other term; they follow them with it in every street, and will often affect pushing against them with the utmost contempt.

Men of dignity, or those of a rank above the populace, behave with seeming courtesy and complaisance, though often with a sort of stern superiority; but you are scarce dismissed, however civilly, before they will honour you with the epithet of Kelb, or dog,—the animal they hold as most odious, detestable, and impure, of the whole creation.

The poorest and most miserable—those who are most dependent on the Christian, who live with him, and would starve without him—will not give him the *Salam Aleikom*, or “Peace upon you.” If a mixed party

of Christians and Mohammedans stand together, and one passing wishing to salute, he will not say, "Peace upon you," for so the infidel might be included, but "Peace upon those who follow the true direction." To this salutation I often said "Amen," which generally led to a religious conversation, and to a definition of the "true direction." I had a servant whom I used to call Sidy, or my Lord, whilst he, if I had killed him, would not have called me otherwise than Arfi, or master. On one occasion I was in a Mohammedan shop, when a beggar entered, asking me for alms; in addressing me he called me Sidy, which exasperated my friend, the shopkeeper, so much, that he almost threw the poor beggar out head over heels. "What!" said he, "will you call an infidel 'my Lord?'"

There is a kind of seminary, or college, called Med-draseah, attached to every mosque. The largest of these belongs to the mosque called Assaitona. Several hundred students belong to it, who are fed and lodged at the public expense. Their studies are chiefly confined to theology.

When we consider that Mohammedanism was once instrumental in the revival of letters; that Mohammedans cultivated with tolerable success mathematics, algebra, astronomy, anatomy, surgery, chemistry, botany; and that, in short, they were the depositaries of learning during several centuries, and that it passed through them into Europe; we cannot but wonder at their present determined ignorance. "The African writers dwell with pride and satisfaction on the literary institutions which adorned the towns on the northern coast of their sandy plain. The sun of science arose even in Africa, and the manners of the Moorish savage

were softened by philosophy. Their brethren in Europe amassed numerous and magnificent collections; two hundred and eighty thousand volumes were in Cordova, and more than seventy libraries were open to public curiosity in the kingdom of Andalusia."\*

I have, indeed, here and there found a fragment of Plato and Aristotle; but, upon the whole, I may say, ignorance reigns in North Africa with an iron sceptre.†

The prophet\* having said nothing in his production which can be so construed as to authorize the printing of books, the *learned* Mufties and Cadies are strenuously opposed to the press, and insist upon the orthodox and ancient custom of copying books, and sanction only the use of such.

\* Mills. Consult Leo. Casiri. Bibl. Arab. Hisp. tom. ii. pp. 38, 71, 201, 202, &c. &c.

† From the following catalogue of Arabic manuscripts, which, I believe, were sent by the late British Consul of Tunis to England, but which are claimed by an Austrian of the name of Bozawich, an estimate will be formed of the state of literature of this part of Africa :—

1. A work on Riding, and the Art of War.
2. On the Goodness of this and the other Life.
3. A book on Medicine, (a few pages wanting.)
4. Two Commentaries on the Koran.
5. A History of the Prophet, in three parts.
6. Miracles of the Saints.
7. Novels of Seif Elwagil.
8. A Treatise on the Saints.
9. On the Difficulties of the Koran.
10. History of Joseph the son of Jacob.
11. The Art of Fortune-telling.
12. History of Africa since the time of the Romans in Carthage.
13. The Art of examining Things.
14. Hagj Hamuda Ben Abdelagiaz's History of the Reign of Ali Bey.
15. A Treatise on Politeness.
16. The Principles of all the Sciences.
17. On Chemistry.
18. A Commentary on the Honour of the Prophet.
19. Natural History.
20. Four parts of a History of the World.
21. Hagj Hammed's, &c. &c. History of Tunis.
22. Abu Haldun's Histories, (incomplete.)
23. A History of Egypt.
24. Sixteen parts of a Universal History.
25. Thirteen parts of the Romance of Antar.
- And, 26. Parts of the Romances of Delhamma Ibn Hishan of Nadshi.

The rest are on Poetry, Grammar, and Religion.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

AN EXCURSION—A MATTANZA—THE TUNNY FISH—BO<sup>§</sup> SHĀTER OR UTICA—  
 BIZERTA—THE HIPPO DIARRHATUS—THE WRECK OF THE AVENGER—  
 ANGLO-AFRICAN BURIAL GROUND—MOHAMMED BEN HADDĀD—THE  
 AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

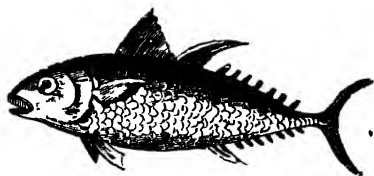
ON one fine summer's day, a number of European gentlemen, boasting of various nationalities, might have been seen hastening out of the city of Tunis, accompanied by a number of Arab servants, bearing bundles, differing in dimensions and contents. Both bundles and gentlemen might then have been seen stowed away, some in vehicles, and others in a boat; but all destined for *Khalk Elwaad*, "the throat of the river," or the famous Goletta, at the same time the stronghold and harbour of Tunis, with a sketch of which the reader is here presented.

At *Khalk Elwaad*, the gentlemen, with their bundles, embarked, or were embarked, on board a sandal—a small coast boat, for *Ras Ezzabeeb*, where the former hoped to witness a *mattanza*, or slaughter of the tunny fish, at the fishery situated on that cape. When this party left Tunis for the Goletta, the weather seemed very fair, and their intention was to sleep there, and set sail about three o'clock on the following morning. But the captain of the boat, and several of the gentlemen, who professed to have a good deal of nautical

During our stay here, we one afternoon discovered, just round the cape, what appeared to us, at first, a number of black people bathing ; but upon closer, and more minute inspection, from the top of the promontory, we found them to be seals. One of our party immediately proposed to visit their cavern, which was just beneath where we stood. They could not observe us, though we watched them in all their movements for a considerable time. About forty of these curious creatures plunged and played about, sometimes darting off in pursuit of a fish, and then again paddling up the sand to devour it. We were greatly amused in watching their antics : but this did not suffice. Our young sportsmen were determined upon destruction. We embarked in two boats, and rowed round the promontory, in the direction of the immense caverns. No sooner did they perceive us, than they swam off, and entered their strongholds. We increased our speed, and followed them into their rocky abode. It was too dark to take aim, but still my companions fired about half a dozen shots, which made some two, or three, leap right out of the water. We searched, but none could be seen wounded. The following morning, however, one fine fat seal was found dead, by an Arab, which bore evident marks of a ball from one of our party's guns.

Two, or three, days after this, the *Rais* came to announce, that about four hundred fine fish had entered the nets. We at once prepared to embark in a boat, which was waiting for us. Eight large barges were rowing with all possible speed, with some sixty or seven men, to the nets, which were about four miles from the shore. As soon as all the boats reached the spot, the *Rais* ordered them to form themselves into a square, right over the

nets, and when this was accomplished, he commanded to "haul in." The large pieces of cork, to which the net was fastened, were at once thrown into the barges, and then the work of "hauling in" commenced. At first this was easy enough, but every moment it increased in difficulty. The water, from being perfectly calm, became more and more agitated, till here and there a tunny was seen floating on the surface, and, in a few moments after, hundreds of these enormous fish were swimming in all directions pell-mell—dashing and splashing, over each other. The word of command now was, "To the harpoons!" The nets were instantly fastened to the boats, and the slaughter commenced, which very soon changed that part of the water into a perfect sea of blood. In less than half an hour, the four hundred fish, none of which measured less than six feet in length, and some even ten, were embarked, and on



their way to the shore. In a few hours they were all cut up, and boiling in the caldrons. The following morning they were packed in barrels, some in oil, and others in salt, embarked on board a vessel, and that same evening they were on their way to Genoa!

The tunny fish belongs to the genus *scomber* of Linnæus. Its body is covered with small scales; is thick, rounded, spindle-shaped, and has a prominent carina, or keel, on each side of the tail. The colours

are brilliant, but not varied. The back resembles polished steel, and the under parts are silvery.

These fish live in shoals, in almost all the seas of warmer or temperate climates. Vast shoals enter the Mediterranean by the Straits of Gibraltar, keeping close to the African shore, in their way up in search of a place to deposit their spawn; and return to the Atlantic by the European shore. This circumstance of their ever "hugging the land" to their right, has induced some of the ancients to suppose, that the tunny sees more distinctly with the right eye than with the other. Their peculiar mode of migrating makes the fishing of them more easy. They enter the enormous net, in which they continue their circular course in the same direction, "a large door" preventing their egress. This fish is proverbially the enemy of the mackerel, and it is sufficient to place a few of these within the nets, to entice the tunny in.

Having witnessed this spectacle, I took leave of my companions, who were bent upon returning direct to Tunis, whilst I contrived to procure a guide, with two brisk donkeys, to take me to Bizerta, or Binzert, as it is called by the Arabs. At three A.M. I started from Ras Ezzabeeb. On a previous occasion, I travelled to the same place over those fields and plains, memorable for Roman, and Carthaginian, military exploits; passing Bq Shāter, the name of a few huts, on the ruins of Utica, famous as the most ancient Phœnician colony in Africa, and as the place where Cato, the great Roman, committed self-destruction. Near Utica flows the river Majerda, the Bagrada of the ancients, at the banks of which, Regulus is reported to have slain an enormous serpent; where Hannibal's army marched, and where that of

Scipio encamped. How comparatively insignificant are the *supra terra* remains of this first settlement of the Tyrian adventurers! A few old walls, portions of an aqueduct, some cisterns and fragments of marble, are all that is left of it. Much—perhaps, very much—is hid from man's eyes, by the accumulation of earth which buries it, in which degraded condition it is doomed to continue.

*Bo Shater*, the modern name of Utica, signifies "the prime executioner," probably in allusion to Cato's suicide on this spot. In thinking of Cato's "destruction" within the precincts of Carthage, one cannot help calling to mind his great-grandfather's well-known words, with which he terminated his speeches, after his embassy to that metropolis: *Præterea censeo, Carthaginem esse delendam*.—"I am also of opinion, that Carthage must be destroyed." A Cato predicted that Carthage must be destroyed, and a Cato perished within the precincts of Carthage!

In about six, or seven, hours I reached Bizerta, and was led, by my guide, to the house of Mr. Manucci, the English agent, where I met with a very kind welcome, and the offer of a room, which I thankfully accepted.

Bizerta has a population of about 9,000 inhabitants, of whom 500 are Jews. In my MS. geography of this part of Africa, I find the following particulars relating to this place:—"It is a large and neat town, about fifty miles N.W. from Tunis. It is so called from a Jew, whose name being Zert, and he beginning the first buildings, it was denominated Beni Zert, or the building of Zert. It is situated close to the sea, and is about half a mile in length. The lake, on the banks whereof it is built, forms the port. A little

above the town it divides itself into two branches, for about one-eighth part of a mile, and then joins again, and discharges itself into the sea. The town may be divided into three parts. To the east, are the suburbs; then is the island formed by the lake, and where the Christians formerly lived; and the western part, which is the largest. It has two stone bridges over the channels of the lake, one to the east, and the other to the west. The former is of seven arches, and about seventy-eight paces long and eight broad, and the latter of one arch only, which measures sixteen paces in length. The citadel is towards the sea, and to the west of the lake. It is very large, having about one hundred and fifty houses within it. Its battery, a quarter of a mile in length, is mounted with fourteen cannons. To the west of the town, there is, upon a hill close to the sea, a small round castle, which, also, has about ten or twelve guns. Near it is the Star Castle, called *Bourge Jabanna*, "the burial ground fort," which protects the town on the land side. To the east of the lake, and close to the sea, there is another castle, which has eight guns mounted. Across the channel, where the lake discharges itself, there is a large cable, and two pier heads are built out a good way into the sea, but for want of repairs, these are falling into decay. The town has a good supply of water. The Moors residing here are chiefly of the Andalusian race, and are very industrious and civil. Round about the town are very good gardens, which produce fruit very plentifully.

"The lake of Bizerta is in two parts joined together by a narrow channel, [thus forming two distinct lakes.] That part towards the town measures about twenty-five

Italian miles in circumference, but the upper lake is larger, and within it, near the channel, is the fishery of Tingia. At this place the people engaged keep the wiers open all the year, except in the winter-time, when a vast quantity of mullets are caught. The water in the upper lake is not very brackish, owing to a number of rivulets which discharge themselves into it. The sea at Bizerta ebbs into, and flows out of, the lake every six hours. Here, when the water comes in, the people open the wiers, when the fish enter and go up to the top of the lake; but as soon as the water returns, they close the barriers. This fishery, which is farmed out, and yields to the Bey 24,000 piastres, [but now much more] is celebrated for its mullets and giraffese or gilt heads.

“Near the fishery there is a Marabout, and a short distance from it is another, called Bent Kanet, or the Daughters of Kanet. According to tradition, these were three pious virgins, who being one day pursued by some lewd fellows, they jumped into the lake, where, it is believed, they still are, regulating the affairs of the inhabitants of the deep, and ruling among the fish. These ladies are in high esteem by the people of Bizerta, who swear by them, hoist a flag on the cupola erected in their honour near the spot, and keep in it a perpetual light. In 1753 the fish came to the wiers in shoals, but would not enter. The Caid then ordered prayers to be offered at the Marabout. He sent music there, had the lake perfumed with incense, set up lights on its banks, and sacrificed a great number of black goats and oxen, the flesh of which he distributed among the poor. By these superstitious means, he strove to secure the interest of the virgins in his behalf. But

all his efforts failed. Soon after, a new Caid was appointed, who had managed a fishery before. The Bey and his court arrived at Bizerta, and all were wondering to see the thick shoals of fish before the wiers, and none willing to enter, when, to the amazement of the assembled multitude, the Caid stripped himself, and ordered a servant of his to do the same. Both jumped into the water, waded up to the wiers amidst the fish, stirred up the accumulated mud, and the next morning the fish entered in great abundance!

“In the lake, and not far from Bizerta, there is an island where oysters are to be found; and near the lake, about two miles from the town, there is a grotto, with an opening like the mouth of an oven, from which issues a spring of water, and in it are immense numbers of tortoises. It is called Ain Ben Beter. To this place resort the lovers to feed the tortoises with bread. If they eat it, then their affairs will go on prosperously, but if they refuse to eat, as is sometimes the case, then they regard the circumstance as a bad omen. Upon some bushes, which grow near this spot, they suspend pieces of silk, cloth, velvet, hair, &c., which votives are to facilitate their ardent wishes.

“In the bay of Bizerta there is a fine spring of fresh water, about a stone’s throw from the sea, called Ain Elmaāz, ‘the spring of the goats.’ It is not far from the town of Metelin, and there are large stones, the ruins of ancient buildings, still there. The Christian row-boats come sometimes there for water.

“All round the town there is plenty of rich arable soil, which produces quantities of beans, wheat, barley, &c. They sow cotton in a marshy place in the vicinity, which thrives very well, as also tobacco. The

inhabitants are industrious, and manufacture linen, cloth, and cotton, besides being gardeners and farmers. The town is now governed by a Caid."

This account of Bizerta is correct to the present day. It is a town which naturally possesses all the advantages to make it prosperous and wealthy. Its situation and surrounding country are lovely in the extreme. Under a proper administration, I know of no place which might be so flourishing as this ancient city, and I have no hesitation in believing that this is the rich anonymous town mentioned by Livy—the Hippo Diarrhytus, or Zaritus of other ancient writers.

Circumstances of a very melancholy character brought me to Bizerta, and this part of the coast, just about the end of 1847 and the beginning of 1848. On Friday, the 24th of December, 1847, the news of the loss of H. M. S. the *Avenger* reached Tunis. I soon after learned that the particulars of that fatal wreck had been communicated to the British Consulate by Mr. Rooke, one of the survivors, a lieutenant of that splendid ship. The circumstances connected with the loss of this steamer are well known to those who, from peculiar circumstances, were deeply interested in her. Suffice it, therefore, here to say, that the *Avenger* struck upon a coral reef, near the rocks called the *Fratelli*, in lat. 39 and long. 10, at about ten P.M. of the 20th of December, 1847, and within ten minutes after, she went to pieces, and sank. During the few moments of suspense, Mr. Rooke and seven persons besides, succeeded in lowering a boat, and had only just shoved off, when the agonizing shrieks, and loud screams, of a perishing crew fell upon their ears. The night was dark, and the wind high. The boat was tossed about by the raging and furious

waves, and the party ignorant of her real course. By the dawn of morning they discovered the African coast, but before this, one of their number, an officer, had fallen overboard, so that they were now reduced to seven only. These steered towards the shore, in the hope of being able to effect a landing, and in their attempt to do this, the boat upset.

A few minutes after this occurrence, four Europeans were observed by an Arab mountaineer, a Kabyle, of the name of Mohammed Ben Haddād, who was on some errand on the coast. Three were standing under a group of *tarpha*, (the weeping ash,) and the fourth was still struggling with the high surf. The Arab rushed up to his assistance, and took him to his companions. These were, Lieutenant Rooke, a mate, a midshipman, and a sailor—the only survivors of the *Avenger*! What a melancholy spectacle must this have been! Four of Britain's sons, escaped from a fearful wreck, now seated under a weeping ash, on a wild coast, lamenting the loss of their comrades and their noble and gallant ship, and thanking God for their own preservation!

Mohammed remained with them, assisted them, and, as soon as they were sufficiently recovered, he made signs, (as none spoke Arabic) offering to take them to his humble straw-hut, erected on the summit of a mountain, about two miles from the spot. When they arrived there, all that the mountain village could afford was placed at the disposal of the shipwrecked British sailors, who quickly recruited their strength. On the following morning (22d) Mohammed took them to Bizerta, whence Mr. Manucci despatched them in a boat to the Goletta, to communicate the disaster to the British Consul at Tunis.

Impressed with the conviction that some of the bodies might be washed ashore, and as there was likewise a probability that one, or more, of the missing party from the boat might be found alive, I formed the resolution to visit the coast, in order to bury the former, and assist the latter. On arriving at Bizerta, I learnt that Mr. Manucci's son had left with three boats for the island Jalta, or Galata, in the hope of obtaining some more information respecting the steamer. I had to wait till the 1st of January, 1848, before I could obtain the necessary assistance to enable me to leave Bizerta. No tidings of the boats had reached this place when I started, and the old father appeared very anxious about his son's safety, particularly as the weather was very stormy, and the sea exceedingly rough. What now follows I transcribe from my notes relating to that melancholy expedition:—

"1st Jan. 1848.—At ten A.M. I left Bizerta, accompanied by eight men on horses, and a similar number on foot. The latter are supplied with pickaxes and spades. The son of the Caid of Bizerta is one of my party. The rain has been incessant during the whole day. We passed Ras Elabyad, or Capo Bianco, and then Sidy Elwahad, without finding any vestige of the wreck, or hearing a word from the Arabs respecting it. At half-past three P.M., the wind, cold, and rain drove us from the sea-shore, and we had soon after to seek for shelter for the night, which we found at Kassar Elahmar, in a straw-hut of a rich Arab, a friend of the Caid's son. Shortly after our arrival here, we learnt that a body had been seen yesterday by a shepherd, a good deal higher up the coast. Drenched through by the rain, we had all to sleep on mats, spread upon the

ground. About twenty of us, *clean* and *unclean*, were closely packed together within a hut, measuring about 25 feet by 7.

"2d Jan.—Left Kassar Elahmar at six A.M., and kept close to the sea-shore. The wind boisterous, accompanied by heavy showers. At noon my party already desired to search for shelter, but to this I would not agree. Allowed them to halt an hour to refresh themselves, and told them that I was determined, notwithstanding the weather, to reach Sidy Mansoor that evening. Had occasionally to leave the beach, owing to the impassable promontories stretching out into the sea. At four P.M., I being ahead of the party, and riding close to the water's edge, my horse suddenly backed and reared. On looking for the cause of his terror, I beheld, amidst a quantity of loose stones, a human body, which, by the remains of the blue-cloth shirt on the wrist, I could not fail to identify as being that of a British sailor. His left arm up to the elbow was eaten away, either by the fish or by the jackals, which abound here. The body presented a most horrid spectacle. Its condition is such that I shall have to bury it here, as it is utterly impossible to remove it to Tunis. I left one of the men to guard the body, to be relieved by another in the course of the night, and was on the point of ascending the mountain-height with the rest, in search of shelter, when, on winding our way round a hillock, we discovered Ahmed Ben Omar, the *rais elmarsa*, or Captain of the port, coming towards us. He introduced himself as the uncle of Mohammed, and invited us in the politest manner to his hut.

"It was now getting dark, and the ascent to the Kabyle village was very difficult for our horses. When

we reached the summit, we found a number of *kirbas*, or, as others call them, *garbies*, built of a square kind of brick and stone, with the roofs covered with straw. The inhabitants of these came out to welcome us, and among them Mohammed, who acted in so kind a manner towards the survivors, was the foremost. We were led into the largest kirba, which was soon crowded with visitors, who pressed thickly around in order to converse with me. A fire was lit in the middle of the apartment, by which we dried our clothes, and as there is no outlet for the smoke, we were almost choked by its ascending volumes.

"Before retiring to rest, I learnt that Lieutenant Rooke's boat had been found, and soon after I was informed that another body had been discovered a few miles more to the west, so that I can only expect to find one more of the boat's crew, either dead or alive.

"3d.—At day-break I started, followed by my men, and by a number of the male inhabitants of the mountain village. I first rode to view again the body I discovered the preceding evening, and then continued along the beach, in a westerly direction. After travelling two miles I reached the body I had heard of. This was in a far worse state than the first. The head was frightfully fractured. It was an officer, of the name of S. Ayling, as I afterwards discovered from a piece of his shirt, on which this name was, in marking ink.

"A half-mile higher up the coast I found the *Avenge*'s boat, which brought these unfortunate men to the African coast. It was in excellent condition. Very near it Mohammed came running up to me, and said—'Look there, Master,' (pointing to a group of weeping ash, or *tarpas*, as the Arabs call them,) 'under those

trees I found the three men standing ; and there again,' (pointing to the beach,) 'I saw the officer [Mr. Rooke], crawling from amidst the surf, upon his hands and feet.'

"The trees stood upon a neat little elevated spot, within a recess, facing the Fratelli rocks, near which, no doubt, the awful catastrophe occurred. I was at once impressed with its appropriateness as the burial-ground, and therefore ordered graves to be dug by one party of men, and despatched another party for the two bodies. Whilst waiting for these, I superintended the digging of the graves, which we accomplished, after encountering several difficulties from the nature of the soil, in two hours. During this melancholy operation I was far from being in a merry mood, and yet I could not help smiling at the simplicity of the Arabs. A grave man, of about fifty, pointing to the two rocks out in the sea, said to me, 'Master, you see that enormous opening in one of those rocks ; it was made by a cannon-ball, fired by Sid Mansoor [the saint of the district]. An English ship of war, passing here one night, mistook these Fratelli rocks for an enemy, and, by its repeated shots at them, contributed vastly towards disfiguring them.'

"The funeral procession at length arrived. About twelve Arabs were engaged in carrying the bodies upon a kind of bier, made of the oars from the boat, and about twenty more followed. When the dead were consigned to the graves, I addressed the assembled Moslems.

"*'My friends,'* I said, 'these strangers have met with an untimely end on your shore. You have acted kindly towards the survivors of the dreadful wreck, and now I commit to your special care the earthly remains

of their companions. · Stain not the Arab character by the crime of disturbing the dead. Tell the greedy and covetous what you now witness. Let them know that here are only deposited the bare bodies of shipwrecked mariners, unadorned with valuables, or any precious things. Moreover, remember how uncertain life is. We know the place of our birth, but none can tell that of our death ! To your charge, then, I commit these graves, and demand from you the sacred promise, that you will guard and watch them, and suffer none to disturb them.’

“ All present solemnly promised to protect the graves, and having finished my mournful and melancholy office, I left this Anglo-African burial-ground, and proceeded a short way higher up the coast, but without finding the third body. This was, however, also found by my Arab friends a few days after, and interred beside the other two. It was the body of Dr. Steele, the medical officer of the *Avenger*.”

In connexion with this expedition I have to acknowledge my sincere thanks to L. Ferriere, Esq., her Britannic Majesty’s vice-consul, through whose indefatigable exertions I have been supplied with the necessary assistance and escort ; and to my highly esteemed and excellent friend Dr. Hcap,\* the then consul-general of the United States of America, who kindly placed his dragoman at my disposal, and manifested such deep interest and sympathy in this awful calamity.

\* On the 2d of October, 1853, this most estimable gentleman departed this life. His loss will be greatly felt in Tunis, as, by his amiable character, and indefatigable gratuitous medical attention to the poor, he made himself universally beloved. Every philanthropic enterprise met with his hearty cooperation. — Moslems, Jews, and Christians, will alike deplore the loss of such a friend.”

Having accomplished my dreary mission to Sidy Mansoor, I took Mohammed Ben Haddād with me to receive the reward I considered his kindness and generosity entitled him to. Though he seldom left his native wild and lofty mountains, I found him surprisingly intelligent,



and naturally of a generous, amiable, and kind disposition. His conduct towards Mr. Rooke and his party bears a remarkable contrast to the cruel, barbarous, and inhuman treatment which shipwrecked mariners have received on this inhospitable coast. Some years ago I was on board an Austrian bark going from Malta to Tunis. Owing to the carelessness of the mate, the

vessel was run ashore near Calibia, during the dead of the night, and all efforts to get her off proved unsuccessful, and this, to a great extent, owing to the intense darkness. We had, therefore, to suspend our exertions till daylight. During the interval, the captain blamed the mate, the mate the sailors, and these, again, their superior officers, so that the scene on board had the appearance of a thorough mutiny. At length day dawned, but an hour at least was lost in angry vociferations, when suddenly the attention of the crew was directed to a scene on shore. On the rocks, at a short distance from us, were seated some thirty or forty Arabs with their long guns in their hands, in full expectation of our being obliged to abandon the ship. The sight of these savages produced such terror and consternation, that all disputing ceased, and the crew set to work in real good earnest, so that in less than two hours the Austrian bark was again afloat.

The fears of these mariners were well grounded. The inhuman conduct of the savage tribes inhabiting the northern coast of Africa, towards those whom misfortunes threw into their power, forms the theme of the evening's entertainment of the crews of almost every Mediterranean trader.

And let me here add, that the Arab is an unchanged and unchangeable being. The same cruelty and malevolence which a religious bigotry dictated in former days, can, as easily, now be called into action. Indeed, the advice of some of the "*true believers*" was, either to murder, or to "carry off" Lieutenant Rooke and his party.

Such inhuman treatment has frequently been forced upon the Arabs by their avaricious rulers. Whenever

a wreck occurred on the coast, the Arabs residing in the vicinity, were, without proof, charged with robbery, and desired to hand over the plunder of the wreck to the government. Unprincipled Caids, Sheikhs, and other officials, made this a pretext for ruining whole families and tribes. To shelter and protect themselves against such outrages, the Moslems, who naturally hate and detest the Nazarene, thought it safer for themselves to massacre the crew, by which act of murder they usually succeeded in preventing the report of a wreck reaching the capital. In this manner they either remained possessors of the plundered property, or prevented false charges of robbery being brought against them. Notwithstanding all this, we have seen the kind manner in which a party of British sailors has been treated by Mohammed and his fellow-mountaineers. I was, therefore, anxious to show them how highly Europeans would appreciate their conduct, assured that the same would speedily receive a wide circulation along the coast, and ensure a hospitable reception of Christians in similar distress.

The case of Haddād was soon after noticed in the House of Lords. The Earl of Malmesbury inquired whether the Government intended to manifest any token of gratitude, in the shape of a reward, to the "Arab who saved the lives of a portion of the crew of the *Avenger*?" To this the Earl of Auckland replied, that "immediately on the receipt of the information relative to the gallant conduct of the fishermen, [shepherds, and not fishermen,] rewards were conferred upon them."

No doubt, their Lordships were truly anxious to exhibit their high appreciation of his praiseworthy

exertions in behalf of humanity, and to stimulate his countrymen to imitate his noble example, when an opportunity should offer itself. When the money was handed over to Haddād by the officers of the British consulate, he brought it to me, and most nobly desired me to divide the sum between himself, his father, and uncle. I advised him to take, at least, half for himself, and hand the other half over to his relatives, to which he readily assented. The reward these men received was, *according to my opinion*, far from being adequate, but *they were satisfied*. In justice to Ahmed Bey, I must add that he acted very generously towards them. He presented the Arabs with new suits of clothes, and fifty piastres (about 1*l.* 15*s.*) each.

In this brief narrative of simple facts, I doubt very much whether my conduct can, in any respect, be regarded as culpable. I spontaneously undertook a most dreary journey, to perform a melancholy office connected with great difficulties, during which I had to submit to many privations and hardships, the effects of which will never be obliterated from my memory. It would not have been anything so very extraordinary, on the part of an officer of the crown, to have acknowledged such service. Precedents can be accumulated, to prove that such an act is not derogatory to the dignity of a minister of foreign affairs. I expected no thanks, and therefore was not disappointed on this score. But neither was I prepared for blame from that quarter, and, on this score, I certainly was disappointed; for Mr. Eddisbury, writing by the direction of Lord Palmerston to the Rev Dr. Hunter, expresses himself in these terms respecting my exertions:—

“As you have alluded to the proceedings of Mr.

Davis, on the occasion of the wreck of the *Avenger*, his Lordship thinks it right to acquaint you, that Mr. Davis's proceedings were not so satisfactory as you appear to think ; for his Lordship has been informed, that Mr. Davis very improperly interfered with the Arabs who rendered effectual assistance, upon that melancholy occasion, to the survivors from the wreck, and who were amply rewarded by her Majesty's government, and by the Bey of Tunis. Mr. Davis, who had no business to meddle with the matter at all, excited those Arabs to ask for further concessions and favours from the Bey ; and he wrote letters, which were published in Malta newspapers, containing unfounded complaints, that those Arabs had not been properly rewarded."

I do not believe that his Lordship can mean, by the expression that I "had no business to meddle with this matter at all," that I ought to have left the dead bodies of two officers, and of one British sailor, to be devoured by dogs and jackals ; for such would undoubtedly have been their fate had I not acted in the manner I did. The other allegations I can only meet by flat denials. I never "excited those Arabs to ask for further concessions and favours from the Bey," and, I believe, they never asked for any. I never "wrote letters which were published in Malta newspapers, containing unfounded complaints that those Arabs had not been properly rewarded," *nor have I written a single line to a Malta paper in reference to the "Avenger."* Only one letter I published on the subject, and that appeared in the "Illustrated London News," to which I affixed my name. In that letter I certainly speak of "the so much talked of and eulogized Arabs having only re-

ceived 12*l.*;" and, strange to say, upon the appearance of that very letter, the Arabs were instantly recalled from the mountains, and received an additional sum of, I believe, nearly 20*l.*! Whatever good qualities his Lordship's informant may possess, I cannot tell, but he certainly is devoid of truthfulness. His Lordship has wronged me, but I readily admit the fault is not his; it is that of the informant, who, from some motive or other, has supplied him with such a tissue of falsehood. Sir Thomas Reade, then British Consul at Tunis, in a letter to L. Ferriere, Esq., who is still British Vice-Consul at that place, characterised my proceedings, in connexion with the wreck of the *Avenger*, as "*highly praiseworthy*." Others have likewise been pleased to bear testimony to my exertions and activity on that melancholy occasion.

A friend of mine, (Colonel Esterhazy,) in a correspondence intimately connected with this very affair, remarks, "It is usual for men of honour to treat calumny with silent contempt; but when falsehoods may injure the character, and future prospects, of honourable persons, it is the duty of an upright man to oppose and defeat them." In conformity with this sound judgment I have acted. And, surely, when it is remembered that the slanderer succeeded in making Lord Palmerston the vehicle of his falsehood,—so that the attack emanates not from a mean individual, but from a nobleman whose talent and ability are so universally esteemed,—I cannot be blamed for offering a few words in my own defence; and, judging from his Lordship's proverbial love for indiscriminate "right and justice," there can be no doubt but what I have said will meet with his unqualified approbation.

The following extracts will show that my services were duly appreciated. The Rev. James Boe, of Dumblane, Perthshire, writes to me,—

“I am very sorry, indeed, to give you any trouble ; but I write on behalf of an afflicted lady, Mrs. Steele, the widowed mother of the late amiable surgeon of the ill-fated *Avenger*. She, and all persons interested, feel deeply grateful to you for your kind humanity and attention, on the occasion of the dreadful shipwreck ; and, knowing the kindness of your character, I take the liberty of writing in her name, to inquire whether you can *positively assure* her that the third body that was found was that of her dear son ? From statements which appeared in some of the London papers, it would seem this was the case ; and it would afford Mrs. Steele, and her friends, no little comfort to be assured that it was so,” &c.

On receipt of my answer, the same gentleman writes :—

“I am requested by my friend, Mrs. Steele, to return you her warmest acknowledgments and thanks for all your trouble, and kindness, in reference to the body of her deceased son, and for the satisfactory information communicated in your kind letter to Mrs. Crichton and myself,” &c.

Such acknowledgments I regard as an ample reward for all the toil, and fatigue, I underwent.

## CHAPTER XXV.

VISIT TO THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE—APPROACH TO THE CITY OF DIDO—  
 THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY—DESCRIPTION OF THE ANCIENT CITY  
 —CAUSE OF THE FINAL OVERTHROW—SITE OF CARTHAGE AS VIEWED  
 FROM THE SEA—TEMPLE OF ÆSCULAPIUS—EXCAVATIONS—BUST OF THE  
 SAMIAN JUNO—ST. LOUIS' CHAPEL, AND THE BUST—THE CISTERNS—  
 AMPHITHEATRE—A MASS OF RUINS—AN ACCOUNT OF THE RUINS  
 ACCORDING TO AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

DURING my residence at Tunis, I repeatedly visited the ruins of that city, for which this part of Africa is so famous. What reader of Virgil has not some enthusiasm for the city of the fugitive daughter of Agenor, the widow of the murdered priest of Hercules, the foundress of Carthage !

Leaving the dilapidated houses and crooked streets of Tunis, the traveller winds his way by the inner wall of the city, till he reaches the Bab Cartagena—the *Carthaginian gate*, passing which, and crossing a little bridge thrown over the open sewer, (whose stench is regarded by many of the *enlightened* inhabitants as a barrier against the plague,) he proceeds through the archway, by the Protestant burial-ground, traverses the suburbs to the Bab Elhadra, *the gate of verdure*, and quitting this, he is enabled to inhale the pure atmosphere. But this pleasure he cannot fully enjoy, till a mile, at least, intervenes between him and the metropolis of this regency, owing to the filth, the carcasses of camels, horses, &c. (upon which dogs may

be seen feasting in the day, and jackals during the night), sub-sewers and other unseemly and unsightly objects, which *force* themselves on his notice in the vicinity of its outer wall. If his enthusiasm be ever so great, still such a spectacle is calculated to divert his mind from the object of his journey. He has, however, here a fair opportunity of forming an estimate of the salubrity of the climate of this part of the world. Nature's benign influence counteracts the vile and prejudicial acts of men; these pestilential ingredients are neutralized by her wise and mysterious laws.

In such terms are we constrained to speak of modern Tunis, notwithstanding the charm and halo with which Italy's great poet has adorned this city, when he says—

“ In curvo lido poi Tunisi vede,  
Ch' a d' ambo i lati del suo golfo un monte;  
Tunisi ricca ed onorata sede,  
A par di quante n' a Libia più conte.”\*

Or, according to Fairfax,—

“ Next Tunis on the crooked shore they spy'd,  
Whose bay a rock on either side defends:  
Tunis all towns, in beauty, wealth, and pride,  
Above, as far as Libya's bounds extends.”

The distance from Tunis to Carthage is about twelve English miles. The road (which lies partly on the western bank of the lake of Tunis, known to the ancients as the *stagnum*,) is flat, so that the traveller has almost all the way the site of the ruins of the capital of the “Great Republic” in view. This tends to augment his eagerness to reach his destination. The hollow sound now and then produced by his horse's hoofs, as he approaches nearer the mounds, convince him that he

\* Gerus. Lib. cant. xv.

is riding over ruins—that human fabrics are beneath the layers of earth; and hence, his spirits are buoyed up, and he is prepared to see the marvellous wreck of the city of a once mighty nation. He pushes on, and finally reaches the summit of the principal mound, and looks eagerly in every direction for temples and amphitheatres, and palaces—but, alas! none present themselves to his view. He then realizes the lines of Tasso,—

“ Giace l' alta Cartago : a pena i segni  
Dell' alte sue ruine il lido serba  
Muoiono le città, muoiono i regni;  
Copri i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba.”\*

Which likewise has been thus beautifully rendered by Fairfax,—

“ Great Carthage low in ashes cold doth lie,  
Her ruins poor, the herbs in height can pass;  
So cities fall, so perish kingdoms high,  
Their pride and pomp lie hid in sand and grass.”

Sir Grenville Temple, who visited Carthage some fifteen years ago, says, “ I was prepared to see but few vestiges of its former grandeur : it had so often suffered from the devastating effects of war, that I knew many could not exist; but my heart sank within me, when, ascending one of its hills, (from whose summit the eye embraces a view of the whole surrounding country to the edge of the sea,) I beheld nothing more than a few scattered and shapeless masses of masonry. Yes, all vestiges of the splendour and magnificence of the mighty city had indeed passed away, and its very name is now unknown to the present inhabitants.”

Notwithstanding all this, those who have often paced on the site of this once famous city, have, without

\* Gerus. Lib. cant. xv. § 20.

exception, expressed their conviction that its vast ruins are now only hid from the eye of man by the earth which, during a succession of centuries, has accumulated upon them. Rome was indeed bent upon the destruction of her powerful rival, and but too willing and anxious to yield to the advice of one of her greatest orators and statesmen, to sweep Carthage from the face of the earth. Her orders were, that it should never be inhabited again, and fearful imprecations were denounced against him who should attempt to rebuild it; yet, it is a well-known fact, that in less than thirty years after the calamities brought upon it by the famous Roman general, Scipio, and even during his lifetime, one of the Gracchi, to ingratiate himself with the people, undertook to found it anew, and actually conducted thither a colony consisting of 6,000 citizens for that purpose.\*

\* Lucan's account of Marius' escape to Africa, and sitting among the ruins of Carthage, must be received as that of a poet, who knew how to take advantage of a poet's privilege. It certainly suited Lucan, in order to exhibit the future greatness of Marius, to sing—

“ . . . . . Solatia fati  
Carthago Mariusque tulit, pariterque jacentes  
Ignovere Deis . . . . . ”

Or rather, as the whole passage is rendered by Thomas May :—

“ . . . . . He on Lybian coasts arrived,  
Wander'd through empty cottages, upon  
Triumph'd Jugurtha's spoil'd dominion,  
And Punic ashes trod : each other's state  
Carthage and Marius there commiserate ;  
And both cast down, both now the gods excused.”

*De Bell. Civ. lib. ii.*

But, as Marius fled to Carthage about seventy years after its destruction by Scipio, it is not very likely, if historians are to be credited, that it was then in the condition in which Lucan represents it to have been. Or, perhaps, we must understand the poet as speaking of Carthage in a comparative sense, in which case that city was certainly in a low and degraded condition.

But this work was more fully accomplished through Julius Cæsar, who, after the death of Pompey, and during his African campaign, professed to have seen, in a dream, an army composed of a prodigious number of soldiers, who, with tears in their eyes, called him. This formed the foundation of his design of completely restoring the city of Dido, which he committed to writing. The document being discovered after his murder, Augustus Cæsar, his adopted son, carried out his project; but, in order to avoid the imprecations vented against this act by a former senate, he took care not to erect new buildings on the Byrsa, the ancient citadel, to which those anathemas particularly related. In the commencement of the first century of Christianity, we learn from Strabo, Carthage was as populous a city as any in Africa, and very soon rose to be the capital of Roman Africa Propria. It continued to flourish for 700 years in wealth and splendour.

If, now, we bear in mind the brief interval that existed between the first destruction of Carthage and the rebuilding of that city, in connexion with the recorded fact, that Scipio took pride in exhibiting her ruins, and that Roman nobles actually went over to Africa to view them, we shall have no difficulty in concluding that much of her former grandeur must have been left undisturbed. And is it at all likely that a city whose circumference, according to Livy, was no less than twenty-three miles,\* should have been so utterly swept away as to justify the conclusion that not a vestige of it was left? Carthage, according to Rollin, whose information is collected from the best ancient sources, stood

\* Carthago in circuitu viginti tria millia passus patens. (Epist. L. 51.)

at the bottom of a gulf, surrounded by the sea, and in the form of a peninsula, whose neck, that is the isthmus which joined it to the continent, was three and an eighth miles in breadth. The peninsula was nearly forty miles round. On the west side there projected from it a long neck of land about twelve fathoms broad; which, advancing into the sea, divided it from a morass, and was fenced on all sides with rocks and a single wall. On the south side, towards the continent, where stood the citadel, called Byrsa, the city was surrounded with a triple wall, upwards of thirty feet high, separated from the parapets and towers, with which it was flanked all round at equal distances, each interval being eighty fathoms. Every tower was four stories high, and the walls but two; they were arched, and in the lower part were stalls large enough to hold 300 elephants, with their fodder, &c.; over these were stables for 4,000 horses, and lofts for their food. There likewise was room enough to lodge 20,000 foot, and 4,000 horse. In fine, all these were contained within the walls. The walls were weak and low in one place only, and that was a neglected angle, which began at the neck of land above-mentioned, and extended as far as the harbours, which were on the west side. Two of these communicated with each other, and had but one entrance, seventy feet broad, shut up with chains. The first was appropriated for the merchants, and had several distinct habitations for the seamen. The second, or inner harbour, was for ships of war, in the midst of which stood an island called Cothou, lined, as the harbour was, with large quays, in which were distinct receptacles for sheltering from the weather 220 ships; over these were magazines, or storehouses,

wherein was lodged whatever was necessary for arming and equipping fleets. The entrance into each of these receptacles was adorned with two marble pillars of the Ionic order; so that both the harbour and the island represented on each side two magnificent galleries. In this island was the admiral's palace; and as it stood opposite to the mouth of the harbour, he could from thence discover whatever was doing at sea, though no one from thence could see what was transacting in the inward part of the harbour. The merchants, in like manner, had no prospect of the men-of-war; the two ports being separated by a double wall, each having its particular gate, that led to the city without passing through the other harbour. So that Carthage was divided into three parts — the harbour, which was double, and called sometimes *Cothon*,\* from the little island of that name; the citadel, named *Byrsa*;† the city, properly so called, where the inhabitants dwelt, which lay round the citadel, and was called *Megara*.‡

Such was the situation and such the dimensions of the metropolis of the great African republic, when the Roman army, under the command of Scipio, presented itself before its walls to execute the severe and unjusti-

\* From קטן *Caton*, to be little, small.

† *Býrsa*, signifying a hide in the Greek, historians have given credit to fabulous accounts of Dido's strange purchase, on her landing on the African shores, of as much land as a hide could cover, and then cutting the same into small thongs, by means of which she encompassed, and obtained, the whole territory on which she built the citadel. But the truth is, that the real meaning of *Byrsa* is retained in those eastern languages akin to the Phœnician. The Arabic word بصرى, read in some parts *Buree*, signifies a citadel, or castle; and the Hebrew בוסרא *Bosra*, has precisely the same meaning.

‡ This name may be traced in that of the village معلقة, built on its site.

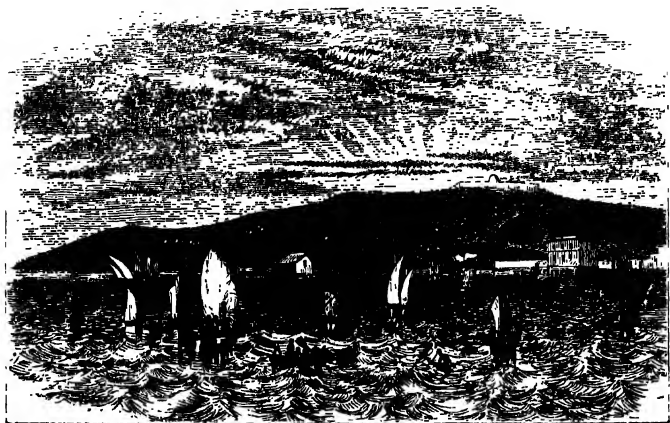
fiable sentence of the Roman senate. The permanence and safety of the Roman power, according to the constantly reiterated representation of the elder Cato, demanded the destruction of Carthage, and this act was now accomplished, and the haughty victor enabled to commemorate the event by a medal with the inscription, *Delenda est Carthago*. The magnificence of the city was indeed destroyed, but her vast and massive ruins were not annihilated. Treachery, intrigue, and brawery, on the part of the Romans, and fierce hostility of rival factions, as well as the neglect and carelessness respecting the true interests of the capital of Africa, on the part of her own citizens, facilitated her overthrow ; but these combinations did not effect her utter extinction. Her public buildings, her temples, her palaces, and her other edifices, were mutilated and destroyed for a brief period only. They were, as has already been stated, soon restored, to decorate Carthage as the capital of a Roman province.

Carthage speedily emerged from her ruins. But, towards the middle of the fifth century of Christianity, this celebrated city appears to have fallen into the hands of Genseric, the king of the Vandals. No details are given, by historians, of either siege or battle, so that it is very probable that he became its master by a dexterous surprise—a branch of warfare in which Genseric was particularly expert. The Vandals, we learn from Procopius, made a complete devastation and havoc of the city. But neither the Roman political orator, the envy and jealousy of the senate, nor the greedy marauders, commanded by Genseric, the savage champion of the Arians, could completely succeed in their efforts to bury the head of Carthage beneath her own ruins.

Again the birth-place of Hannibal rose, and, as at her first overthrow, during the lifetime of her plunderers and destroyers, and continued, for two centuries longer, the envied and proud metropolis of the Roman *Africa Propria*, at the expiration of which she fell into the hands of her present masters. In the second century we find Christianity in a prosperous condition in this colony. But malgovernment and religious feuds, heresies in theology, and political dissensions, prepared the way for its final overthrow. The Mohammedan armies from the east made several attempts to make themselves masters of the city and its dependencies, in which they were at first unsuccessful. But, as these armies retired, the rulers, instead of fortifying themselves, and tranquillizing the party contentions, imposed upon the people oppressive taxes, and thus additionally contributed towards alienating the affections of the provincials from the mother country. Their murmurings against this injustice, and their openly-avowed preference of a Saracen government, speedily brought the enemy before the walls of the metropolis. Forty thousand men assaulted and took the fortifications of Carthage. But the glory of the Mohammedan general's triumph was suddenly disturbed by the appearance of Christian succours. He retired with his army, and renewed the campaign the following year, A.D. 693. The Christians were defeated in two different battles, and Carthage fell into the hands of the Arab commander—Hassan by name—and was delivered up to the flames, never to rise again to her former state of magnificence and glory !

The city which witnessed within its walls the diabolical rites of the most degraded Pagan worship, among which is to be mentioned the immolation of human

victims; the city which was afterwards favoured with the pure worship, agreeably to the revelation made by the Son of God, finally beheld on its soil the system of religion invented by the prophet of Mecca. Such were the religious transitions of Carthage; and, it is remarkable, her ruins were effected nearly in the same order—by the Pagan Scipio, the heterodox Christian Genseric, and the zealous Moslem Hassan!



This remarkable place was destroyed by Hassan's army, and, no doubt, portions of her wreck were carried to the neighbouring city, Tunis, and were employed in the erection, and embellishment, of some of its edifices. Cairwan, the Mohammedan capital of Africa at that period, may likewise have been enriched by Carthaginian ruins. But, after all, what are the few traces to be met with, either at Tunis, or at Cairwan, and other districts of this country, compared with the vastness of the Phœnician, the Roman, the Christian Carthage?

Very insignificant. What then has become of the extensive remains? is a natural question. It would appear that the Mohammedans, after having executed their vengeance upon the ill-fated city, and dispersed her inhabitants—some of whom fled to the northern shores of the Mediterranean, whilst others, embracing the Islaam, were soon amalgamated with the conquerors—never troubled themselves about Carthage. The masses of ruins were committed to the mercy of the



elements, whose benign influence contributed, in the course of a few centuries, to conceal them from the eye of man. By the agency of the winds from the Sahra, deposit after deposit of sand, and dust, were accumulated, which increased, in the course of time, to a foot in depth of arable soil, and, in some parts, to several feet, beneath which slumber the remains of the once mighty Carthage! The plough now passes over a fertile soil, which is supported by fabrics built in the days of Dido, Hanno, Amilcar, Asdrubal, and Hannibal!

This is not a mere stretch of the imagination, but a sober conclusion, matured by experience gained on the spot.

But before we proceed to give in detail the few remains of Carthage, it may be as well to present the reader with a sketch which comprises the whole site of the city of Dido as viewed from the sea. To the right (on the preceding page) we have Cape Carthage, on the summit of which stands the modern town Sidy-Boo-Said, famous among the Moslems for the saint of the same name, buried within its precincts. On the beach are the summer-houses of the grandees, the largest of which belongs to the reigning prince. Between the base of the hill on which Sidy-Boo-Said stands and the first villa, is the *Cothon*. Above this villa, to the right, is the Burj-jedeed, a fort, near, and round, which are the few ruins, excavations, and cisterns of Carthage. The building on the hill to the left is the French *establishment*, above which towers the chapel built in commemoration of Saint Louis. At the termination of the high ground, in the same direction, commences a sandy plain extending over about two miles, at the extremity of which is the Goletta, the "stronghold" of Tunis, and near it is the lake, or stagnum.

Having put the reader in possession of these particulars, I proceed to show that what has been stated above is not mere fancy, but fact.

The son of an intimate friend of mine who resided in the vicinity of the Marsa, a village to the north of the peninsula of Carthage, to amuse himself, took a spade, and went to the Byrsa, where he commenced digging. In a short time he perceived, what appeared, the side of a wall. He continued to trace it, and after a few





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(Temple of Esculapius)

days' perseverance cleared a beautiful apartment, the floor of which was richly decorated with mosaic of a most elegant design. Others have occasionally done the same, and with similar result.

An attempt has been made to excavate on the eastern beach, in the vicinity of the Byrsa. After labouring several months, the parties succeeded in laying bare the interior of what is believed to be the temple of Æsculapius, with a photographic sketch of which the reader is here presented. The reason why this temple is believed to be the one dedicated to that god, is owing to its proximity to the shore, for we learn from antiquity that such a temple did exist in that locality, and that steps led from it to the sea. What may, perhaps, tend to confirm this opinion, is the fact that the capitals are adorned with entwined snakes.

But then it should be remembered that Carthage has been a great loser to the sea, particularly towards the south-east. For nearly a mile along that beach, and some 300 yards out into the bay, the ruins of Carthage may be traced, particularly on a calm and clear day. The temple is now only a stone's throw from the water, and its floor is almost on a level with it.

But, whether the designation given to this edifice be correct or not, one thing is certain—that it belongs, partly at least, to an improved epoch of the art; for the columns, about two feet in diameter, are of a fine red-grained granite, and of the Corinthian order. Among the ruins where these are found are also to be observed remains of a different description, displaying capitals and triglyphs, which render it extremely probable that a structure of Doric architecture had previously occu-

pied the site now encumbered with the relics of Roman Carthage.

The few efforts made by private individuals to remove the rubbish which conceals the ruins, have invariably brought to light much which tends to confirm the conviction of the traveller, that a properly organized plan for excavation on this interesting spot would not fail to prove most successful. The permission from the local authorities could easily be secured, and the exertion to *raise Carthage from her degraded bed*, might be combined with the *plan for exploring, and effectually benefiting, the interior of Africa*, explained in another part of this work. Peasant boys, with sticks, or other rude implements, with which they turned up the ground, have brought to light vast numbers of coins belonging to the periods of the Phœnician and Roman city. In the same careless manner have been found magnificent mosaic pavements, representing designs heroic, historical, and domestic; statues, some perfect and others mutilated, and even ancient ornaments.

During the year 1838, Sir Grenville Temple occupied himself for a short time in excavating, more systematically, on (what is believed) the site of the temple of Ganath, or Juno Cœlestis, the great protecting deity of Carthage. His few months of toil were repaid by his finding upwards of seven hundred coins, and various objects of glass and earthenware. He also discovered, what was supposed to have been, a villa, situated on the sea-shore, and buried fifteen feet under the ground. Several rooms of this villa he completely cleared; and their size and decorations convinced Sir Grenville, and all those who inspected them, that it must have been the abode of

no ordinary personage. The walls were painted, and the floors beautifully paved with mosaics, similar to those of Pompeii and Herculaneum, representing a great variety of subjects, such as marine deities, different species of fish, marine plants, a vessel with female figures dancing on the deck, surrounded by admiring warriors. Other portions represented lions, leopards, tigers, horses, hares, ducks, herons, &c. In the different chambers, no less than ten human skeletons were discovered! The mosaic designs of another place, consisted of gladiators contending in the arena with wild beasts; and over each man was written his name. In the vicinity of these were discovered representations of horse-races, and of men breaking in young horses.

The French have likewise occasionally manifested a little zeal for Carthage. A few years ago, several gentlemen formed themselves into an Excavating Society, and succeeded in clearing some interesting ruins. But this society had only a very brief duration. Much that was found was removed to France, in the same manner as Sir Grenville, and others, removed theirs to England, and the rest were again consigned to the dust and to oblivion.

During the summer of 1847, whilst a number of Arabs were engaged, in the vicinity of Sir Grenville's excavations, in digging for some stones, which were employed in the erection of a residence then being built near the sea, for one of the grandees of this regency, they unexpectedly came upon a colossal human head, the discovery of which caused great confusion among the workmen. Joy, terror, and disgust, simultaneously seized hold on them. The greedy rejoiced at

the prospect of a *hadeah*, known better to the eastern traveller under the name of *bakshish*; for they knew well that Europeans would be sure to become the possessors of it, and most willingly hand them over a handsome "gratuity." The superstitious amongst them were terror-struck on beholding human features of so gigantic a size. *Allah kabeer*, "God is great!" was their constant exclamation and consolation; for, as good Moslems, they were persuaded that He protected them, and therefore, however tremendous the "*being of stone*," they, as "true believers," need apprehend no real danger. But the fanatics threw down their spades and pick-axes, and absolutely refused to touch the work of "the infidels." *Naal Bo jidhom*, "Cursed be the father of their grandfather!" was the indignant and repeated imprecation of the zealous Moslem upon the sculptor, and all unbelievers "who have the audacity to imitate the work of the Creator, when they are unable to breathe into its nostrils 'the breath of life.' Why create the body, when you are not able to give it a soul?" is ever the rebuke and taunt of the implicit, and devoted disciple of the prophet of Mecca.

Notwithstanding the conflicting impressions the sight of this piece of sculpture made upon the workmen, the majority persevered, and succeeded in entirely clearing from the earth a magnificent colossal marble bust of the Samian Juno! M. Pacifique Delaporte, then "Gérant du Consulat-General de France" at Tunis, and since French Consul at Cairo, lost no time, but at once proceeded to the Bey, and obtained from his Highness that beautiful piece of ancient art. The bust is of a pure kind of marble. M. Delaporte deposited it at the Chapel, erected on the ruins of Carthage, where it remained

several years. The owner at length presented it to the Imperial Museum of the Louvre, to which institution, it appears from the public papers, it has lately been conveyed.



It may be as well here to mention the opinion entertained, as to the *real* character of the chapel erected at the expense of Louis Philippe, by most of those who have visited that edifice. It is built on the site of the ancient Byrsa, an eminence which commands the *Burj-jedeed*, a fort in its vicinity; and its appearance certainly has a much more militant character than that dilapidated citadel. The history of its erection, as far as I could learn, may thus be briefly related:—

Some few years ago, when the present ruler of Tunis was struggling for independence, and regarded the then king of France as his chief stay to enable him to effect his project—a proposal was made by the French sovereign

to be permitted to erect a small monument to commemorate the melancholy death of Louis IX. That request was at once granted; and an architect, (a M. Jordin,) as well as masons, were despatched to Carthage to execute the work. It soon became apparent that the monument was not to consist of a statue, a column, or an obelisk, but of a small building, and that building a chapel. All parties felt constrained to confess, that nothing could have been more appropriately erected for a warrior-saint. But a small chapel,—scarcely eighty feet in circumference,—could not be regarded safe in so wild a district, and, therefore, a guard-house was built. Other buildings for the chaplain, the consul, &c. followed, and, strange to say, all having very much the appearance of barracks for soldiers. Indeed, the *tout ensemble* presents now such an aspect, that a British officer, who visited this spot in 1844, volunteers these remarks respecting it:—

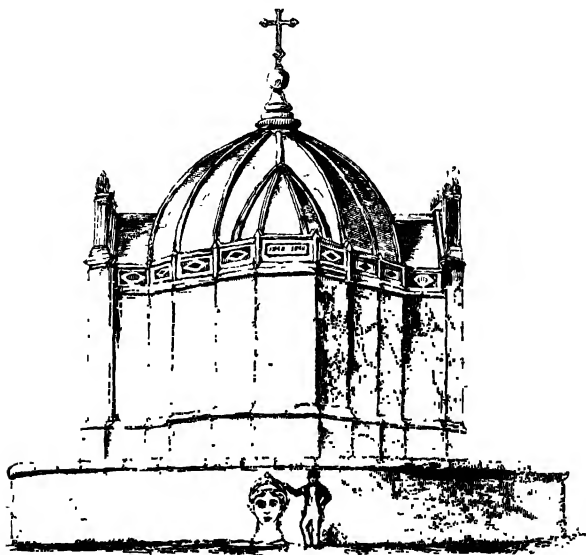
“A considerable space around has been enclosed by an octangular wall, and is laid out as a garden, and planted with trees. A road has been cut to the water’s edge; and it is certainly a very singular coincidence, that, from the manner in which the buildings have been laid out, a couple of guns, landed from a man-of-war, run up the winding road, and mounted upon the solid platform of masonry on which the chapel stands, would, with a few loop-holes broken in the outer wall, form a tolerably strong fort at a few hours’ notice.”\*

Should St. Louis (the name by which the chapel and its adjoining buildings go) be ever employed for the purpose of enabling the conquerors of Algeria to effect a forcible landing here, the French will have no cause

\* Fielding and Kennedy’s “Algeria and Tunis,” vol. ii. p. 36.

to regret that their saint-sovereign expired on the ruins of Carthage.

The reader will be able to form a correct estimate of the chapel, as well as of the dimensions of the colossal bust of Juno, from this sketch.



In the vicinity of this place, and the *Burj-jedeed*, are eighteen well-preserved cisterns, forming an oblong square of about 450 feet in length, by about 120 feet in breadth. The cisterns, themselves, are about ninety feet in length, and twenty in width, and measure, from the floor to the summit of the vault, about twenty-eight feet, but only capable of containing seventeen feet depth of rain water, which, falling on the roof, and upon some adjacent pavements, was conducted into the reservoirs,

by earthen pipes, which exist to this day. No use, whatever, is made of these cisterns, and they only serve as a protection from the heat of the sun during the summer, and the heavy rains in the winter, to those who visit this spot from Tunis, either to view the ruins, or on a pic-nic excursion. One of these cisterns, the vault of which is partly destroyed, and therefore admits sufficient light, serves as a refreshment apartment.

Down to the west, and towards the isthmus, is the village Moalkah, where the ancient *city proper*, called *Megara*, was situated. Here are still to be seen about thirteen, or fourteen, larger cisterns, now used partly as dwelling apartments, or stables for horses and cattle, and as stores for straw and grain, belonging to the inhabitants. These cisterns are likewise in pretty good preservation, and were supplied with water from the spring at Zoghwan, a distance of fifty miles. The ruin of the aqueduct which brought the water here is still to be seen, and great numbers of its arches are in excellent preservation.

Close to the cisterns of Moalkah, and in the direction of the *stagnum*, the lake of Tunis, are the remains of an amphitheatre, the length of which is 300 feet by 230, and the dimensions of the area 180 feet by 100. Facing the sea are to be seen the ruins of, what is believed to have been, a small theatre.

In the vicinity of the temple of Æscupalius, the visitor beholds an enormous mass of masonry, a conglomeration of stones of various sizes, but none very large, and of bricks, not very regularly disposed, and united by strong cement. The workmanship and entire appearance resemble that of the remains of the aqueduct, and can, therefore, trace its origin much further back





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than the Roman conquest. From its proximity to the sea-shore, shape, and massive structure, I am inclined to believe it formed part of the ancient sea wall, which probably had been repaired by the Romans, and prostrated by their successors ; or its present position may be the result of some terrible earthquake, a calamity to which this part of the world has been occasionally subject.

Its fall, the action of time, the rude and merciless touches of the human hand, have given this mass something of a fantastic shape. It forms an agreeable shade against the fierce rays of the sun, a shelter from the storm and rain, whilst from its summit one may enjoy the most delightful prospect the eye can possibly rest on. Having taken your stand on a fine day on that artificial rock, you survey the scenery so elegantly described by the immortal Virgil.\*

Indeed, much more than the poet describes is embraced in one view. But there is a spot in this vast panorama, which is only interesting to the Christian traveller. Right opposite, his eye is attracted to a modern white building, at the foot of one of the cliffs ; and though nearly fifteen miles distant from where he stands, it can easily be distinguished here, where the atmosphere is so exceedingly transparent. That building, and a few more, which are situated within a creek, form the modern village Corbus, raised on the site of the ancient *Cérébis*, the place to which the proconsul Paternus banished St. Cyprian for refusing to comply with the Roman emperor Valerius' command, and sacrifice to those who were esteemed by the heathen as gods !

\* *Æneid*, lib. i. 159.

The very name of Cyprian constrains the mind to revert to that period when Christianity had a temporary reign in Africa, of which the mighty city, on the ruins of which we now stand, formed the metropolis. A fair estimate of Christianity in North Africa, embracing its various struggles, its internal polity, its rise and fall in the balance of orthodoxy, its antagonism with the heresies of the day, as well as its decline in soundness of doctrine and purity of morals, may easily be formed by giving a single glance at the number of councils held here, at different times, and the objects for which these were convened. It would be a difficult task, (owing to the want of correct information,) to attempt giving a complete list of these: but nearly fifty may be counted from A.D. 200, to A.D. 646, only forty-three years before the cross was supplanted by the crescent, in this highly interesting part of the world!

In an old manuscript geography, to which I have already referred, in the course of these pages, bearing neither name nor date, I find an account of the ruins of Carthage, from which the following is an extract:—

“Near the sea-side, on a rising ground, at a distance of about twenty feet, and not far from the cisterns, are several fragments of ruins. I went underground by an opening, and found it an arched place, supported by large stone pillars. There were four ways, apparently crossing each other. I could not go in far, on account of the obstructions caused by the rubbish. I was told that some Turks had been in there, and had found a large hall supported by marble pillars, and reported that they could go underground a great way. But now it is so stopped up, that it is impossible to go far. I was also told, by one who lived at the castle built

near the cisterns, that in digging to make a garden, several tombs were found. They were composed of two long stones for the sides, and one for the head, and another for the feet. They were narrow, and covered with red. There were bones in them."

If the mass of buildings, to which my unknown author here refers, be the same which have since been laid bare, and which is believed to be (as has already been stated) a temple of Æsculapius, then the reader will be able to form a very correct estimate of its present state, from the annexed sketch—a correct copy from a daguerreotype, taken on the spot. But, if by the "large hall," &c. is meant some other edifice, then is it the painful duty of the modern traveller to report, that it is now entirely hid from the human eye. It has ceased to mark the site of Carthage—to gratify the curiosity of the inquisitive antiquarian, and to expose its degraded condition to the proud, haughty, and turbaned iconoclasts.

Such, beside very little more, are the only remains of a metropolis, which was at one time the seat of commerce, the mistress of the seas, the model of magnificence, the common store of the wealth of nations; which was the envy of the world, the terror and rival of Rome; and, notwithstanding the enormous sums it had expended, during the last of its struggles with Rome, or the third Punic War, contained, when taken, so much wealth, that, we are assured, Scipio collected, after it had been on fire for seventeen days, and after it had been given up to the pillage of his troops, objects which were valued at a sum equal to 1,500,000*l*.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

SACRED GEOGRAPHY—THE LOCALITY OF TARSHISH AND OPHIR—ANCIENT NAVIGATION—THE COURSE OF THE COMBINED FLEETS OF SOLOMON AND HIRAM—CARTHAGE THE TARSHISH—THE SITUATION OF OPHIR—INDIRECT EVIDENCE.

I MUST now direct the Biblical student's attention to an important point of Biblical geography, respecting which, interpreters have ever been at variance. The subject matter of the controversy is contained in the following passages of Scripture :—

“ And king Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom.

“ And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon.

“ And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to king Solomon.”—(1 Kings ix. 26, 27, 28.)

“ For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks.”—(1 Kings x. 22.)

“ Jehoshaphat made ships of Tharsish to go to Ophir for gold: but they went not; for the ships were broken at Ezion-geber.”—(1 Kings xxii. 48.)

“ The king's [Solomon's] ships went to Tarshish with the servants of Hiram: every three years once came the ships of Tarshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks.”—(2 Chron. ix. 21.)

"And he [Ahaziah] joined himself with him [Jehoshaphat] to make ships to go to Tarshish : and they made the ships in Ezion-gaber."—(2 Chron. xx. 36.)

"Tarshish was thy merchant [the prophet is addressing Tyre] by reason of the multitude of all kinds of riches : with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs."—(Ezek xxvii. 12.)

The important questions here to be decided are, Where is Tarshish ? Where is Ophir ?

From the above passages of Scripture, it is evident that the vessels which were intended to perform voyages to those distant places, were built at Ezion-gaber, a sea-port in Idumea, on the Elanitic Gulf of the Red Sea. And authorities of the high standing of Bochart, Michaelis, Bredow, Gesenius, and others, have fixed upon Tartessus, a city of Spain, with the adjacent country, situated between the two mouths of the Guadalquivir, as the locality to which the sacred writings allude, under the name of Tarshish. We are then told, that the united fleets of Solomon and Hiram sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, and entered the Mediterranean Sea by the Straits of Gibraltar, for their destination of Tarshish, or Tartessus, better known under the name of Carteia, scanty ruins of which exist to this day.

The territory of Ophir, on the other hand, is placed by Josephus, Lucas Holsteinius, Bochart, Lipenius, Taylor, Vitringa, Reland, and others, in various parts of India. Equally respectable is the authority of those, who bring forward arguments in favour of Arabia ; which view is supported by Michaelis, Gosselin, Vincent, Bredow, and others. Some, as Huet, D'Anville, and Bruce, have fixed on Sofala, on the south-eastern coast of Africa, where mines of gold and silver have been found, which appear to have been

anciently very extensively worked. And among modern writers, I may mention the talented author of "Nineveh and Persepolis," who says, "The united fleets of Solomon and Hiram, king of Tyre, visited Ophir, (or Western India,) and were occupied for three years on each voyage, owing to the difficulties of the navigation, and the delay in the collection of their cargoes."

• Such are the conflicting opinions, entertained by most learned men, on a very important point of Biblical geography. This diversity of opinion leaves latitude for further conjecture, of which I most respectfully take the benefit. And first, with reference to Tarshish, I would observe :—

I cannot believe, judging from the imperfect knowledge of navigation which the Phœnicians, in the time of Solomon, possessed, and from the smallness and frailty of their vessels, that Africa ever was circumnavigated by them. In this belief I am confirmed, by the circumstance of Hanno's expedition, between four and five hundred years after, which he only *then* undertook for the express purpose of making discoveries, and forming colonies beyond the pillars of Hercules. It is but natural to suppose that the Tyrians, or rather their descendants, at Carthage, Utica, and Tartessus, should have known much more about maritime affairs in the days of their greatest commercial prosperity, than the commanders of Hiram's fleet did ; and if the former only ventured down the south-western coast of Africa, B. C. 550, it is pretty evident that the latter must have been totally ignorant of it B. C. 1000.

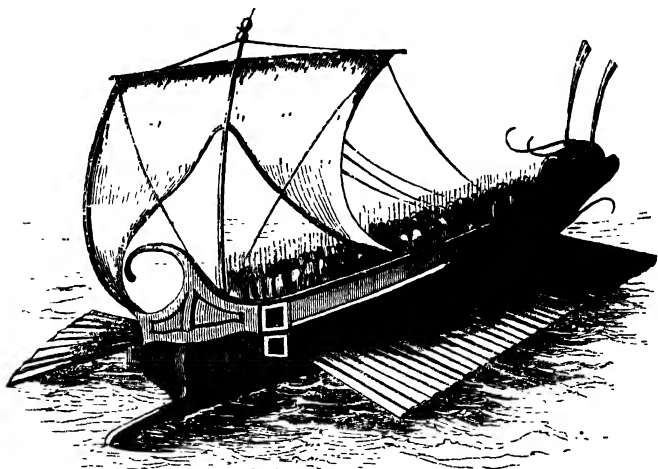
Some writers have seen this difficulty, and have, therefore, suggested, that the ships built at Ezion-geber, were intended for Ophir, whereas those destined to go

to Tarshish, were probably built in one of the ports of Palestine, from which they sailed for Tarshish, in the far west. In support of their view, they refer us to the narrative of Jonah, where it is related that the prophet "rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa [the modern Jaffa]; and he found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord." (Jonah i. 3.)

But this passage is far from clearing up the difficulty; for, from the citations from the books of Kings and Chronicles, it is evident, beyond all doubt, that the ships in the Elanitic gulf took the same course, occupied the same period in their passage, and returned with the same produce. Either, therefore, the united fleets of the Kings of Judea and of Tyre sailed from Ezion-geber, passed the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and entered the Mediterranean, by the straits of Gibraltar, for Tartessus, and then sailed for the coast of Syria—a supposition which must appear untenable upon mature reflection—or, they must have found their way from Ezion-geber by another passage to the Syrian coast, and thence started upon their mercantile expedition, steering west for Tarshish, which enabled Jonah to secure his passage for that place.

We ought not to estimate the size of Solomon's ships according to our present notion of vessels. Major Rennel says, with reference to the Phœnician ships of discovery—"They were ill adapted to distant voyages, which, indeed, they seldom undertook; but did very well in situations where they could land, and command

provisions almost at pleasure. But, on the other hand, they were better adapted to those coasting voyages which constituted almost the whole of their navigations. The flatness of their bottoms required much less water than modern vessels of the like tonnage, whence arose an incredible advantage over ours, in finding shelter more frequently, and indeed almost everywhere, except on a steep or rocky shore; since, in default of shelter afloat, they drew their LARGE SHIPS up on the beach, as



our fishermen do their large boats." And Sir Walter Raleigh justly observes—"Whoever was the first inventor of ships, every age has added somewhat to them." Now, bearing this sound observation in mind, let us remember, that even so late as the first Punic War, (B. C. 264,) the Romans built no less than 120 vessels of war in the short space of two months; and the Carthaginians sheltered, (comparatively within

a small compass,) a fleet of 220 ships, from the weather, in distinct receptacles, over which they had magazines and storehouses! But the frailty of the Elanitic flotilla (and hence their incapability to perform a voyage round Africa) will be more apparent from the sketch of a "war-ship," copied from a painting on one of the walls of the temple of Isis, at Pompeii, exhibiting the advance of naval architecture some three hundred years after. Surely this sketch alone ought to be regarded as a complete refutation of the wild theory of men for whom, in other respects, we must entertain the highest respect.

It appears, then, to me, that the combined fleets of Solomon and Hiram took the most natural course; and by this I mean, they steered into the bay of Heropolis, or the gulf of Suez, passed through the canal of Sesostriis, into one of the branches of the Nile, and thence sailed into the Mediterranean Sea.

This canal, uniting the Red Sea with the Nile, was first cut by Sesostriis before the Trojan War,\* or about 1400 B.C. Herodotus informs us, that it was "four days' voyage in length, and sufficiently broad for two trimenes to row abreast;" or, according to Strabo, its breadth was 100 cubits (150 feet). "The water was derived from the Nile, which entered it a little above Bubastis, and it entered the Red Sea near to Patumos, a town of Arabia." The Suez Canal was kept up by the Romans, and was used by them "for the purposes of communication with the Red Sea; but at a subsequent period it fell into disuse, and, being neglected, was choked up with sand, in which state it continued, till reopened by the Arabs in the Caliphate of Omar. This prince was

\* Strabo, xv ii. p. 553.

induced to send orders for repairing it, on finding that the Holy Land of Arabia had only been rescued from the miseries of a famine by opportune supplies of corn from Egypt; and Omar, to prevent the recurrence of a similar disaster, resolved on reestablishing this means of communication with the Red Sea. His anxiety for the welfare of the Holy Cities was welcomed with unbounded demonstrations of gratitude from all ranks of Moslems, as well as from the people of Arabia itself; and Omar received the flattering title of 'Prince of the Faithful,' (Ameer el Momeneén,) which was thenceforward adopted by his successors in the Caliphate. One hundred and thirty-four years after, El Munsoor Abou Gafer, the second caliph of the Abbaside dynasty, and the founder of Bagdad, is said to have closed this canal, to prevent supplies being sent to one of the descendants of Ali, who had revolted at Medeeneh. Since that time it has remained unopened; though some assert that the Sultan Hakem once more rendered it available for the passage of boats, in the year A.D. 1000; after which it became neglected and choked with sand." \*

The reasonableness of the theory, that the Eziongeber flotilla entered the Mediterranean Sea by the Suez Canal, will receive further plausibility, when we take into consideration the smallness of the vessels employed at that period. The Nile, we should likewise remember, must then have possessed greater depth, particularly as it approaches "the great sea." The layers of mud deposits, during several thousand years, have widened that gigantic river as it approaches the Mediterranean, and considerably lessened its depth.

\* Modern Egypt and Thebes, vol. i. p. 315.

The bars which now impede navigation had no existence at the time we speak of.

It was very easy for crafts to float into the Mediterranean Sea by the Nile, particularly at the season when that river is swelled by the heavy annual rains within the tropics. The rise of the Nile commences about the time of the summer solstice, and attains its greatest height at the autumnal equinox, remains stationary for some days, and then gradually diminishes. The lowest rise of this river is 18 cubits; and, in order fully to fertilize Egypt, the Nile must have a perpendicular rise of about 38 feet,—allowing about 21 inches for a cubit. Surely, here is time, and depth, sufficient for the Ezion-geber fleets to enter the Mediterranean on their passage to Tarshish.

Having traced the course of the flotilla from the Elanitic gulf to the coast of Egypt, I will venture to point out its destined haven.

In the year 1156 B.C. the Tyrians formed a colony on the North African coast, which was, undoubtedly, before the building of Carthage,\* denominated, either

\* According to some writers, Carthage was built by Zorus and Carchedon. "They admit that Dido built the citadel twenty years after her arrival in Africa—A.M. 3166—after Troy 296 years, and after the foundation of Rome 135 years, if what Josephus says be true, that Carthage was built 144 years after the building of Solomon's temple. The learned are not agreed about what Virgil says of Dido. Most of them think it a poet's fiction to embellish his work, and give a colour to the hatred between the Carthaginians and Romans. These are their reasons :—Dido went to Africa in the seventh year of Pygmalion's reign, which was 124 years after the foundation of the temple, A.M. 3147, and B.C. 907. Dido built the Byrsa A.M. 3166, or B.C. 888. Troy was taken by the Grecians A.M. 2870, or 433 years before Rome was built, so that there are 296 years difference between the years 2870, when Æneas lived, and 3166, when Dido reigned. Thus, Æneas's voyage to Italy was 296 years before Dido's reign at Carthage, or 277

Tarshish, or Carthage, and afterwards, to distinguish it from the rest of the colonies, Utica, or עתיקה, a word which in almost all Shemitic dialects signifies *old, ancient*. It was old Carthage, or old Tarshish, when the city of Dido was founded, 287 years after. Carthage is derived from the verb כרת, which, like the Arabic قرض, signifies *to cut*; and Tarshish is from the root רשש, to break in pieces, to subjugate—both conveying the idea of the manner in which colonization was then effected: namely, by extirpating, or expelling, the inhabitants, and by depriving them of (or “*cutting off*” from them) their territory. It is also necessary to mention that the verb כרת likewise signifies, to form a friendly compact or treaty, so that it is probable that the name Carthage was given to those colonies which, either spontaneously, or amicably, submitted to Phœnician rule, and Tarshish to such as were subjugated by force—in other words, the one was obtained by conquest, and the other by a treaty of union. Hence it is that we can point to several Phœnician colonies bearing the name of Carthage, and to others, again, that of Tar-

if we go up to A.M. 3147, when she landed on the coast of Africa. Those who believe the history of Æneas and Dido give this genealogy:—

Belus.	{ Agenor.	{ Phœnix.	{ Belus II.	{ Dido, married to Sicheus.
	{ Danaus.	{ Cadmus.	{ or Methres.	{ Pygmalion.

But supposing this to be a correct genealogy, it is met by this objection:—Phœnix, Agenor's son, and brother to Cadmus, lived A.M. 2600, or A.C. 1454, and 562 after the birth of Abraham. Allowing thirty years for his life before he was father to Belus II., and as many years to Belus II. before he became Dido's father, that brings us to 2660. According to this calculation, Dido must have been 210 years old when Troy was burnt. This is sufficient to show that she could not have reigned in Africa in Æneas's time.”—*Extract from a MS. in the Author's possession.*

shish. And as there can be little doubt of the fact that the Phœnicians once had a footing in the British isles—a fact supported by Strabo, Herodotus, and others—it is not at all improbable but that they had their Carthage, or •Tarshish, here also. This view enables us to reconcile apparent contradictions in prophecy. We read, for instance—"For the day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low . . . . . And upon all the ships of Tarshish." (Isa. ii. 12, 16.) Again—"Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid waste." (Ibid. xxiii. 14.) Here is an evident denunciation of judgment. But in another part we read—"Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships [of the isles] of Tarshish first." (Ibid. lx. 9.) Here, on the contrary, Tarshish, or her ships, are used as instruments of mercy to others, and herself in a condition, ready and willing, to be the first to wait upon the Lord, and to serve Him. Here is an apparent contradiction, but which is easily reconciled by applying the first either to Carthage, or to Carteia, the Tartessus in Spain, and the second to the British "isles." Indeed, no doubt can possibly be entertained of the fact that the Phœnicians had a Tarshish in Britain, when we remember the evidences produced to prove that they had intercourse with this country, in connexion with these words of Ezekiel,—“Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches: with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs.” (Chap. xxvii. 12.) Moore, in his “History of Ireland,” (vol. i. p. 10,) says, “The whole of the Cassiterides were in those days called the Britannic Isles. The name Britannia,

in Celtic, means a land of metals, and was applied generally to the whole cluster of the tin isles—the Isle of Man and those of Scilly included.” And Griffith, in his report to the Royal Dublin Society, on the metallic mines of the province of Leinster, for the year 1828, says, “It is worthy of remark, that many of our mining excavations exhibit appearances similar to the surface workings of the most ancient mines in Cornwall, which are generally attributed to the Phœnicians.” Thus, it would appear, what could not be obtained in one Tarshish was obtained in another, by the persevering and enterprising Elanitic flotilla, which returned laden with precious metals, &c., after an absence of three years.

But though the Tyrians had more than one colony with which they traded, and to which they periodically resorted, still their chief energies were directed to their “*ancient*” Tarshish on the North African coast. This seems, also, to have been the opinion of the author of the Chaldee paraphrase; and since he flourished about the time of our Saviour, his authority necessarily carries with it great weight. Now, the principal places in the Bible where Tarshish occurs are rendered by the Targum *Africa*. Thus, *e.g.* 1 Kings x. 22, the words, “For the king had at sea a navy of Tarshish,” are explained by the Targum, ארי ספינתא אפריקא למלכא, “For the king had *African* ships.” The same on 1 Kings xxii. 48. And the words in Jer. x. 9, “Silver spread into plates is brought from Tarshish,” are rendered, כספא דמחפי מאפריקא מיתן, “Silver thinned is brought from *Africa*.” I may further add that Theodoret, on Jer. x. 9, actually explains the word *Tarshish* by *Carthage*. This is disputed by the learned Bochart, who endeavours to refute Theodoret on the

ground that Carthage had no direct access to metals ; but in this he is greatly mistaken, for the vicinity of Carthage abounds in metals of every possible description.

What part of Africa, we may ask, was it more natural for Hiram's vessel to visit, than that where a colony of Phœnicians, which, at the time Solomon's fleet accompanied that of the king of Tyre, was already 150 years established? Why should we create difficulties where none really exist, and fix upon parts of the world of which we have not a shadow of proof that the Phœnicians, or Hebrews, ever traded with, when we are able so satisfactorily to point out a locality which fully answers to the description of the object of our research? And, since most (if not all) of the articles of commerce mentioned in Scripture can even now be obtained in the vicinity of Utica and Carthage, it is only reasonable to conclude that that part of the world was *primarily* intended by the sacred writers under the denomination of Tarshish.

Our next inquiry is, Where is Ophir?

A careful perusal of the passages, quoted from the books of Kings and Chronicles, cannot fail to impress the reader with the conviction, that the great difficulty which there presents itself, is, the assigning of distinct localities to Tarshish and Ophir.

The fact, that the ships of Ophir, as well as those of Tarshish, were built at Ezion-geber,—that “the ships of Tarshish went to Ophir,”—that they occupied the same period in their passage, viz. three years,—and that they returned laden with the same produce,—ought, certainly, to justify the conclusion that the sacred writers speak (at least) of one Tarshish which appears

synonymous with Ophir. I do not mean to assert, that there is anything in the etymology of these terms, which authorizes a conjecture that they are one and the same place; but I do not hesitate to state, that the word Ophir itself (independently of the clear statements of the sacred records) points to a locality in Africa; and to what part of that continent more probably, than that where we have shown the ancient Tarshish was situated?

Not to prolong this discussion, I beg the reader carefully to attend to these additional reasons in support of my opinion.

The proper name אופיר, *Ophir*, is derived from the root אפר, *Aphar*, which is kindred with עפר, and, like the Arabic, عَفْرَ, signifies to be *whitish, light-reddish* "like sand, or the gazelle." This signification was, probably, intended to be descriptive of the colour of the precious metal which the united fleet regularly fetched from Ophir. This same root, אפר, *Aphar*, is also contained in the word אפריקה, *Aphrica*, or Africa.

The Greeks, who were in the habit of translating proper names into their own language, and calling them accordingly, appear to have done the same with respect to this part of the world. Thus we find, Diodorus Siculus calls one of the most ancient places here Λευκὸν Τύννητα, *White Tunis*, fully retaining the signification of the root whence Ophir and Africa are derived, and pointing out to us the situation of this disputed locality.

We must also bear in mind that although the whole of this continent is now denominated Africa, this appellation anciently belonged to a place within the pre-

cinets of the territories appertaining to Carthage. Calvet is therefore quite right, in explaining the proper name *Africa*, when he says, it is "a city of Africa, in the kingdom of Tunis, the Aphrodisium of the antients, lying twenty miles from Mahometea, or Adrumentum." And even in the name *Aphrodisium*, the reader will not fail to discover the radical letters of *Ophir*, viz. *Aphar*.

Here, surely, is more than mere philological fancy. The similarity of sound between Ophir and Africa has been observed long since by the learned Dr. Jubb. His words are, "אֹפִיר, *Afri*, Africa, the Roman termination Africa terra;" and he likewise argues that "*to go to Ophir and to Tarshish is ONE AND THE SAME thing.*"

All I contend for is, that Ophir is within the precincts of the territory which belonged to the Phœnician colonies—Carthage and Utica, or *Tarshish*; and if, in addition to what has been said, I am in a position, from positive information, to state that a gold mine is to be found in the vicinity of Utica, can there be any doubt that the Ophir of Holy Writ is to be looked for here?\*

\* As much of the strength of the argument depends upon the mineral productions of this country, I avail myself of the following extract from the manuscript to which I have already referred in the course of these pages. "The lead mine," says the writer, "is in a large mountain, a day's journey on horseback, from Tabarca. They have ovens to melt and prepare it. They do not take much care in melting it, but leave a deal of dross with it. It is a very large and plentiful mine, and is prohibited to be worked but for the use of the Bey. A great deal, however, is sent in contraband to Bona, where they make various utensils of it. The Arabs, also, supply themselves in contraband with lead, of which they make bullets. That which goes to Bona is carried to the sea-side, whence it is shipped on board the sandals. . . . . A few miles from Bardo [near Tunis] is a copper mine, the ore of which is very good, and not far from it is a silver

The Tyrians had a Tarshish in Britain, another in Spain, and another in אופיר, *Ophir*, *Afri*, or Africa, and from all these they brought the precious articles mentioned by the sacred writers. What one Tarshish did not contain, they found in another; and hence the length of time it took the flotilla to accomplish its passage; for in order to procure "iron and tin," they had to sail for the Cassiterides, the Britannic isles. To go to the various Tarshish, including the one of Ophir, whence gold, ivory, and apes, were procured; and, allowing for the time spent on their homeward voyage, when they, probably, touched at one of the ports of Asia Minor, where the peacock was to be obtained—the Ezion-geber flotilla could not have accomplished its passage (considering the then infantile condition of the science of navigation, and making due allowance for the necessary delays at the various ports,) in less than three years—the time mentioned in the books of Kings and Chronicles.

If these remarks have failed to convince the reader of the justness of the opinion entertained by me, he will, at least, allow that it is a plausible theory, to which some attention is due. No doubt more light might

mine. In the mountains above Tabarca is also a silver mine. These mines were discovered in 1738, by a man who came here and gave himself out for a miner, and spoke several languages. I fancy he must have been a German renegado, though none really knew who, or what, he was. He tried the one, and produced silver, but being accused of a design to run away, the Bey ordered him to be imprisoned. This he took so ill, that with a knife, which he had, he killed his servant, and then cut his own throat.

"The large copper mine is beyond Chef [Kef] near the river Serat, on the Algerine frontier. . . . The mine is very rich.

"At Spaitla there is also a copper mine, and at Truzza, is a silver mine." *See more about mines, vol. i. p. 296.*

be thrown on this subject, if the ruins of Carthage and Utica were cleared from the rubbish which now buries them from the eye of man. An indirect proof of this, and, to a certain extent, a confirmation of the view stated above, I find in Mr. Finn's excellent book, entitled "Sephardim."

In his researches to prove the antiquity of the Jews in Spain, Mr. Finn mentions a sepulchral monument which was found at Murviedro, bearing an epitaph in *Hebrew characters*, but much more ancient than the square ones in use in the present day, to this effect :—

" This is the tomb of Adoniram,  
The servant of King Solomon ;  
Who came to collect the tribute,  
And died the day . . . "

Mention is also made of this monument in a manuscript chronicle, in these words :—

" At Saguntum,\* in the citadel, in the year of our Lord 1480, a little more or less, was discovered a sepulchre of surprising antiquity. It contained an embalmed corpse, not of the usual stature, but taller than is common. It had, and still retains, on the front, two lines in the Hebrew language and characters, the sense of which is : ' The sepulchre of Adoniram, the servant of King Solomon, who came hither to collect the tribute.' Of this Adoniram, the servant of Solomon, mention is made in the fifth chapter of the first book of Kings, and more expressly in the fourth of that book. The Hebrew letters, rendered into Roman, are : '*Zehuheber Adoniram, Ebed ha-Melec Selomo, seba ligbot et hammas, voniptar yom.*' " †

\* Murviedro (Muri Veteres) is built upon the ruins of Saguntum, famous as the cause of the second Punic War.

† Sephardim, p. 3.

Without venturing any conjecture respecting this inscription, I simply notice the broad conclusion it justifies, viz., that we have here a landmark of the track of the united fleet of the Kings of Tyre and Judea. Probably the Hebrews (who, it would appear, resided, even at that remote period, with the Phœnicians, on the borders of the Mediterranean) had to pay certain contributions to their sovereign, and towards the temple at Jerusalem; and if the collecting of these contributions was combined with the trading expedition, it is not to be wondered that "three years" were consumed in completing each voyage.

Much light might be thrown on subjects, not only connected with divinity, but also with history and geography, were proper search made for the monuments where they, no doubt, must exist. The inscription found at Murviedro was a Punic inscription. We are distinctly told, that the *Hebrew characters* on the tombstone were "much more ancient than the square ones in use in the present day;" and those characters were precisely the same as the Phœnician. Now, if Phœnician inscriptions were found in Spain, (and at Malta likewise,) surely we may entertain some hope that similar ones may be brought to light from among the ruins of Carthage and Utica.

Besides the Phœnician inscription I noticed at p. 117, vol. i., I may mention another, found at Dugga, or Thugga, a place about fifty miles S.W. of Tunis, by a Mr. Honnegger. The stone, with this inscription, is now in the possession of the authorities of the British Museum. Copies of it, with translations, have been published by Sir G. Temple, by General Camillus Borgia, and by the late learned orientalist, Dr. Gesenius. Its contents

certainly do not refer to subjects of great interest; but the existence of such remains ought to serve as an encouragement for perseverance, and as an inducement to aid, in laying bare the vast ruins of those interesting places. The inscriptions on the marvellous monuments of Nineveh, and on the mysterious rocks of Sinai, have hitherto only been a field for the fertile imagination of some, who have the hardihood to venture further than mere conjecture; and, daring and bold as these even have been, the dead letters have, after all, till now, only served to baffle their ingenuity, and are likely to do so for some time to come. But the case is very different with Phœnician inscriptions. They are not dead, but living instructors; and, therefore, let us hope that ere long some attention will be paid to them. But I cannot help expressing my fear, that the mounds of Carthage, of Utica, and of the entombed ruins of the other adjacent cities of antiquity, will be suffered to continue in their present degraded condition, till a man of the noble, energetic, and persevering spirit of a Layard, takes compassion on them, and lifts them from their graves to become the venerable instructors of the world.

THE END.

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